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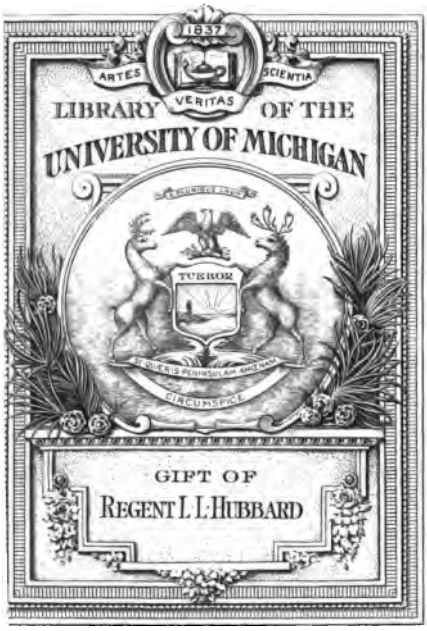
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THE

FREDONIAD;

OR,

INDEPENDENCE PRESERVED.

An Epic Poem

ON

THE LATE WAR OF 1812.

BY RICHARD EMMONS, M. D.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

SECOND EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:
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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

Be it remembered, that on the tenth day of August, A. D. 1827, in the fifty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America, WILLIAM EMMONS, of the said district, has deposited in this Office, the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

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THE

FREDONIAD;

OR,

INDEPENDENCE PRESERVED.

AN EPIC POEM.

CANTO XXI.

DEFEAT AT QUEENSTOWN.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation. Christie succeeds in crossing the river. The second battle. A part of the troops refuse to embark. The third battle. General Van Rensselaer endeavours to awaken the patriotism of the disaffected. The fourth battle. The death of the traitor. The ghost of Morris.

The scene—Lewistown, Fort George and Queenstown. The time is about eight hours.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXI.

Thou spirit-breathing Power—celestial Muse!
With thoughts sublime my weary mind infuse—
Thy stream of heaven—O pour it on my tongue,
That I may sing a nation's lofty song!
Inflame my bosom with thy holy fire,
That I may reach the summit of desire.
I sink—I faint—my ardour cools away—
My harp is loose—the fretted strings decay.
I feel my notes to languish as they flow—
The music of my heart hath lost its former glow.
The more I sing, more boundless seems my song—
New actions rise my numbers to prolong.
Hope's pictur'd dreams have kept my soul serene,
For long ere this, I fancied to have seen
The angel Peace in spotless robes descend,
Th' exhausting labours of my song to end:
So once while angling up a devious brook,
Blythe as I pass'd from flowers th' aroma shook—
Big clouds arose in thunder from the west—
I heard—but felt no terror in my breast.

I sought a sheltering rock. At length were past
The deep black clouds slow moving on the blast;
The sun with golden robes the landscape dress'd,
Like groves and vales where dwell th' immortals bless'd.
The beauteous rainbow kiss'd the new bath'd hill,
Which made sweet music in each fibre thrill.
I bounded o'er the brook with streaming eyes,
And clomb the steep to grasp the heavenly prize.
But, ah! ascended to the flower-wreath'd brow,
Th' alluring charm was in the vale below!
The more I strove to seize the painted arch,
More swift it fled delusive in its march:
Thus like the rainbow passing o'er the plain,
The more I strive to close more lengthening seems my strain.
Each brightening prospect from my heart has fled—
At night I 'm hovell'd in a leaky shed—
Mock'd at—revil'd by Slander's blistering tongue,
That I should vainly dare the epic song;
The great frown on me like a winter's chill,
The infant bud of all my hopes to kill.
Yet not of these will ever I complain,
Nor want of home—if thou wilt nerve my strain—
Bind my frail strength and bear me to the close,
My country sav'd victorious from her foes,—
Then on some happy spot I 'll cheerful toil,
And earn my bread in Freedom's teeming soil.
Reckless could I the haughty sleight endure
Of scoffing pride, though exil'd, homeless, poor—

But, O! a friend, a bosom friend have I,
Who independent should her wants supply.
In blessing her, O bear me on the wing,
Whilst I with hurried notes the battle sing.
'Tis thou canst drive impatience from my breast,
And make me all a mortal can be blest!

* * * * *

Now was the billowy swell made calm at length—
Proud march'd the river in majestic strength;
Christie embarks and glides his warriors o'er,
And joins with Wool upon the hostile shore.

As Time proclaim'd the second watch of night,
Myers on his charger leaping like a flight,
Enter'd the fortress centred on a rock,
And made the danger manifest to Brock:
"Knight of Detroit! behold I bound express—
Queenstown alarm'd, awaits with eagerness
To greet you there. Look not in wonderment—
Lo, Rensselaer is planning a descent!
Late a deserter from their standard came,
And open'd his design to storm with flame.
Though Vincent's heart beats full, yet he desires
That you would aid him to strike dead their fires."

"My joy is with the valiant! Prompt I 'll go,
And with Invincibles their star-flag bow.
Eldridge, hurl bombs upon Niagara's rock,
That none from thence may join them in the shock

At Queenstown battlements. We must exceed
Our efforts at Detroit, or lose the meed
Of that triumphant day. With bosoms steel'd,
Meet breast to breast their bayonets on the field;
For Brown, nor Scott, nor Boyd, nor Rensselaer,
Have Hulls of souls to fly like coward deer—
Hence must our courage burn. But why this stay?
Perhaps they now are making the assay——"
  Rapid he marches by the wall'd-up stream,
Their path discernible by coral beam,
Which trembles from the stars,—while from the fort,
They hurl their thunderbolts with dire report
At rock Niagara—but Freedom's son,
The bold Mac Freely, answers gun for gun.

  Brock gain'd a distant prospect of the Height,
As the first sound gave notice of the fight.
He urg'd his cohorts by the din of arms—
The shout of onset—sudden flash—alarms,
Kindled the hurrying movements of his soul
To reach th' engagement—and augment its roll—
His ardour was in vain. The Eagle rose
Ere he could bring his squadron to oppose.
  "What darkness! what eclipse!—alas, behold
What sad disaster strikes the heart's blood cold!
Our cannonry explodes with hostile fire,
From which in loose array our ranks retire!
  "Now prove Invincible in deed and name,
And, from their flag yon battlements reclaim.

'Tis not with him who held Detroit we fight,
But men who thirst for fame with burning appetite.
Your every nerve of fibrous strength must rise,
Or yield the standards to our enemies!
Maintain what once ye were in Egypt—then
Your names will shine magnificent with men!
"And when resistance they shall cease to show,
Then every bitterness of thought forego.
The crimes of Proctor brand us with disgrace—
A character more vile than savage race.
"These rocks we 'll circle till we gain their rear,
Then rushing violent with fire and spear,
Sunder their ranks. Invincibles! advance!
And do such deeds as rais'd the throne of France!
Prove—prove the same—prove your emotions thrill
To plant the royal banner on the hill,
Or the warm pulses of your hearts to spill."
He flam'd their passions with a bold desire—
Clad in deep scarlet, like a cloud of fire,
Rear of the Heights in solidness they move,
Their strength and martial discipline to prove.

And now Ogilvie bleeding on the heath,
But not dissolving in the mist of death,
To Wool transfers the honour of command—
(But three times sixty constitute the band.)
A soul unshaken in the carnage storm,
Smiling at danger in its wildest form.
Lo! presently when Brock in arms appear'd,
Wool, whom each soldier in his heart rever'd,

Great in his daring thus: "Your bosoms swell
That to achieve that shall in memory tell!
Shrink not—stand firm—their numbers, disregard—
Let glancing fires burn round the steel-points hard!
A charge home-driven with awe will paralyse,
And hold their bristling bayonets in surprise.
This, *this*, their forward passion will appal—
We conquerors live—or in our glory fall!"
Onward he led them in their strength of mind,
Ere they could pause the dangerous work design'd.

Brock for a time was smitten to behold
Th' unequal onset of the patriots bold.
His legions froze to mark th' adventurous band
Sweep like a blast athwart a desert land,
Horrid with steel!—his soul return'd to Brock—
He flew from rank to rank to break the shock,
And melt their frosted fear:—"Why stand ye thus?
Inflame the heart!—move forward emulous!
Plunge gory with the blade! Charge death for death—
From wounds that touch the vitals, let them breathe!"
The Britons roll in wrath. The battle bleeds—
Wool's gallant band achieve romantic deeds:
They stand like blazing oaks in horrant mood,
Slaking the thirst of their parch'd steels in blood.
But Brock outnumbers—circles them around,
Like clouds surcharg'd with fire!—and, lo! the ground
Slow by degrees they yield—th' o'erwhelming might
Of Albion's power obtains the field of fight.

But Wool though broken, forms his ranks again,
And checks the foe's progression on the plain.
Thrice, thrice he charges with the steel in hand—
Thrice he retires before the kingly band.
At length like quenchless flame, the conquering Brock
Compels the heroes to the jutting rock,
Which hangs suspended o'er Niagara's flood—
Yet still they face the slaughter bath'd in blood!
One step—one backward step—they fall the height,
Where but to look is horror to the sight!
On either side death circles them around—
But, lo! they smile at death with lightnings crown'd:
So since the morning of creation's birth,
Fast chain'd with links of adamant to earth,
Iris, that separates Niagara's flood,
Smiling with rainbows, on the rock hath stood.
The river comes with foaming in its might
To loose and plunge it headlong down the height.
The flaming heavens unsparing thunders peal,
Whilst the torn elements convulsions feel;
But yet the island at the edge of fate
Remains unshaken 'gainst the pressing weight
Of maddening waters, striving to displace
The solid fastenings from their rock-ribb'd base:
Like this Wool stands upon the beetling rock
Unmov'd—against the energies of Brock.
But now, so pressing th' unequal strife,
A heartless soldier to preserve his life,
On bayonet's point—in panic of despair,
Displays a flag submissive in the air!

Wool dwelt in all the field!—turning his eye,
He mark'd the sign of pale submission fly
Sad in the breeze! Indignant at the sight,
He rush'd to save the yielding of the fight.
He burnt with inward fire!—with nervous hand,
He snatch'd the flag and ground it in the sand!
"For shame the coward deed! What! cringe and kneel
And sue to be a captive? Ply the steel!
What! yield and deign to live! Die first, and then,
'Twill be sufficient time to yield like men!
"See, from Niagara's stream our bayonets rush!
Stand in your strength!—the enemy we 'll crush!
But once death's visit————"
Broken falls his arm!—
"Defy the blast;—they not the soul can harm!
I crave the boon to have my veins stream warm!"
He clos'd as Christie to his succour came—
Hand wrapp'd in blood—his bosom in a flame:
"Behold, our brothers press'd upon the Height!
Hard gripe the steel and forward to the fight!
Let death be seen upon our path behind—
On—on, ye brave, like heaven's o'erwhelming wind!"
At Christie's order they suppress'd the fire,
And rush'd with bayonet or to live—expire.
The strength of Brock invincible no more,
Sink on the heath with bosoms spouting gore.
They waver—reel—give way—like clouds when driven
By wild tornadoes through the waste of heaven.

Bróck with indignity the flight beheld,
And turn'd, and pour'd his spirit on the field:
"Royals! how deep, indelible the shame!
What! will ye vanish and renounce your fame?
Where is your rich inheritance of pride?
Wheel in solidity!—the storm, abide!
Chafe the heart's fountain stream, and raise on high
The Cross as in the days of chivalry!
Yea, and as late upon Iberia's plain,
Ye drove the Gauls like chaff in hurricane!
And will you fly from half your numbers here?
Blot out the word!—let ancient deeds appear!
Trace, tread my footsteps!—let your names be seal'd
With slaughter grip'd in hand!—think not to yield,
But on and dash the fire"——
His speech is o'er—
Rent are his vitals through!—A gush of gore
Stifles his lungs—he falls,—his charger flies,
Mane loosen'd in the wind,—the warrior dies!
Thus Jove's immortal plant in vigorous prime,
Resists the power of northern blasts sublime—
But, lo! a woodman with his fatal axe,
Strikes to its heart—its strength becomes as wax;
Its leafy honours welter every blow,
And soon it crashes with its overthrow:
Such was the fall of Brock—his country's pride—
His aid Mac Donald welters by his side.
In future years a monument will rise,
Where now his bright veins stream—to mate the skies.

Heroes hereafter will delight to tell
How in the ardour of the strife he fell—
Lov'd by his friend—respected by his foe—
In peace a father to the child of wo.
Th' imperials form'd, and, for the moment stood—
But when they saw their general's crimson shroud,
They fled like scatter'd sheep—their shepherd slain
By the grim monarch of the desert plain.

Meantime at Lewistown the troops display'd,
And Rensselaer (while Wool was fighting) said:
"Scott, Wadsworth, Boyd, Mullany, lead to field!
There be your price of liberty reveal'd.
Soon shall I trace your path.—Mosley pause not
To climb the Height—never in fame forgot!
On right of Wool, will your division stand,
And left of Scott—the lion of the land.
"See Wool and Christie in a cloud of fire!
Hasten to aid them or their souls expire!"
Boyd, Scott, Mullany, Wadsworth, swift depart,
A diamond valour burning on their heart.
The troops in files proceed upon their rear—
In a light pinnace, follow'd Rensselaer.
But as they touch'd the beach, Brock pour'd his life,
And Wool and Christie conquer'd in the strife.

And now the whole with Rensselaer unites,
To whom his future purpose he recites:
"Behold, our arms a second time have won!
On fields more brilliant never look'd the sun

In all his paths through heaven! But, valiant men!
We prompt must guard against the changing scene
Of wayward vict'ry :---Totten, draw with skill
The lines of bulwark to defend the hill.
Such deeds unequall'd will descend to fame,
And give a brightening halo to our name."
With mathematic art the engineer
Designs the labour,----eager on his rear,
Hardy pi'neers invade the stubborn soil,
At times commingling music with their toil.

While thus upon the Heights their souls were fir'd,
Deeds of dark name at Lewistown transpir'd.
The deep fomenter of the civil feud,
Loud and obstreperous for the public good,
Left in disguise his residence where flows,
The bright Connecticut---to aid his foes---
Foes to his country---t' augment her woes.
He looks a very pilgrim of the age---
Furrow'd his cheek, as if with wisdom sage.
His eyebrows large o'ershade a solemn eye,
That seems though musing on mortality---
It oft to heaven in mockery would roll,
As though he held religion in his soul;
And, by the pomp which solemn he assumes,
His features dark look poring on the tombs.
With bosom rankling hate, he pass'd along
The troops reserv'd, with reptile poison stung.
Mosley at distance disbeliev'd his eyes:
"Not him it cannot be whom I surmise!

The *bulwark* of our faith! ———
" Indeed, 'tis truth!
For I have known him from my days of youth.
* * * * * *

Chief of the Pilgrims! hail! And hast thou come
With warriors to advance the Eagle's plume?"
(Discord was near to prompt him to disgorge
His treason, solemn like a funeral dirge.)
" Warriors?—with murderers!—Ah! and can it be
That thou wilt aid this horrid butchery?
It bleeds my heart when war the falchion draws,
Save that made righteous by a righteous cause;
But never I 'gainst Britain could unsheathe
For any cause the scimitar of death—
It shocks—it chills my soul—the Bulwark name,
That guards our faith as with a wall of flame
Against the reprobate!—A righteous God,
For this rank war dissolves the land in blood!
" With pious grace, you, tender I conjure
To wash your hands and make your peace secure,
While pardon yet remains.—The damning sin,
If you proceed, will crush thy soul within!
" In care for thee (labour of love!)—I 've rode—
Yea, to proclaim the terrors of a God,
Who frowns upon this work! Pass not the wave—
But O these lives, vouchsafe in mercy, save!
Pass not the nation's line!—beyond which mark,
'Twill be to you as murder to embark—
Yes, murder calm conceiv'd—yea, cold as frost—
You 'll suffer hell for every soul that 's lost!

I see a deep damnation round thy brow!
Infernal flames are kindling for you now!
"And what if England have *impress'd* our men,
Should we for that in horrid arms be seen?
Alas! ah! no---repentance, tears and prayers,
Would show more Christian than these ruffian wars.
Yea, better kneel in pious virtue meek,
And if she strikes us, turn the other cheek.
"O cease this strife of blood! My bosom yearns,
That thou should'st fly the dreadful hell that burns---
Your friends thy rescue from this sin will hail,
As when from husks return'd the prodigal."
While thus he treason on his heart bestow'd,
At different parts, when high the accents flow'd,
He touch'd his trembling hand:———

. . . . . .

As when a snake,
Coil'd in the matted grass with eye awake,
Watches with shining crest the labouring swain,
As down he sweeps the beauty of the plain---
A favour'd time, it leaps the leap of death!
Deep in the peasant's heel it fangs its teeth!—
Quick the hot poison circles through his veins
The youth turns purple, gasping on the plains:
His touch and language thus chill'd every part,
And drove all living virtue from the heart.
"Yes, thou art just!—transgressions past, I mourn,—
For me no longer shall thy bosom yearn—
Thy voice hath made me to my faith return

"My doubting squadrons, feeling I 'll address,
And on their minds the wickedness impress."
When hasty these acknowledgements were done,
Mosley dissuading to his troops begun:
"'Tis time we 'd learnt of wisdom!—Ah, too long,
We 've leagu'd t' avenge imaginary wrong!
Behold the *line*—the limit of our shore!
And he who wills to die, may pass it o'er;
But let him pause, ere he is reckless driven
To second death in violence of heaven!
"What 's a few mariners depriv'd of right,
To be compar'd to this unrighteous fight?
Declar'd to gratify our rulers vile,
Who at its carnage raise a scoffing smile!
Alas, unholy, and unchristian men
Have heap'd upon our heads this scarlet sin!
A blow is struck—a fatal blow indeed—
Faith, Honour, Justice and Religion bleed!
O shame! by us the gauntlet should be hurl'd
'Gainst her who fights the battles of the world!!
"Kentucky cried for war—for blood—O think!
A righteous God hath given her blood to drink!
At Raisin's shore her very heart was riven,
In awful justice by an outrag'd heaven!
And at Miami, by express I 've heard,
That Dudley's band hath fell beneath the sword!
See Morris shrouded!—Fenwick bleeds, and Wool—
This, this the cup of vengeance to the full!
"Return to reason—cleanse your hands from blood,
Lo, wrath eternal, should you pass the flood,

Will smite with pestilence !—hope not to be forgiven—
You 'll fall like dead things with the curse of heaven !"
As when the east damp rises from the sea,
(Young Nature dancing in the robes of May—)
And breathes a chilly vapour o'er the earth,
Which kills the tender blossoms in their birth:
His language thus laid ice upon the soul—
Disunion blights their character—the whole !
" We 'll choose the *better* part !—Niagara's wave,
Never we 'll pass to open them the grave !"

* * * * * *

But, lo ! Smith, faithful mid the faithless stands—
Indignant he beheld th' apostate bands—
He shunn'd the traitor, who, his flag, betray'd;
And these exertions like a patriot made:
" Wherefore is this ? O never you'll forsake
Your brothers in the field?—your honour, break !
Lost in wild passion, man doth often stray
Eccentric, wandering from the narrow way
Where wisdom lights the path,—through error's maze,
Frequent our footsteps rove—but if we raise
Repenting eyes, and leave the past of youth,
Our foibles fade before the beams of truth.
" Return !—I 'll lead you forth. Ascend yon Height—
And this deep darkness be dissolv'd in light !
Prove that your souls have worth !—rise, climb the way,
And share the glories of this glorious day !
" File in the line of march ! To faith return—
Return and be redeem'd—yea, be your souls new-
born !"

The disaffected, ere his speech was said,
Hiss'd him contemptuous with a wagging head.
But in his breast he felt a firm support,
And bore with cheek uncrimson'd the retort.
The whole by Discord were of worth subdu'd,
And sad he left him in his solitude.

Now at the Heights while they their labours press,
Norton emerg'd from out the wilderness!
"Boyd, Scott, Mullany, Nelson"---(Rensselaer
Urgent exclaim'd) "hell's agency appear,
Like darkness crowding forth!---Display---lead on—
And with drawn falchions let the work be done!"
The heroes presently prepar'd for fight,
Harness'd for battle to attest their might---
To whom the veteran thus: "Your deeds this day
Will live till life shall moulder to decay!
Thrice have you fought and thrice the field acquir'd,
And gave the soil the richness it desir'd!
Now once again you 'll exercise the steel,
And cause th' aggressor powerless to kneel.
Harden your bosoms as with iron mail,
And when ye strike, let life be seen to fail!"
This said---he wheel'd and hasten'd to the shore
To learn what circumstance delay'd the power
Of those at Lewistown---he cleav'd the flood
With Bloom made honour'd with the robes of blood.

Meantime the savage darkening in their might
With those the royals scatter'd o'er the Height,

At signal—howling in their anger rush,
The ranks of Freedom at a blow to crush!
  Nelson inflam'd with inspiration's zeal,
Displays his column to apply the steel,
Leading the bayonets—Norton mark'd his brand
Flash in the sun;—he made a sudden stand,
And drew his rifle to a fatal aim—
The patriot fell encompass'd with his fame.
Beneath the last rib of the dexter side
The ruin enter'd, where in rolls abide
The convoluted bowels—pierc'd them through—
His pain was such it bath'd him o'er with dew
Like dampness upon ice, but yet he show'd
No sign that deep he felt death's torturing goad.
With countenance serene to Lawson nigh:
  "Leave me—O leave me in my joy to die!
I know thy worth—but nought canst thou avail,
For cramp'd at heart I feel my life to fail.
Pillow my head that I may view the charge,
And see the honour of our flag enlarge."
  The surgeon rais'd his head. The next in grade,*
Clos'd with the savages and plung'd the blade.
He clove the brawny Norton to the ground,
And bore him from the field a captive bound.
  The dying Nelson with a smile beheld,
Then clos'd his eyes, which soon in death were seal'd.
  Wool, Wadsworth, Scott, Mullany, Christie, rise
With fire kindling the brave! nor murderous cries—

* Lieutenant Buck.

Nor peals, nor vollied flames, their souls, dismay,
But like a storm, roll darkening to the fray----
Or the dire plunging of Niagara's flood---
Drenching their thirsty falchions in the blood
Of savage life! Lo, as they thrust, they feel
The beating heart convulsing on the steel!
The tumult shakes the earth. A cloud of death,
Pregnant with fire, hangs dreadful o'er the heath!
At length the foe in such profusion bleeds,
He breaks---and as he flies, the cloud recedes!
Thus had the patriots thrice the victory won,
Ere to the west, two hours, the rapid sun
Had drove his car. Not since a warrior's name,
Were ever fields more worthy of their fame.

Scarce Rensselaer had landed on the beach,
When Smith embrac'd him, and, in grievous speech,
Reveal'd the treason---the appalling cause
That made the dastard troops inglorious pause.

* * * * * *

The tongue of Rensselaer denies to speak,
While pale and crimson struggle in his cheek;
Grief's ashy deathness seems to triumph now—
Then anger's fire melts off the pallid snow.
At length his utterance came: "And can it be,
The whole have listen'd to his treachery?
Confusion strike him! Darkness blind the day!
Grief drowns my heart, O haste with me away—
And have you stood alone? no soul,—not one
To brace thy side? all—all revolted—gone!

"Great is that mind that can resist the power
Of rank corruption in the sliding hour—
Outstem the current of opposing tide,
And disregard when scoffing tongues deride—
Remain unalter'd in thy faith the while,
Full in the teeth and censure of the vile!
Thy virtue will have fame!—But time is lost—
I must endeavour to reclaim the host."
This said—he hastened with the wounded Bloom,
And sought the disaffected—to illume
Their hearts with patriot flame: "It cannot be
That you 'll forsake us at this urgency?
Thrice hath the Eagle on strong pinions tower'd—
With one to five, the colleagu'd strength o'erpower'd.
Egypt's Invincibles receiv'd a shock
From which they 'll never rise—the death of Brock!
"Brothers, companions! furnish us your aid—
We 'll do such deeds as ne'er in time shall fade!
With speed of wings the traitor pale hath fled,
Whose syren voice your generous hearts misled.
Be lifted in the cause! walk forth in light,
And shroud the past in ever-during night!
Walk in the light of fame! Your brothers, join,
Toiling for glory! not the ideal line,
A barrier prove—but prove your sires' rich blood
Lives in each fibre!—Navigate the flood!
Your fathers sacrific'd to Freedom's cause—
Yea, drain'd life's fountain-streams to seal her laws!
And have they toil'd, and fought, and bled in vain?
Shall we this day their hallow'd memories stain?

"Ye Saints in heaven! look down from thrones of light—
And O, our hearts, in brotherhood, unite!
Inspire our souls with that celestial flame
Which wreaths your actions with immortal name!
"Give honour now, give glory to your sires,
By wakening into life their quenchless fires!

* * * * *

"If language fails your bosoms to excite,
Behold the blood that stream'd on yonder Height!
Behold, and kindle to avenge the gore—
Nor Bloom alone,---a host of worthies more
Have suffer'd in their joy! some sleep with those
Who in their deaths eternity have chose!
"O think! for *you* they 've yielded up their lives
To guard your altars, children and your wives!
And have they vain, like water pour'd their blood?
In vain---in vain---unless ye pass the flood
And aid us with your strength. Come, float the tide,
And soon the day with honour we 'll decide—
A day---whose deeds of brilliancy will hide
Days *now* that shine conspicuous on the sight—
"Why stand ye pausing? onward to the fight!
What's life to liberty?—lighter than dust—
On---and the foe surrenders at a thrust!
"Behold advancing from the fort of George,
Bayonets o'erwhelming on the brave to charge!
O hasten to the beach! I 'll guide you o'er,
And at a blow, immortalize the shore!

* * * * *

"O marble—cruel hearts!———
Behold my thin locks bleach'd by wint'ry years!
Let me entreat you by these scattering hairs
To climb yon battlements!
"Good heaven above!
Gone—lost—forever lost! will nothing move?
Nor fame, nor blood, nor tears?———
"Wherefore was I
Born to behold—t' endure this treachery!

* * * * * *

"Patriots in heaven, behold it—yea, and weep—
It seems my heart no longer can I keep
Pent in my breast—it leaps to burst my side—
To crack its fibres—spill its pulsing tide—
"Shame—treason—shame!———"

* * * * *

His strength—his utterance fail—
His cheeks late flush'd with fire turn ashy pale.
Sighs heave his bosom, while his changing eye
Betrays the passion of his agony;
Now anger seems to struggle with despair—
But grief triumphant holds her empire there.

* * * * *

At length he thus to Smith: "To Wadsworth hie—
And speak it—if thou canst—*this* infamy.
My breast is smother'd. Anguish'd I forebode,
That all in vain our streams of life have flow'd.
It eats my heart. Nothing I more can add—
My brain feels dizzy—all my soul is sad—
To dwell upon the theme will start my senses mad!"

His aid desponding wheels without discourse,
Whilst the pale veteran weeps upon his horse.
Adown his furrow'd cheeks his sorrows roll,
Soothing the grief that preys upon his soul;
But when reflection flashes o'er his mind,
That all his fame will be as chaff in wind,
A burning pang, more sharp than death severe,
Sears—dries the sluices of his softening tear.

* * * * *

Veteran! mourn not. If this my verse can give
Thy worth to other years, thy fame shall live!
'Tis not for man his destinies to guide—
Full oft his best exertions are denied
To meet the righteousness of merit here—
Yea, Virtue o'er her child lets fall a tear.
If for the moment thou should'st feel the tooth
Of biting slander, yet the light of truth
Will blaze upon thee in a future day—
And Time shall weep thy monumental clay.

And now from George the enemy is seen
Progressing slow—severe in discipline;
And, as with music they approach the Height,
The vanquish'd allies round the flag unite:
Thus a thick cloud is by tornado driven,
Broken tumultuous o'er the face of heaven.
But soon the winds are bridled in their might—
And, lo! another climbs the mountain height,
Round which those shatter'd by the tempest power,
Urg'd by detraction, with a deepening lower,

Gather with closeness, darkening broad and vast,
To smite the earth with desolating blast:
So those late scatter'd by the battle's breath,
Their strength consolidate to pour out death.
Vincent, the whole combines, as first in rank,—
Barbarians crowding on his skirted flank.
He speaks to their ambition: "Shall we cower
And lick the dust beneath an infant power?
With five oppos'd to one disgrac'd we 've fled—
O let it never—never more be said!
Resolve to win!—wipe off the murky stain—
Conquest is ours! The Lion shakes his main,
Threatening his wrath! Past brilliant deeds recall,
And be reveng'd for Brock's illustrious fall.
He lies in gory vestments! Rise—be strong,
And drive through slippery paths th' adventurous throng.
Their ranks are wasted—weaken'd on the field,
Hence *will* to conquer, and behold, they yield!
Ten hours they 've fought and none have borne them aid—
A valorous charge and soon their laurels fade!
"Brock is the word! With bayonets five to one,
Britannia lives!—the Star of Freedom done!"
The savages replied with deafening jar—
The Albions dash'd in madness to the war.
But, lo! th' impetuous rush, the brave withstand,
And prove a barrier to the charging band.
They stand like rocks imbedded in the sea,
Which thousand waves attempt to wash away.

In vain the billows roll—in vain they lash
Their craggy sides—in vain with foam they dash
And thunder at their base—unshook in form,
The rocks remain defiance of the storm:
So stand Columbians solid in the fight,
Plunging whole ranks successive into night.
The gallant Sweeny falls with fractur'd knee,
But the fair Bailey with humanity,
Him to the shelter of a rock conveys,
And with cool promptitude, with kerchief stays
The leaping artery, girding it secure,
Circling the thigh—to make th' effect more sure,
Raises the limb—then runs his knife-hilt through
The band—the blood commanding with a screw,
Till Lawson should arrive and close with art
The ruptur'd vessel leading from the heart.
Wadsworth outpours his voice: "Immortal hour!
Mix lead with steel and let the soul have power!
Thine every name will high in heaven be roll'd—
Drain—drain the heart—let dying scenes unfold!
Resist the period of a moment more,
And ample strength will reach us from the shore!"
The warriors seem'd as fire! So vast the strife,
The forest trees are wither'd of their life.
Beneath their feet the rocks to dust return,
Whilst vaulting lightnings round about them burn.
For two half hours with tiger strength they fight,
The whole field blacken'd with the cast of night.

Lo, Smith arrives!——
Alas, the troops deny
To pass the flood and aid the foe to die—
Cancer'd their hearts with poisonous treachery!"

* * * * * *

Were earth to open by eruptive power—
Were Chimboraso, earth's sublimest tower,
To totter to its fall—were stars in heaven,
Blinded of light—the world to darkness given—
Scarce would it cause more direful despair,
Freezing the soul, than words to Wadsworth were!
Their hearts were wither'd—all their hopes forlorn,
As when the blighting east subdues the tender corn.
With mental anguish they forsake the shore,
Sprinkling the rock-path with large drops of gore!
A shouting triumph from the foe is given,
While they display their regal sign in heaven!

* * * * *

* * * *

Now when the storm was hush'd—the brave o'er-
borne,
The traitor heard the serpent-hiss of scorn
From every tongue;—this cramp'd his haughty soul,
Causing dark thoughts across his mind to roll.
Far in the deep recesses of the wood,
He thus the workings of his breast pursu'd:
"What heart can bear the eating of remorse?
Ah! whither shall I fly? where bend my course
To bury from the world? Each eye severe,

Plants daggers in my soul, as, with a sneer,
They with a point exclaim: 'The traitor there!
Mark his disorder'd step!—see what despair
Pales in his haggard cheek!'——
"My breast,—my breast!
'Tis hell—a burning hell!—no peace—no rest—
Distraction all!——
"Should I from man retire,
Where could I fly from the consuming fire,
That broils my heart within?—Yawn—yawn, deep hell!
Prepare! I come! Ye furies, toll my knell!——
"Away—pale thought, away!

* * * * *

"I 'll do the deed. I 'll break the chain,—nor stay,
But taste—taste what?——
"My heart!—what ails my heart?
What means this ice?—and have I struck the dart?
"What! shrink to ply the point?——
"Death! what art thou?
'Tis but thy *name* that chills the blood like snow.
Thy secret touch dissolves the pangs of grief—
To conscience torfur'd thou art rest—relief.
Why at thy name starts back the coward soul,
Thou balm that makes the broken-hearted whole?
Is it thy form that doth the horror bring?
And do I fear thy momentary sting?
What sting? thy sting is peace—the pang is slight
That brings oblivion—rocks the soul in night.
"What if I breathe this element away,
Burthen'd with life, till vile, unhonour'd clay

Shall shroud me from the sun? will not thy dart
With equal keenness touch the shrinking heart?
It must—it will! Through death I 'll freedom gain,
And break at once the fragile, brittle chain,
That binds me to the earth! I 'll not endure
The sneerings of the world—I seek the cure
Of treason—*treason!*——
"Worse than coward he,
Who shrinking, trembling with a tottering knee,
Gives back!——
"Why pausing do I keep?
Death! I am thine—come rock me in thy sleep."
With hurried hand he forms the fatal noose—
And for a moment a brief thought pursues:
"Thou passing breeze that travels o'er the heath,
Receive my voice—and speak it after death:
"Beware! O youth! how you in pleasures rove—
They 'll sap the mind—insidious—damning prove!
With happy flowers at first they 'll strew the way—
But, ah! beware!—basilisks and adders lay
Conceal'd in ambush there, whose poisonous sting
Will lance thy soul—remorse and anguish bring.
O fly th' enchanted ground! A blast will come
Unknown—and sweep thee to a culprit's tomb!"
This was his last distinguishable word—
Behold he strangles in the tightening cord!
Wide yawns his mouth, of air to taste one breath,
But every breeze is chas'd away by death.
His features blacken deep——

* * * * *

'Tis midnight's buried hour. With solemn dread
Dark murky clouds hang round the mountain's head,
Thick, broken, strange. Slow heaving, vast they climb,
Fold after fold the starry arch sublime;
And, as they darkening o'er the concave sail,
The winking eyes of heaven reluctant fail—
Again they shine—again they disappear,
As move the clouds with labour up the sphere.
In the far east their folds thin-edg'd with gray,
The moon behind the mountain cliffs betray,
Slow, waning, pale—her sickly fading horn
Is bent behind a cloud—yet her dim light
With sallow paleness shows the round of night.
A wonder! lo, with questionable mien,
The new-fledg'd ghost of Morris wan is seen,
Faint gliding on the moon's thin wat'ry ray,
Making the couch where dreaming Mary lay,
Gazing delighted on her lover's eye,
In which appears the soul's divinity:
"Cold—
Cold as the dark brown rock—cold as the mould,
Thine Edward's brow is laid! Dream not of me—
I 'm now as air—commenc'd eternity!"
Thus he while wrapp'd in night's deep mantle spoke—
Mary with shivering from her slumbers woke:
"What voice pronounc'd my name?—what note of death
Sung in mine ear? Cold on the battle-heath
Mine Edward sleeps in blood! Ah me—my breast!—
Cold on the earth his love-bright features rest!"

Sighing she fainted on her pillow dead—
But thus again her lover's spirit said,
Which mov'd upon her heart: "Fair angel form!
Awake thy soul to life! I 've past the storm
Of this rough tempest world. Thy grievings, cease—
Though we no more—no—never can embrace
Here in mortality—but O, above,
We soon shall meet and clasp perfective love!
"But clogg'd—embosom'd in thy cumbering clay,
Thou canst not hear what now my tongue could say,
Or I would open such a scene of bliss—
Ah! no—too pure for angels to express!
It satisfies the soul!—Beyond frail earth,
To hear the wonders of celestial birth,
Thine eye—thine ear—thine every sense is dumb,
To see, to hear the joys that live beyond the tomb!
"But when thy house of beauty shall decay,
Then shalt thou bask in unextinguish'd day—
Quaff fountains pure of love without alloy,
And bind thine Edward in the clasp of joy!
"Till then, farewell! and calm thine aching breast—
Resign to heaven—and be thy soul at rest."
The spirit ceas'd, and wing'd its airy flight
Beyond the stars and sought the coast of light.
His voice consoling sooth'd his anguish'd love—
Her slumbers visit her with dreams above.

CANTO XXII.

CAPTURE OF LITTLE YORK.

ARGUMENT.

Boyd on express conveys the result of the attempt upon Queenstown to Sackett's Harbour. Officers convened in council. The embarkation for Little York. The descent. The death of Hatfield. Explosion of the magazine. Capture of York. The circumstance of a scalp being found in the Legislative Hall. The death of General Pike.

The scene—Sackett's Harbour, and in and about Little York. The time—four days.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXII.

When the deep anguish of the late event,
By sorrow's tears was made more lenient,
A solemn calmness settled on the breast—
And Renssalaer to Boyd gave this behest:
"Bold warrior, hasten to the Harbour down,
And bear the loss to Dearborn and to Brown.
My heart is bitterness to name the deed—
It makes my sorrows in their freshness bleed."
He mounted instant at the order given,
And flew—an arrow from an archer driven.
The second sun was making glad the east,
When he to them was sighing introduc'd;
So keen the late defeat his feelings stung,
The power of speech seem'd dead upon his tongue.
The heroes mark'd depression in his eye,
And breast that strove to hide its agony.
Brown, to relieve the strugglings of his mind,
Him thus saluted with expressions kind:
"Give freedom to thy thoughts. O say! give vent
To sad disasters in thy bosom pent.

The army is o'erwhelm'd, my soul forebodes,
Which to the centre of thy heart corrodes;
But keep thy mind erect—defeat will come,
And cause of censure none—I read the gloom
Deep struggling in thine eye. Thy grief forbear—
And never yield thy country in despair."

"Thy voice hath rais'd a mountain from my breast—
The dead cold message all my powers oppress'd.
Too, too severe is thy foreboding just—
Our hard fought victories are wrapp'd in dust.
Thrice we with glory had our standards crown'd—
The sun of heaven in all his circles round
Ne'er look'd upon a field of prouder name,
Than that of Queenstown by the sons of fame—
A time there was he shrunk before the sight—
The clash of horror brought a partial night!
But in the act to seize upon a fourth,
Such spirit dwelt with the Columbian birth—
Disunion snatch'd the prize! A whole brigade,
Revolting from the cause, withdrew their aid!
Smith nobly tried, then Renssalaer his art
To rouse the passion of their coward heart;
In vain—their blood was frozen into ice—
They stood unmelting to their warm advice.
As deep the veteran to their bosoms spoke,
It seem'd at times his bursting heart was broke.
His eye stream'd anguish—from his every pore
Large sweat distill'd with drops of suffering gore.

Wool, Scott, Mullany, Gibson, glorious stood,
And Wadsworth, dreadful, like a blazing wood.
Thrice broke the enemy before the shock—
In front of all his troops, was slain the generous
Brock!

"The second Rensselaer pour'd—spent his blood,
Yet fam'd he lives! Lent, Vallance drank the flood.
Cover'd with honour, Nelson, Sweeny fell,
Long in the memory of the brave to dwell.
Bloom, Christie, Gansevoort, deathless worthies more,
Have shed for liberty their sacred gore.
Their wounds but seem'd to magnify their ire—
Their bosoms kindled with a maddening fire.

"Young Morris sunk in all his peerless bloom—
His heart of virtue moulders in the tomb—
Alas, I fear not so—for, lo! sad sight!
An Indian grasp'd him as we fled the Height!
My soul forebodes he feeds the hungry raven,
Vultures—or other savage fowls of heaven.

"How bright a contrast ours! along the shore,
I heard deep peals by minutes solemn roar
For death of Brock!—yea, mourning gun for gun,
Niagara answer'd at the setting sun!

"Such is a faint description of the day,
Which fill'd the bravest bosoms with dismay."

Dearborn absorb'd, impressive silence kept,
At times o'erpower'd with the recital, wept.
Brown heard with fix'd attention,—and full oft,
His hand he clos'd, and then relax'd it soft;

His eye the language of his soul would speak,
And show he held with pain a tear in check.
Then would his forehead knit—his colour rise,
And indignation muster in his eyes;
As soon, a mildness would his heart pervade,
And yield, as wax beneath the warm sun laid.

* * * * *

"At times the Star can sink without disgrace,
For human wisdom can but partial trace
The slippery changes of the future hour,
Though every mind possess'd a Newton's power.
We cannot hope in every field to gain
The perilous fight—the laurel wreath, obtain;
Dark clouds unlook'd-for in the storm will rise,
And sweep the standards backward from the skies;
Yet will the brave have honour———

"My chiefs approach with principles, as gold
Refin'd in virtue's beautifying mould.
Them, I instructed at th' appearing sun
To meet—devise—what farther should be done."
Scarce had he ended when the potent band,
Leaders of squadrons, gather'd at his hand—
First Pike, then Ripley, Forsythe, King, Mac Clure,
Names to show brilliant while the streams endure;
Swan, Riddle, Fanning, Eustis, Lyon, Steele,
Never with life before a foe to kneel;
Backus, Nicholson, Hoppock, Bloomfield, Young,
The fibres of their hearts like music, strung;

Pearce, Mitchell, Irvine, Frazier, Walworth, Moore,
From whose dark eyes their bosom'd passions pour.
Jones, Chauncey, Hatfield, of the fleet appear,
Names unacquainted with the frost of fear;
Thompson—and others of the ships attend
To hear what plans the chiefs would recommend.
  When these according to their ranks, were plac'd,
Brown made a statement of what Boyd had trac'd—
Each bosom felt a paralytic blow
To hear that traitors had the Stars dash'd low:
  So were the citizens, in theatre
At Frankfort met the first assay to hear
Of Forrest—brilliant meteor of his age—
The future Talma of the western stage.
Lo, while he held th' imagination bound
In rapt emotion by his art profound,
A herald pale from Raisin's bloody wave,
Arriv'd—the tidings to the audience, gave.
The curtain fell!—a fearful silence dread,
Awful ensu'd—their sinking hearts beat dead:
  Thus when th' event was to the patriots told,
That treachery the nation's flag had roll'd
In clouded darkness deep—their bosoms fell,
As though they 'd heard a lov'd one's funeral knell.

* * * * *

  Brown paus'd—and after, thus: "Be not depress'd—
The Eagle yet will tear the Lion's crest.
The names of Scott, of Christie, Rensselaer,
Will on the pinnacle of fame appear;

And Bloom, Wool, Wadsworth, Boyd---and all the
brave
Who fought and conquer'd at Niagara's wave—
Yes---*conquer'd*---thrice the glorious field was won—
Never in courage was the day outdone."
He ended. Dearborn rose and promptly laid
His measures open---in calm judgment staid—
With energy the province to invade:
"Soldiers! my views are sudden to display,
And strike upon them with a bold assay.
While in their joy they apprehend us lost,
Forth we 'll embark and land upon their coast—
Dash at Fort George. Should eagle Vict'ry there
Perch on our arms, to Erie we 'll repair,
And beard the Lion's strength. Let each advise,
For we in unity of strength must rise.
With bosoms firm cemented in the fight,
Great is the energy of Freedom's might;
But man divided is a chain of dust,
He breaks in weakness at the slightest gust."
Pike next resum'd debate---within whose breast,
Heaven's choicest virtues found their pillow'd rest:
"My soul afflicted feels corroding pain,
That those made free with liberty should stain
The land that gave them birth—beyond compare
Favour'd of heaven, of all creation fair!
That lurking traitors should contrive with art
To stab the centre of their country's heart!
"But we the stain opprobrious must remove—
The strength unbroken of the nation prove.

"Now I submiss an humble thought would urge,
That we assail, before we strike at George,
Their capital, proud York—which place is known
To hold the martial treasures of the throne.
Should we succeed to overcome the whole—
Of which I doubt not, should we charge with soul,
'Twould the rejoicings of the Royals damp—
Their future movements in the contest cramp.
'Twill be remember'd for its daring blow—
Perhaps the pivot of their overthrow.
"Where the waste ruins of Tarento lie,
We 'll land---resistance of the foe defy---
From thence with rapidness the batteries, storm,
And take possession of the place in form."
He open'd his design: And Neptune's son,
Chauncey---uncourtly on the right begun:
"My order from the President of late
Is, that the navy at your service wait.
Should you the measure approbate of Pike,
The fleet is ready on the shore to strike."
Brief was the mariner. Dearborn replies:
"The plan of Pike will quail our enemies.
Let each in bristling panoply embark,
And with slant bayonets, at the town of York,
Rush for the honour. Pike, to you we yield,
As you advis'd it—to conduct the field.
"Chauncey, the fibres of your heart beat life
To meet th' *impressing* tyrants in the strife.
Make full your navy with the warriors proud,
And then your sail-wings for Tarento crowd.

"What time we 're absent, Backus, with your horse,
Defend the Harbour from assailing force,—
Should he who flames salutes for Raisin's blood
Prevost—attempt invasion o'er the flood,
Our wives, our children, from the village move,
Then, unalloy'd your gold in battle prove.
Tuttle is hastening with his ranks of steel
To join your arms, investment to repel.
"Thus is our purpose laid,—each to his post
To be in readiness to storm the coast."
Prompt at the word pronounc'd, the council rose,
Resolv'd their hidden valour to disclose.
The troops rejoic'd the daring plan to hear—
The sound was pleasant music to their ear.
With war's dread furniture the ships they load,
Without disorder, though they seem a crowd,
Thick, wild, confus'd:———
So frequent is there seen
In summer's day along the path-way green,
A numerous household of industrious ants,
Hoarding with foresight 'gainst their future wants.
At first promiscuous they appear to move—
Part in the sun—part shaded in the grove;
But when with closer eye we scan their line,
Both art and science in their ranks combine—
The band returning sweat beneath their load,
While those disburden'd are in quest of food:
Thus though in hurry, order is their toil—
And soon embark'd they wait the spreading sail.

Chauncey weighs anchor—cleaves the silver sea—
And, as the east was gladdening into day,
York show'd its turrets. With a martial mien,
The chiefs on board the Madison convene
To learn their stations—Madison the ship
That bore the foremost flag upon the deep.
These were the glowing sentiments of Pike :
" Behold the capital !—Prepare to strike
Its standard from on high !—The soul make large
To tread the shore and do the signal charge.
" Forsythe, to lead upon the foe is thine,
And prove your rifles death in discipline.
King, with your bayonets, strengthen, and Mac Clure—
Your names establish, ever to endure.
Then Pearce, and Ripley, with your troops proceed,
And test them worthy of illustrious meed.
Riddle, in front with jealous scout advance,
At landing to observe each circumstance.
" On us the poise of victory depends;
As is our course the Eagle sinks, ascends—
Yes, as a leader educates his soul,
He warms with ardour, or he damps the whole."
The champions heard, and, yielding their assent,
Withdrew—resolv'd upon the action bent.

Now when the Britons kenn'd the approaching fleet,
Their haughty bosoms sudden flash'd with heat.
Sheffie half madded sent his aids in haste
To call the captains where his flag was plac'd :

First Goodwin came of Fencibles the chief—
Then Wells of Grenadiers—then Coozier brief;
Beeler and Knight from batteries caught the alarms
While the drums beating, notified to arms;
They circled in a group—with Winimac—
A savage desperate to commence attack.
Assembled—Sheffie in the midst began,
And quick arrang'd his well-digested plan:
"Behold invasion on the waters there!
The screaming Eagle riding on the air!
But time waits not to stand with gazing eyes—
Attend my voice their souls to sacrifice!
"Goodwin, your Fencibles in column form
At water's edge to waken up the storm;
Your warriors, Winimac, will guard his flank,—
You 'll crouch unseen upon the cliffy bank
Deep in the hiding growth. And, void of fears,
Wells, fix for action with your Grenadiers,
On Goodwin's left division. Beeler, Knight,
Defend the bulwarks with an arm of might.
Crozier, at entrance of the town remain,
'Till I command you to the field of slain.
I with reserve shall stand in yonder wood,
And when I move, my standard waves in blood!
"Ere the Fredonians touch upon the beach,
To the life's centre let the bullet reach.
Let none that scout at kings, pollute the land—
Let not a foot-print violate the sand!
"Think how at Queenstown Vincent late hath drove
This flag the same, like fire in piney grove,

Through havoc, blood and death! And shall not we,
Prove that we hold the same integrity?
Prove it?—'tis fix'd! these granite rocks shall fail,
Ere recreant we in mean submission quail!
"They never—never to the beach draw nigh,
Except beneath our lifted arms to die.
But mark their progress for Tarento driven!
Away!—prepare to break the sphere of heaven!
They play their forces, and, in threatening gloom,
Lead forth—the patriot standards to entomb;
Like autumn leaves they drive along the path,
When rude winds tear them from the trees in wrath.
In ambush, Winimac conceals his brood—
Goodwin is shaded by th' adjoining wood.
Wells places on his left, the Grenadiers—
While Sheffie dark, who hell nor heaven, reveres,
Hies to a forest on a rising ground
To overlook the battle-field around.

Forsythe is now all eager to proceed—
Pike gives the word,—the rowers dash with speed,
While in firm hands the twisted rifles show
With deep-drove bullets ready for the foe.
They near the shore where Fencibles lie hid
With weapons levelled, sighting fine the bead,
And savage Winimac—he darts the fire—
Forth Goodwin flashes from his blade its ire—
His cohorts mark the sign—and wrap in flame
Ontario round—and swift repeat the same!

In vain the blazing sheets—in vain the lead
Sings through the air—in vain the thunders dread
Tremble the earth—in vain the lightnings gleam
And play horrific o'er the tossing stream—
In vain the shrieking of the murderous note—
Like spirits on the wing the rifles float
Unshaken to the beach!—no winking eye
At the red flashes which around them fly.
Onward they move—regardless of the storm,
Which burns the elements in lightning form!
At length is Forsythe heard: "Slacken the oars
To aim with sure effect!—return the showers
Which tempest-beat the flood!" The hero said—
The barges pausing settled on their bed
Of buoyant waters. Partially at rest,
The green-clad warriors with a rocky breast,
Fix'd on the silver with their eyes of fire,
And touch'd the springs!—the sleeping leads expire
With flaming breath which drives them to the shore,
To cool their burning in the hostile gore.
Forsythe exclaims: "In conquering terror rise!
Exalt the soul and snatch the glorious prize!
Dash forward in the blast!—the barges fly—
Strike opposite of where the savage lie—
There make the beach—in solid order stand—
Mix fire with steel and desolate the land."
The barges heard and flew upon the deep
Like things of life, so rapid was their leap.

Pike kept his vision fasten'd on the Greens,
As they advanc'd t' unfold the deathful scenes;
Great was his pride to see them disregard
The engin'd fire which beat against them hard;
But, ah! his soul with jealousy was pain'd,
What time they balanc'd on their oars remain'd---
He fear'd their courage was a melting rock,
Yielding appall'd---dishearten'd by the shock,
Which smote upon them sore! On board the barge
He sprang---gave Nicholson and Frazier charge,
His aids to follow---and abrupt to King:
"Embark---away!---quick to the combat bring
Thy bayonets to the test---the rifles pause!
Haste---hasten on, or ruin'd is the cause!"
Hurried he spoke---his barge leaps from the ship,
And King's battalions cleave the troubled deep.

Behold the clouds of Pike's desponding fears
Are scatter'd from his mind, and joy appears!
He scans the cause why Forsythe's rifles stood---
To aim more certain on the tossing flood.
His features brighten with effulgent blaze---
His tongue transported testifies their praise:
"My soul is floating in a tide of day!
What passing worth the sighting Greens display!
My soul was darkness---now it walks in light,
To mark their deeds---a stream of death in fight!
The enemy---he breaks!---On, Forsythe, on---
We are behind thee---snatch the standards down!"

While this he utter'd, Forsythe made the shore,
And op'd at every flash a fount of gore.
The savage flew—yet Goodwin for a time
With veteran skill withstood the war sublime.
But Forsythe met him in his path at length,
And struck him to the earth unpower'd of strength.
Their leader gasping, wasting of his life,
The Albions blanch'd and scatter'd from the strife.

During this effort, Pike's battalions reach
The margin of the lake and force the beach,
Though Wells incessant with impetuous ire,
Pour'd down a cataract of tempest fire!
As Irvine forward from the pinnace sprung
To gain the shore with ardent impulse young,
A strong-arm'd Briton furious on him press'd,
And thrust a bayonet partial through his breast—
Moore his companion leap'd from off the bow,
And prompt despatch'd th' assailant at a blow.
Irvine had fallen—hair floating on the wave,
Just where the ripples the bright pebbles lave.
Two seamen bore him to the navy soon,
Where brief the surgeons wak'd him from his swoon.
Pike gives the rushing charge: "Ascend the bank—
Ascend, ye brave, in solid, bolted rank!
Shout victory or death—the deathless word—
Let blood bedim the brightness of the sword!"

"Victory or death! Death or victory!"
Echoes to heaven from band of liberty.

The brow of Pike is half conceal'd in blaze—
His stature seems in awfulness to raise.
His flashing sword illuminates the way,
As on he dashes in the thickest fray.
As flames a scathing meteor through the night,
So shines the warrior in the darkening fight.
The band directed by his falchion's gleam,
Support their chief and draw out blood, a stream.
Death melts the host—with life a remnant fly,
As Forsythe's bugles echo—Victory!

Now when the army from the ships were freed,
Chauncey was prompted to a valiant deed—
Against the forts his gallant fleet to moor,
And aid the descent with his naval power.
His views are answer'd: Opposite the site
Of each dark mound, sustain'd by regal might,
His anchors bite the clay—the engines burst
With globes to smite the fortified to dust.
The foe undaunted from the breasted earth,
Against the navy roll the mad balls forth;
But most with truant aim at random fly,
Searching in vain for death through vacancy.
But one with ruin hurl'd strikes Thompson's breast—
He falls from life insensible to rest,
Leaving his bright example a bequest—
A noble testament to his country's youth,
To spend their life for liberty and truth.
Another war-bolt as a cannon spoke,
Glanc'd Hatfield's thigh—its bone in fragments broke,

Ruptur'd the flesh—save fibres here and there,
Which held the limb from whirling off in air.
Large from the living artery leaps the blood,
Which as it flows is curdled in the flood.
  Chauncey with sorrow marks him as he dies—
The youth returns the look with fading eyes,
And anxious thus: "I feel my life is gone—
But O, in whisper, *tell me if I 've done*
My duty in the cause for which I bleed—
Speak to mine ear—my ebbing sands recede!"
  Chauncey with gentleness embrac'd his hand:
"My son, thou art an honour to thy land."
  Here smother'd with his grief he fails to speak—
He wipes the tear that steals upon his cheek.
  Stammering his voice returns: "My dying son—
Peace to thy soul! in every part you 've done
Thy country fame! Long, long wilt thou endure—
Some future bard will make thy praise secure."
  Each word was softer than a minstrel note,
And made his swimming soul in transport float:
  So righteous Latimer, what time in fire,
Suffering beneath a persecuting ire,
Heard a bright angel with sweet whispering say:
"Martyr! well done! to heaven I lead the way!"
His soul forgot the eating pain severe—
He seem'd already climbing up the sphere:
  So thus when Chauncey gave him tender praise,
On pallid Death he cast a smiling gaze.
He mov'd his tongue to utter back a word—
But in revenge, Death barr'd him to afford

That luxury sweet. He roll'd his fading eye
Bright in a tear—more precious than reply.
To Chauncey's hand a gentle press he gave,
Which seem'd to say: "My joy is in the grave!"
Chauncey return'd the parting touch the same,
Which warm'd his dying pulse, and made a flame
Blush in his cheek! He smil'd—then clos'd his eye—
Swift launch'd his soul to immortality!
  Thus when extinguish'd is the taper's light,
Still round the wick some lingering sparkles bright,
Faint languish one by one—soon all is dark—
Brief from its ashes shoots a glowing spark,
But never—never more!—So Hatfield smil'd in death,
Then like a sleeping infant sigh'd away his breath.

  When Sheffie watching in the deep wood saw
His legions break and from the fight withdraw,
He pour'd his voice, smiting his breast in wrath,
And as with frenzy foam'd along his path:
  "It must be false!—it never can be so!
What! hath the vulgar wrought an overthrow?
Why do you stand in listless—coward gaze?
Break to the battle! Let the searching blaze
Of utmost hell, flame heaven! Glut them with death—
Outnoise the elements—bury them beneath!"
  Convuls'd with rage his tight-strain'd eyes dripp'd gore—
Down from the forest his mad squadrons pour
Black like a tempest scowling o'er the earth,
Edg'd round with lightnings, muttering thunders forth.

Pike stands a monument—a rock—a tower,
And smiles in soul to mark th' approaching power.
His eyes—the radiance of two stars is given
When recent wash'd by summer showers of heaven.
"Behold reserve descending from the wood
Rough in their arms to sacrifice our blood!
I mark you shivering with desire to move,
Your proud inheritance sublime to prove.
King, lead the battle—let thy soul be fire—
Let tumult darken as thy foes expire.
Why doth my speech withhold you from your fame?
Rush to the charge like heaven's consuming flame."

Prompt at the instant of command they spring
Fierce on the enemy, led forth by King.
Like streams from mountain cliffs the Britons pour,
Flashing combustion with redoubling roar;
But those of Liberty resist the shock,
Rising in soul—unshaken, like a rock,
Which stands and laughs at Susquehanna's flood,
When down it tumbles in its wildest mood!
The field burns into flame! in smoke and night,
The warring powers are smother'd from the sight.
A transient gale now whirls the cloud away,
And, lo! the scene comes flashing into day
A moment,—then no more! a sword blade gleams—
A bayonet dripp'd in life-blood smoking streams;
A plume, a standard, trembles on the eye,
As soon they vanish in obscurity.

Death gleans a fattening harvest: Hoppock dies—
And Lyon wrapp'd in crimson garments lies;
Not words can give their character;—their fame,
Their deeds alone are worthy to proclaim.
Their smiting falchions magnified the fray,
Nor fail'd their lives till brittle steel gave way:
The point of Hoppock's blade was thrust betwixt
The neck and skull and there in wedge was fix'd—
While in the act to wrench it from the bone,
Tingling it snapp'd!—unarm'd, his life was done—
A foeman plung'd a bayonet through his side—
His life departed with the ebbing tide.
So oft had Lyon's sword the brain-walls broke,
Its fatal edge was batter'd by the stroke;
He threw it by to seize upon the hilt
Of one made vain—for he the blood had spilt,
Which gave it power to kill. While stooping down
To make the trophy his—no vulgar clown,
But Sheffie, rushing as he done the deed—
(Ere he could loose it from the griping dead)
Broke through the guards that fenc'd his youthful heart,
And tore the centre of its threads apart.
Young Bloomfield led in native valour forth
A band selected for their tested worth.
Behold he Wilimac in conflict met,
And smote him prostrate weltering at his feet.
He made the sign of mercy to his heart—
Bloomfield benevolent suppress'd the dart,
Whose point was gleaming like impatient fire,
Threating to glance and cause him to expire!

But mark the ally of the Christian power,
And it must cause the heart to sweat with gore:
The savage rising from his girdle drew
His arms—and blaz'd his kind deliverer through!
In his fair bosom lodg'd the fatal lead—
He rais'd his eyes to heaven, then clos'd them with the dead!

Mourn not, fond mother, for thy lovely boy—
A death like his should start the tear of joy;
He died while offering mercy to his foe,
The height, the depth that mortal strength can go—
Not heaven to fallen man a brighter scene can show!

* * * * *

The Muse might swell her page with England's dead,
And some were worthy of the honour'd bed;
Her strength would languish ere the half were told—
Names high renown'd in crimson shrouds were roll'd.

Pike puts away the smile from off his cheeks,
And plants stern anger there—abrupt he speaks
To those in choice reserve: "The fight demands—
It calls the proudest labours of our hands!
With steel plunge forward to the strife of death—
The thirsty bayonet to the foe bequeath!"

He spurs his courser to the charge—his soul
Pours from his eyes which like two comets roll.
As vast Niagara plunges down the steep
Foaming, noise deafening, to the boiling deep,
Breaking the rocks and grinding them to dust—
So Pike's divisions in the battle thrust.

King joins the hero blacken'd in the fight—
The hand of death o'erwraps the field in night,
Awful as Egypt on that dreadful day,
A God in anger snatch'd the light away!
Awful as when that signal hour shall come,
When all that lives shall moulder to a tomb!
Resembling this the fearful scene appears,
Whilst clash of armies thunders up the spheres.
At times a burst of fire breaks through the night,
Opening to view the tumult of the fight.
Pike gleams behind the darkness like the sun
Centred in heaven when shrouded by the moon.
His sword in glittering zones declares his wrath,
Carving whole files before him in his path.
Fredonia comes and kindles in his hand
The fiery edge of his consuming brand—
As when the artist from the furnace heat,
Withdrew the steel to give it curve complete,
Red hissing from the flame—so even now
By the bless'd touch, sparks from the falchion glow
And live upon its edge! At every sweep,
Whole ranks opposing find eternal sleep.
Yet Sheffie stands untam'd in all his ire,
Urging the battle in its fury higher!
The patriots mark the flaming sword of Pike,
And, like the spirits of the storm they strike.
Their thirsty blades drink copious draughts of blood,
And still more greedy, suck the vital flood.
Sheffie rolls backward like a broken wave,
Leaving behind a carnage for the grave!

* * * * * *

"Heroes! pause not—but rush the bulwarks on—
Down—down those standards and the war is done!
York falls in weakness—kneels beneath our powers—
Fame lights the path—the wreath,—the day is ours!"
Pike gave the word: a word is all they need—
The column moves to consummate the deed.
The forted Lions cowering from their height,
Fall—as the Eagle waves upon their sight!

* * * * *

Pike manifests his virtue: "Lo! thus far,
We 've gain'd unclouded glory in the war.
York is a reed that bends before our might—
It kneels—and in its kneeling ends the fight.
"Warriors! let nothing that 's debasing stain
Our laurels gather'd on yon gory plain;
But, let forgiveness glorify the line,
That round our brows unfading wreaths may twine.
Bury the past in brilliance of renown,
By generous entertaining of the Crown
With Mercy's banquet—great, though great the cause
To scowl a cold defiance at her laws;
But should we treat the enemy severe,
Where would distinction of our worth appear?
No—good for evil to our foes return,
That Virtue's incense in our breasts may burn.
"But should there be a wretch to honour lost,
Not he shall dull the splendour of our boast—
With message swift shall he be judg'd to death,
Stamp'd with the stain of infamy beneath.

"Riddle, proceed with observation on—
Examine well the borders of the town.
Mark if opponents linger on the field,
Or in submission to our banner, yield."
Riddle progresses with a cautious eye,
The routed movements of the foe to spy.

The meantime Sheffie in despair of soul,
Foam'd like a tiger loosen'd from control.
At times he wheel'd to rush upon his death—
And then he 'd pause insensible of breath.
While thus his passion in its madness burn'd—
And while from this to that he furious turn'd,
His frenzied eyeball glanc'd the magazine
With all its quick combustion stow'd within.
A thought from Hell flash'd burning through his brain,
To touch and blaze the ruin on the plain!
"This—*this* will satisfy to rack their soul—
No flag shall ever bend!—Against them roll
Flames in a torrent! This their final date—
Them, in revenge will *this* annihilate!"
He chok'd for want of air—turn'd his rag'd eye,
And thus continu'd to his soldiery:
"And are ye Britons? whither will ye hence?
And will ye no revenge? no recompense?
Pile, crowd the magazine with rocks of weight
To fall through heaven their ranks to desolate.
"Prepare a secret train without delay,
Then touch the sparkle and with wings away.

Each will be knighted from the royal hand,
When once their hearts lie crush'd upon the land!"
They stand—obey his voice; and soon with toil
Collect and place upon the mine a pile
Of rocks and heavy bars, and shells, and ball,
With various ruin on the brave to fall.
Full fifty tons of death's exploding grain
Are lodg'd within,—from which the fatal train
Artful is laid by Sheffie and his crew—
Th' Infernal near to urge them what they do!
Soon all prepar'd—the match receives the fire,
And while it smoulders backward they retire.

The time that Riddle trac'd the path along
To mark the movements of the spoiling throng,
Pike wheel'd to rest his toils—when, lo! his ear
Caught the deep sound of heavy sorrow near.
He search'd and found an enemy in blood,
In danger to be crush'd beneath the crowd.
"Come, my sad stranger, let me aid you, come—
I 'll be your friend and shelter you with home."
This said. He rais'd, and, on his bosom, bore
The fainting Briton from his bed of gore.
The soldier strives to speak—his soul appears
Bright trickling down his cheeks—he thanks him with his tears.
This office done, he settles to a seat,
Till Riddle should return with their retreat—
What soul is not at rest, to virtue given,
Performing deeds that meet the eye of heaven!

His brother present, warm'd with gratitude,
Modest approach'd, and thus with eyes bedew'd:
"Be not offended at my rudeness near—
I 've come to thank you with a grateful tear.
My tongue moves awkward, but my heart is warm—
I thought you cruel as the northern storm."
Thus he. Pike answer'd: "Briton, fear us not;
The bleeding warrior never was forgot.
How rank is Slander's tongue! Columbians know
How to forgive the darkness of their foe."
The Albion then: "Delusive I 've been taught
That you for booty and for victims fought;
That soft affections never reach'd your mind,
More than the tiger or the savage kind;
That polish'd virtues to the west world here,
Were far more rude than Europe's forester,
And hence they plead—'tis just upon the main
To bind your seamen in Impressment's chain,
That they might haply in our navy learn
Something of civil life ere their return!
"But now I scan it as deception all,
That we might righteous, this contention call.
The name of Freedom is the cankering sore,
That eats like death's tooth to their life's deep core."
He paus'd. And Pike with smiling took the word:
The acts of virtue their own bliss afford—
Man feels divine impulsion in his breast,
When his soul strives to make his fellow blest.
He needs no tongue to tell him of the deed—
A whispering conscience is sufficient meed—

Yea, more refreshing than the new-born gale
Made rich with incense from the flower-dress'd vale,
Or dews that paradise———
"God!—Oh, God!"
* * * * * *
Dread shock!
The steadfast pillows of creation rock!
The magazine is blazing up to heaven!
The earth seems reeling—from its centre riven!
To kindled Etna add Vesuvian flames,
With all the burning mountains that have names—
To these, mix earthquakes ruinous and dire,
With all their spouting cataracts of fire—
A thousand thunders join to this dread mass,
With all the lightnings since creation was—
Let all explode at once—tremendous jar!
Earth-rending, hell-shaking, heaven-breaking war,
Scarce would the scene more horrible appear,
Than house of death convulsing through the sphere!
Rent trees, roofs, bars, shells, balls—o'er Riddle fly—
Pillars of dust roll dreadful through the sky.
An awful darkness blots the heavens from sight—
The earth is compass'd with the pall of night.
The dead are stirr'd within their silence deep
As though the hour had come to waken from their sleep!
The fragments falling smite the earth below,
Crushing the brittle life of friend and foe—
Yea, e'en the murderers by the shock expire—
Too soon for them the earthly hell took fire.

Fifty Columbians and two hundred die
By dastard act—the act of infamy!
  A shell strikes Eustis bursting o'er his head—
Without a sigh he joins the broken dead:
  Thus stood a youthful poplar gemm'd with dew,
Fair on the mountain pleasant to the view;
The May-day sun delighted kiss'd its crown—
But, lo! it sunk beneath the whirlwind's frown,
Its brittle boughs were scatter'd o'er the heath:
  So the youth perish'd, broken in his death.

  From batter'd shoulder Fanning streams his gore—
With knee in fractures falls the gallant Moore.
Gamble* and others welter on the field,
Whose hearts the jewelry of virtue held.

  Nicholson, Frazier by the General stood—
Both, both are mangled—floating in their blood—
Fast close their eyes in fatal solitude!
  Black from the element a whirling rock,
As Pike exclaim'd—upon his temples struck—
Crack'd his brain's casement—bruis'd adown his cheek,
And crush'd upon his ribs!———
                Faint—dying—meek,
He sinks upon the earth like wreath of snow
When melting from its rock. His features show
Life's cistern failing of its stream———
                Statues of stone
His columns stand—cold—petrified—undone!

* Lieutenant James Gamble.

But to behold the failing of their chief,
O'erpowers the horrible—they melt to grief:
  Thus a fond mother in a frightful storm,
Presses her infant to her bosom warm;
A vollied sheet of solid fire descends,
And instant thunder from the cloud impends.
Aghast she stands convuls'd with horror dumb,
Cold like a pillar bas'd upon a tomb.
But when her veins with life begin to burn,
Back to her child her anxious thoughts return;
She views it in her arms all black with death!
At once, *herself* is lost—with hurried breath
And deep her bosom heaves—despairing wild,
She thinks of nothing but her strangled child:
  So stand the brave—of *self* they think no more,
To see their chief stretch'd lifeless in his gore!

* * * * *

  But lo, he breathes!—he leans upon his hand,
And thus while dying to his sorrowing band:
  "*Push my brave fellows and avenge my death!*"
He spoke—sunk back—exhausted of his breath:
  As when the last concluding hour shall come
To rouse the ghostly tenants of the tomb—
The earth, the firmament, as parchment scroll
Folded together—death seizing every soul;
Lo, mid the horrors of chaotic night,
A voice is heard from seraph veil'd in light:
"The past is done! behold, creation new!"
A splendid wonder bursts upon the view!

Four suns in golden brilliancy appear,
Two brightening the east—two the western sphere.
Earth melts into heaven! in glancing eye
Man lives—translated from mortality!
So Pike's expiring words the brave revive—
They seem from death to quicken, breathe and live!
The fifes, the bugles and the drums rebound—
They shout indignant with appalling sound.
Ripley relocks the column—leads it on
To take possession of the victory won—
To cause the blood of treachery to run.

Mac Clure, with sympathy's soft touching hand
Raises the chief to move him from the land.
Solemn and slow with equal-measur'd feet,
Six mourners bear him sighing to the fleet.

The meantime Sheffie thus to Crozier spoke,
Showing the monster devil in his look:
"With infant hell we 've conflagrated heaven,
And fragment thunder on their skulls have driven!
"But why the miner—reckless, why did he
Excite the match and set the ruins free,
Till we 'd the danger fled? My sword no order gave—
It might our army buried in the grave.
A smiting rock apast my temples brush'd—
Behold, what numbers of our own lie crush'd!

* * * * * *

Hark, to the shout! the bugle!—list, the drum!
They quicken into life—they come! they come!

"Away!—why do you hesitate?—away!
Bear you a flag their progress to delay.
Curb—check their forward march—hearken!—they
come!
Do you not hear the rattle of the drum?
Capitulate and strive with artful tongue
Them to detain, while madden'd with the wrong—
Or till I enter in the senate hall,
Loosen the scalp—or slaughter may befall
The captur'd here! Their hearts must burn within,
That on their heads we cast the magazine;
But should they mark this scalp Cawataw tore
From Wolfork massacred at Raisin's shore,
'Twould waken into life their smother'd ire
To wrap the splendour of the town in fire!"
His aid proceeds with floating banner white,
To meet the columns moving in their might,
While Sheffie hastens to the hall of state
To seize the horrid trophy—save from fate
The kneeling capital. High o'er the mace,
It hangs suspended—civil man's disgrace!
Sheffie arrives—he stretches forth his hand
To loose the scalp from the retaining band—
Behold, it quickens!—drops fresh oozing blood,
While the hair starting in an angry mood,
Shoots particles of fire! Sheffie becomes
Aghast with horror—but the approaching drums
Vital his pulse—he flies with panting breath
To gain a thicket—hide himself from death.

Crozier by this had met the conquering force,
Saluted Ripley and began discourse:
"Lo, I am charg'd to tender thee our peace,
And in return we crave a soldier's grace.
Thou wilt not steel thy generous bosom hard—
Mercy administers its own reward.
You'll banish from your mind the magazine,
For that by accident took fire within.
We never could have thought the murderous deed—
Behold three fifties of our own fell dead!
The British name is known"———
"Alas, too well!
It seems if link'd in partnership with hell!
Moments are wasting. Soon at York shall I
Have ample time to speak its infamy!
"Give us the passing road———
"Fredonians! now,
March with quick music that the soul may flow.
Remember Pike's injunction on the plain—
Let nothing dark our spotless honour stain."
Forth at the word the patriots press the town—
The Lion humbled with a groan sinks down.
The Eagle soars upon triumphant wings,
While from the soul a shout through ether rings!
A thousand captives to the victors yield,
And pile their bristling armour on the field.
A vessel ready on the lake to sail,
Is seen to hurl its flames upon the gale;
Which soon had borne the flag of Yeo far,
Defying Chauncey in audacious war.

Ripley to Riddle: "Haste—with fleetness, bear
The Lion-standard to the navy there.
Pike yet may live to fold it to his breast,
Or on its Cross his dying head may rest.
"Time offers now a respite from our toils,
Hence let our hunger banquet on the spoils;
But first to those surrender'd at our feet,
Viands, generous, deal them and the pulver'd wheat.
'Tis not against the helpless we contend—
A foe in battle—but in peace a friend."
Riddle with promptness passes to the beach,
While others do as saints to mortals teach;
Then for their wearied natures they provide,
And not their captives of their fate deride.

Boyd, Ripley, Forsythe, Pearce, withdraw, and King,
To learn the value of their conquering.
Soon they approach the legislative hall—
To mark its curious workmanship, they call.
They view the cornice, pillars form'd with grace—
But ken with scornful eye the regal mace.

* * * * *

"Whence is this blood?" Thus Boyd in heart despair.
"Behold the scalp!——What fiends these monsters are!
Ice binds my heart. O sacrilege of heaven!
To what high wickedness is Albion given!
And do they bear the character of men,
Who do such deeds as hell hath never seen?
"'Tis not enough the savage they employ
To slay our virgins—our sweet babes destroy!

'Tis not enough they massacre with fire,
And drink our veins with horrible desire!
'Tis not enough with slander's tongue to rave,
And, on the ocean fetter, scourge, enslave!
'Tis not enough their magazines explode,
And treacherous murder in the coldest blood!
No—nothing is enough! This scalp of hair
Must be suspended naked, bleeding, bare!
Our brother's scalp!—brain-maddening, freezing thought!
With gold from reeking hands corruptive bought!
Who knows but that from Allen's head it came,
Or Hickman's, Woolfork's—tortur'd in the flame!
"Is civil man more rank than prowling beast?
What bursting thoughts convulse within my breast!
The vulturous wolf, the bleating lamb, consumes—
His trembling prey the glutton panther dooms
Reckless to death—but from their shaggy hide,
With ready tongues they lick the crimson tide!
No: not these prowlers of the desert wood,
Can bear the recent stain of victims' blood?
And shall the race of man?—shall England's fame
Be ever branded with the damning name?
"O Hampden! Howard! characters of worth!
Sidney! Russell!—deign not to look on earth!
Ye sad must weep—yea, weep hot tears in heaven
To view the deeds to which your country 's given!
Yea, if on earth ye deign to bend an eye,
That eye will stream the drops of agony!

* * * * * *

"My soul speaks loud to scath this hall with fire—
In empty ashes let the whole expire.
My will is bent to sweep it down amain,
And let no shadow of its form remain."

* * * * * *

Solemnity ensu'd. The awful scene
Palsied the tongue, convulsing every mien.
Touch'd with despair, they gaz'd—in reverie lost,
As if before them stood a bleeding ghost!
Ripley at length the fearful silence broke—
Though mild his language, tortur'd was his look:
"My corded heart is breaking on a strain—
Ice is lodg'd *here*—it freezes with its pain.
'Tis bloody—O 'tis horrible!—but no—
Let not the passions 'tempt our minds to throw
Grief on our fame. Inclin'd was I at first
T' apply the torch and level it to dust;
But when more calmly I the deed survey,
As though these columns in disorder lay,
Swept in excitement by our hands away—
Repentant we should grieve—revenge aside,
Shading the cause for which proud names have died.
No—never by our passions be subdu'd
To brand us with the savage multitude.
"'Tis not against the builder's splendid toil
Our arms make war, and wantonly despoil
His great designs. Let arts and science stand—
Pollute them not with sacrilegious hand.
Such barbarous acts the Vandals would disgrace,

Then what dishonour to Columbian race,
Where Freedom flourishes and Science lives,
And from the nation, fostering care receives.
No: let our hearts th' illustrious Pike revere,
And save this splendour from the torch severe.
Remove the scalp—consign it to its earth—
'Twill speak the British name and show our greater worth."
Without dissent to Ripley they subscribe,
And all the honour of his soul imbibe.
As his full eye reveal'd a tear-drop bright,
Ripley assay'd to move it from the light,
Still fresh with oozing blood! Lo! as his hand
Loosen'd the complex doublings of the band,
It ceas'd to sparkle fire and drop its gore,
As if the touch were some superior power.
The chiefs return with bosoms venting sighs,
As closing night rolls heavy from the skies.

During these passing incidents—Mac Clure
Convey'd the dying Pike with sorrow pure,
Down to the beach. Partial his eyelids clos'd
And veil'd the sight from heaven, but yet expos'd
A circle ghastly wan. The deafening roar
Of vict'ry swells and thunders to the shore!
Quick his eye opens with a brilliance bright,
Through which his soul comes waken'd into light!
The rose supplants the lily in his cheek—
But, ah! his palsied tongue denies to speak—

A dying smile is seen—a lucid tear
Melts in his eye revealing what was near.
"Thank"—God—he would have said—alas! too weak
His stammering tongue another word to speak.
His bosom sinks with a resigning sigh—
His colour pales—half closes up his eye.
On board the Pert him tender they convey,
Riding at anchor in the silver bay.
Chauncey stands drooping by the side of Brown,
And Dearborn grac'd with honourable renown,
While o'er their cheeks the trickling tears stream down,
The hero wandering in a dying swoon,
His pulse faint beating slow with death's dull tune:
Thus when to earth is borne a shrouded chief,
The muffled drum strikes sad the note of grief;
Now widow'd, slow, remote—one sounds alone—
Another—pausing—with a solemn tone,
Comes long and deep—and then with thickening beat,
They run together with disorder'd feet:
So his pulse strikes with intermitting play,
Fluttering and pausing as he melts away.

Lo! Riddle now on board the ship arrives
With Albion's flag! The dying Pike revives!
An holy brightness quickens in his eye,
As when through clouds a star illumes the sky!
His soul—as if from sleep's soft arms, again
Smiling awakes!—his features touch'd with pain,

Give beauty to his cheek. No word he said—
But laid his pale cold hand beneath his head,
Then pointed to the standard!———
Riddle knew
The purpose of his soul—towards him drew,
The conquer'd banner furl'd, and gently laid
Th' imperial Cross beneath his dying head!
He glows—he smiles!—two tear-drops bathe his eyes—
They close—he faints—he gasps—he sinks—he dies.

The vital essence mounts upon its wing—
Divine in beauty—an immortal thing!
Like a young dove on buoyancy it flies—
Yet for a moment lingers from the skies,
To take one look of the exalted clay
That barr'd its freedom from celestial day!
It winds its flight to heaven!—what charms unfold!
Its plumes are waving in a flood of gold!
Fredonia joins the uncag'd spirit free,
And bears it heavenward with her company.
As bless'd they mount upon exulting wings,
With rapturous voice this anthem sweet she sings:
"Earth! weep—mourn not!—lo! Pike, my chosen son,
Hath in beatitude new life begun—
The laurel wreath imperishable won!
Rejoice in heaven!—behold I glorious come
To bear a franchis'd mortal to his home!
Time may decay—still brightening in his fame,
Pike will endure thro' earth—thro' heaven the same!"

CANTO XXIII.

BURIAL OF GENERAL PIKE,

AND

DEFENCE OF SACKETT'S HARBOUR.

ARGUMENT.

The burial of General Pike. The British fleet in sight of Sackett's Harbour. The defence of the Harbour.

The scene—Little York, Kingston, Lake Ontario and Sackett's Harbour. The time is about five days—commencing at the period of Pike's leaving the Harbour for York, and concluding on the day succeeding his funeral.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXIII.

A SACRED influence held the gazers dumb,
When Pike expir'd with smiling on the tomb.
It seem'd that music melting on their breast,
Dissolv'd their anguish in the balm of rest—
A hope delicious echo'd in the strain,
Which like an holy unction sooth'd their pain:
So tender poppies with their blooms new born,
Weighted with dew, hang down their heads and mourn
But when the sun unloads the liquid pearl,
They fresh with beauty to the light unfurl:
From willow'd sorrow thus they rose and smil'd,
Their up-rais'd eye with heavenly rapture fill'd.

At length to those in group upon the Pert,
Brown gave instructions---souls of high desert---
Chauncey supreme upon the lake, and then,
His nephew young in arms, but rank'd with men;
And Brown, his brother's son---and Adams fair,
In years both equal, with an open air.

Chauncey the nephew, rules the Pert—and Brown,
The Lady-of-the-Lake to gain renown—
The Fair American the vessel's name,
That Adams guides to give his worth acclaim.
And Morgan, Riddle, stand upon the barque
To hear what Brown in sorrow would remark:
"How wonderful he pass'd from earth to heaven!
"A full fruition to his soul is given.
His heart was finest gold—of mortals first,
And we with honour must entomb his dust.
"Adams, the wounded in your vessel take,
And bear them o'er the bosom of the lake.
Our largest grief was by the magazine—
How small our loss had not that treachery been!
"Riddle, to Ripley publish my behest—
At York will he with his battalions rest,
Till from the grave of valour I return—
Which I shall hasten when I place the urn
O'er this sublime mortality—to strike
The fort of George—and do, or fall as Pike.
"My brother's elder son, in Lady sail,
And to Niagara bear the passing tale,
And what our brief intentions. Morgan, you
Will guide with rifle band his vessel through.
Chauncey, your naval armament provide
With ample means the action to abide;
And while I 'm absent on the solemn tour,
Fathom the deep designs of Yeo's power—
Loose on the breeze we saw his pendant fly,
As evening shades were closing on the sky.

"Your nephew now will in the Pert with me
Convey the relics o'er the chrystal sea."
The potent Chauncey, when his words were done,
Forsook the Pert and gain'd the Madison,
And Dearborn to command the standards on.
Riddle the scout of armies made to land
To order Ripley to refresh his band.
Young Brown the sea-youth, in the Lady sails
Up to Niagara with speedful gales;
Morgan embark'd, as him, the chief had told,
To guard the passage with his rifles bold
Against the flags of Yeo, cruising far,
Intent to quench the beams of Freedom's Star.
Adams on board American the Fair,
Receiv'd the pallid maim'd with soothing care—
Of whom is Fanning, with contusive wound,
Caus'd by a rock recoiling from the ground.
Young Chauncey of the Pert his anchor weighs—
And Adams follows on the inland seas.
Their half-rais'd flags the sign of death display,
As slow they wind in sorrow from the bay.

O how delicious is the evening beam,
Steeping the fancy in elysian dream!
Behind the western cliffs the sun decays,
To heaven the soul attracting with his rays!
As soft on Ocean's lap he leans his head,
He paints the clouds with purple, gold and red—
Rearing their fleecy brows with grandeur high,
Like shaggy rocks rough pointing up the sky,

Edg'd round with rainbows orange, azure, green,
And all the colours that in heaven are seen.
  Light in the mirror-flood, the shadows move
Of rocks, hills, clouds, and angel forms above.
With breathing lips the zephyrs kiss the lake—
The sleeping shadows of the waters wake
And dance delighted—hand in hand they go
Till the last day-beams on the mountains show.
  As down the west the evening gold decays,
The queen of heaven her silver robe displays.
Soon as she climbs the elements above,
The stars in loveliness around her move.

  Lo, as Pike slumbers in the arms of death,
Fredonia comes, and, with ambrosial breath,
Breathes on his cold wan cheek—then flings a shower
Of holy dew collected from the bower,
Shading the hill of heaven. A wonder, strange!
The marble deathness of his features change!
The full-blown roses of his cheeks revive
So perfect to the life they seem to live!
  So pale and drooping hangs a wither'd flower,
Sear'd by the scorching of the noon-tide hour—
But, lo! the moisture and the breath of even
Revive its tints, as dipt in dyes of heaven.

  With solemn movement smooth the vessels sail,
Impell'd with sadness by the sighing gale.
As day returns, it gleams with sickly light—
Remote the Harbour looms upon the sight.

From Pert the guns in measur'd minutes roar,
Bearing the grief, appalling round the shore.

Backus was form'd in column on the ground,
When the brass thunders bore the heavy sound,
With death-note echo mourning from their tongue,
Broken—heart sinking,—lumbering slow and long.
"List! hark! the measur'd note! the note of death!
Some fallen hero asks a tomb beneath,
His brows encircled with immortal wreath!
Behold two vessels on the lake are nigh,
With drooping banners weeping through the sky!
Dearborn perhaps or Ripley, Forsythe, Brown,
Boyd, Pike, or Chauncey—foremost in renown.
O let us haste and meet them at the wave,
To bear with solemn march the warrior to his grave."
They heard the mandate with their souls in grief,—
And mov'd with sorrow's tread to meet the lifeless chief.

By this in Harbour had the vessels moor'd,
Though still the guns their deep affliction pour'd.
Brown waves his hand—so full his loaded breast,
It chokes his tongue to utter the behest.
The speaking sign the mariners obey—
Deep-aw'd, Pike's dust, they, to the barge, convey.
At thirty seconds' pause they dip the oar,
Which moves the yawl with deadness to the shore.
Brown fills the stern—bent, leaning on his sword—
Sighs heave his bosom, but no voice is heard,

All drooping sad. The death-barge travels slow,
Sunk in the heaving waters press'd with wo,
Sighing itself along. The waves grow dark,
Though ting'd with sable as they bear the bark,
Moaning with sorrow's weight.—At length they reach
The gazing shore and gather on the beach.

When Backus and his column mark'd their chief
Stretch'd on the bier—their tears proclaim their grief.
As bend the yielding willows to the plain,
When bath'd in summer with a dash of rain—
So stood they weeping with dependent head,
As though their hearts were in their bosoms dead.

And now the matrons resident in town,
With trembling, hurry to the sand-beach down,
To learn whose guardian, chosen one, had fled—
Who of the earth, had made his funeral bed—
Each apprehending with a shivering pain,
Her soul's affection in the battle slain—

* * * * *

"My husband! O my husband!"
Shriek'd his wife—
And fell upon his dust bereft of life.
Her heart gave back—she fainted—sunk away—
Her arms like death convuls'd upon his clay.
At length her heart small flutter'd in her breast,
She breath'd, short-panting with her soul oppress'd:
"What dizzy darkness swims before mine eyes—
How cold—how dead, my bosom-angel lies!

It never—cannot be. Montgomery, speak!
A quickening smile seems moving on thy cheek!
That rose must bloom from life!—'tis trancing sleep—
Waken, my love!—my bosom trembles deep!
"Alas, thou art no more! or my warm kiss
Had broke thy slumber to return the bliss.
Cold,—icy, cold———
"He's gone—my all is gone—
My heart is rent—my hope—my life is done!

* * * * * *

"How frequent hath that eye made glad my soul—
Clos'd—clos'd in death!—no more on me to roll!
And will these hallow'd lips no more wed mine?
No more these arms about my neck entwine?
And will thy features no bright joy evince
To hear our prattling daughter's innocence?
"Never—no, never will she charm thine ear!—
Is my Montgomery gone and left me widow'd here?
O never can it be,—my life—my all!
Awake, my love!—'tis thy Clarissa's call—
Her arms embrace thee.—O, one parting look!—
Cold is thy bosom—cold"———
Dead fainting on his clay,
Again she fell and sigh'd her soul away.
The females pour a sympathetic tear,
And gently raise her from the warrior's bier.
An easy carriage bears her to her home,
Where she revives, and faints, by grief o'ercome.
And when the music of her heart she gains,
A wild delirium seizes on her brains—

Talks of her husband—muttering all alone—
And each long pause is broken with a groan.

Without the accent of a breathing loud,
In the close coffin they the patriot shroud.
Listen! the tone of hollow-sounding drum,
Gives notice, solemn, to the grave they come,
Fresh open'd on the hill damp, cold and deep,
Whilst on its verge is laid the covering heap,
Impressive to the heart—to shut the scene,
When in its darkness sleeps the first of men.
At every pausing note the music play
The soldiers' hearts sigh broken on the way.
Sad breathes the fife—the muffled drum strikes dead—
With mourning step delay'd the measur'd time they tread.
His naked sword gleams icy on the pall,
Like Death's pale finger on Belshazzar's wall.
They reach the grave and compass it around—
The drum no longer tones the sinking sound.
On arms revers'd they lean their foreheads bare,
While not a breathing floats upon the air.
To four sage veterans Backus waves the sign
To sink the coffin with the funeral line.
Soft they approach, and raise the pall and sword—
Then through the ringlets, run the doubling cord;
This done,—they raise it—and its form adjust,
Fitting the chamber ere they lower the dust.
Slow, cautious—deep they sink it in the earth,
Where all must dwell, who breathe of mortal birth.

The cords withdrawn, they cast the pile beneath,
Which wakes the startling voice of hollow death,
Cold freezing every heart—the warriors raise
Their leaning heads and look with frenzied gaze.
What time they arch and sod the hero's bed,
Brown sighing with his grief this language said,
Half brightening through his tears: "We 've here enshrin'd
Relics as pure as ever wrapp'd the mind
Moulded by Deity. The banner'd Star
Kindled his soul and edg'd his scimitar;
Yet, though he madden'd in the strife of arms,
Peace gave his heart the sweetness of her charms.
The soldier, patriot, husband, father, friend,
In him were blended—hence will he descend
To distant ages with a memory pure,
While the bless'd name of virtue shall endure.
"But now 'tis time to put away the sigh—
The grave is common to mortality.
It consecrates the heart to drop a tear,
When worth lies shrouded on the funeral bier;
But grief excessive, shows a failing mind—
The voice of wisdom bids us be resign'd.
"The tomb, our bodies, must receive in turn,
Hence, o'er his dust let farewell volleys burn—
The drums, unmuffle—let the standards float
Light to the motion of forgetful note."
They dried their tears, and blaz'd the honour'd rounds—
Instant new music from the drums rebounds;

Their sighs are lost amid the clear notes shrill—
With banners streaming they descend the hill.
  Nor brier, nor nettle mars the hallow'd spot,
Where grav'd in earth Pike's holy ashes rot;
But there the sweetest flowers delight to grow,
The primrose, lily, and the drops-of-snow;
At each bright morn they weep upon his tomb,
And scatter round a waste of rich perfume.

* * * * *

  What time that Chauncey from the Harbour bore
His fleet with Pike to tread the hostile shore
And conquer York—Yeo beheld his sails,
And back to Kingston flew before the gales.
  He came at evening—shelter'd from the wind,
And thus to Prevost, confident in mind:
  "Governor supreme!—worthy the royal style!
What now I speak will cause thy brow to smile.
  "Lo! I at early sun, Fredonians spied
Embark'd and dashing westward through the tide.
Perhaps at York a blow they meditate—
But Sheffie soon will bow them to their fate.
  "Now to my purpose should your views incline,
I think we 'll carry in a bold design;
'Tis this—while absent, we their port will strike,
Without contending with their Brown or Pike.
We now effectual can their standards break,
And wave our flag triumphant o'er the lake.
  "Prudence forewarns to not approach their fleet,
Till we shall dampen its consuming heat.

Their ships are flames of pestilential wrath,
Hence, for our safety we must shun their path;
But in its weakness we can smite the town,
And bend it humble to receive the Crown."
  Prevost attentive listen'd while he spoke,
And thus as though he Freedom's strength had broke:
  "The thought is gloriously conceiv'd—'tis great!—
We 'll crush the village with o'erpowering weight—
Prompt we 'll proceed and snatch the brilliant prize,
And wrench the hated Eagle from the skies.
The town will kneel—beseech of us its life—
None—none will dare t' oppose us in the strife.
'Twill be to us a pleasant interlude—
  "We waste the time to navigate the flood.
Prepare the ships to take the troops on board,
While I to them shall speak the gladdening word."
  Yeo in fulness of his hope withdrew
T' arrange the barges, vessels and his crew,
While Prevost bounded where his cohorts stood,
And thus with vaunting speech: "Wheel to the flood!
Forth we embark magnificent away—
Behold, we triumph on the coming day!
Their port will be our future residence—
Our flag will there the royal arm evince!
As Vincent smote them at the Queenstown Rock,
And gave them slaughter for the death of Brock,
So now shall we with retribution strike—
Lo! Brown is absent on the lake with Pike!"
  Active they wheel upon the line of march—
Reaching the shore, they form a crimson arch

Wide bending with the flood—which shows the same
Reflected—like the bow of heavenly name.
The tilting yawls convey them to the fleet
With all the furniture of war complete,
Crowding their spacious decks: Wolfe, Regent, Earl,
Whose cloud-aspiring masts the Cross, unfurl—
And lesser names—deep sunk with mortars large—
Besides a battle-ship th' imperial George.
Haynes, Moody, Grosvenor, Sheldon—fifty more
Compose the leaders to conduct the power.
But Gray the generous Briton stands alone,
A gem of honour to the English throne.

How sad the Muse regrets so few to find
Of Albion chiefs endow'd with noble mind!
Impartial Britons! point the man of fame,
Whom I unworthy have traduc'd his name—
His name shall be redeem'd unspotted bright,
A star sweet beaming through the clouds of night.
Distrust me not—it makes my bosom bleed
To find so few deserving virtuous meed.
Their characters are so begrim'd with wrong,
They stain the honour of the epic song.

Now in their place the ready seamen stand
To loose the grappling anchors at command;
But as that Yeo was about to say:
The moon-bent fastenings from the deep rocks, weigh!
The fickle breezes from the south veer'd round,
And fast in port th' impatient navy bound.

But when the morning rose with pallid beam,
That Brown return'd from o'er the crystal stream
To grave the dust of Pike—the north gales blew
With infant breath to suit their splendid view;
They spread their sails to catch the flickering wind,
Which gently bore them on their course design'd.
The sun at noon, the Harbour they descry—
The glittering steeples pointing up the sky.
Th' alluring prospect animates their breast
To wrench the Eagle from her air-built nest.

Now when that Chauncey and young Adams fair,
Had fill'd with mournful sound the sorrowing air,
They cast their anchors off the Harbour deep,
In sight—the passing enemy to keep.
Chauncey was first to mark them in the north,
Like loose clouds floating level with the earth.
"Explode the signal guns! behold them rise
Successive into view where waves and skies
Kissingly unite!"
Words were useless more,
For even now th' alarming cannon roar—
The lumbering echo hurries to the fort,
Which soon outswells the navy in report.
Fredonians jealous, starting at the sound,
Sought their commander in their baldricks bound,
From which their swords hang struggling at a leap
To break their prison—royal heads to sweep.
Backus and Mills, on glory's bed to fall,
Lavalle the brave and gallant Aspinwall.

Sparks left the fortress in the care of West,
To do as Brown his *will*, should manifest.
"Your prompt assembling at the brief alarm,
Bespeaks you ready in the cause to arm,
And shows the beatings of your bosoms warm.
"With sands of gold the moments vanish—Mills,
Supported with your aids, scour plains and hills,
And let your voice be echo'd through the night,
For volunteers their country to requite.
Sparks, to the fortress presently, repair,
And keep reserv'd its smother'd thunders there,
Till the third flame the infantry shall pour,
Then let the foe be deafen'd with their roar.
The only passage open from the lake
Is on the Island,—possible to take;
Hence, Backus, thither you 'll conduct your power,
And raise a bulwark to defend the shore."
Mills mounted—plied the spur—and dashing rode
To rouse the planters of the soil to blood—
Sparks to the fort;—while Backus with his men,
Whose eye of valour is an eagle's ken.
And Lavalle, Aspinwall, th' untiring Brown,
Unite their powers to fortify the town.

Soon as the ships rebellow'd the alarms,
Oswego rose and seiz'd upon their arms;
Mac Nitt, the honour, had to rule the van—
Barges nineteen, his active warriors man.
Swift foaming o'er the waters he descries
A squadron to defeat his enterprise.

Prevost on Grosvenor had bestow'd command,
To take or sink them ere they struck the land.
Mac Nitt, with potency of mind endu'd,
Strives to outfly them, on his course, pursued:
"Quicken the stroke and strong with breathing row!
Let foam be seen upon the lake like snow!
Lash into spray the bosom of the wave!
Turn yonder point and snatch the arms,—to save!
Let nothing look behind—but dash the oar—
Or make the port, or run upon the shore."
Each word was like a coal upon their heart.
Like wings of swallows swift the oar-blades dart,
Britannians in pursuit—who, furious brush
The waves with foaming strokes—and driving rush,
And intercept the rear—but with quick turn,
Dashing so fleet, the barges smoking burn
Beneath the frictive oars—happ'ly they land—
Nine vacant yawls are captur'd on the strand.
Ten with Mac Nitt, by darting motion, reach
The Harbour's shore and bound upon the beach.
Grosvenor returns rejoicing in his pride,
His recent trophies gliding by his side.
With empty pomp he passes round the fleet—
Him, Prevost hails, though vict'ry were complete:
"Knighthood is thine!—*nine* conquer'd at a blow!
A cheering prelude to their overthrow!
"A thought has flash'd upon my brain—indeed
Sudden—but yet the method will succeed.
Hear it, Sir James!—from this, your anchors, weigh,
And bear the navy to the Southern Bay—

Then will I forth with Grosvenor, an adept,
And, from Oswego, barges, intercept.
It cannot be but other troops from thence,
Are hastening down to give their flag defence."
Thus spoke Sir George, and thus began Sir James,
Such gaudy titles flutter round their names—
A monarch's art to fill an empty skull,
And make the vacant idiot more a fool—
"Balanc'd have I the weight of your discourse—
My judgment tells me 'twill impair our force.
I fear we 'd lose our purpose by delay,
For which your captures never would repay;
'Twill give them needful leisure to prepare
Opposing bulwarks to defend them there.
"Should *I* advise—at once I 'd strike the shore
Ere abler strength was added to their power.
Do you not hear their 'larum guns resound
To call their forces from the country round?
Hence would I make the demonstration now,
Ere they by numbers could resistance show."

"In this I apprehend your judgment wrong—
Small parts deducted will make weak the strong.
The method will succeed—each freighted boat
Will yield sucessive as we onward float,
Thus while the fleet at anchor rides at ease,
We 'll waste their strength and bend them by degrees.
"Dread you their power?—if we indeed *must* fight,
Let all their forces to a point unite.

Will not our veterans prove invincible—
Their ablest efforts in submission quell?"
  Yeo observ'd him on his scheme intent,
And said no more to hinder the event;
But weigh'd and set his compass for the Bay,
While Prevost plann'd arrangements on the way.

  How oft the dancing of a feather saves
The proudest nations from impending graves!
How oft the happiness of man is made
By the mere passing of a transient shade!
How oft doth agony that burns the blood
Direct the soul to some substantial good!
  Had not Mac Nitt sustain'd a partial loss,
Ere this, had wav'd on high th' enslaving Cross—
But by a circumstance—a fraction, yet,
The Eagle floats upon the parapet!

  The regal barges freighted—mann'd with power,
Cautious proceed along the winding shore.
Smooth on they glide, their oars in measur'd sweep,
Like flocks of sea-fowl sculling through the deep.

  Now when Fredonia on preceding even,
Had bath'd the cheek of Pike in dew of heaven,
She fled the earth and spent the night above,
Reclining soft on flowers perfum'd with love.
  The Goddess now in all her beauty came—
Vict'ry her right, upon her left, was Fame,

And stood on heaven's battlement—diamond stone,
Whose pure effulgence would make dark the sun,
To earth she bent her eyes of azure bright,
Like new-born stars that roll in seas of light—
She mark'd with grief the feeble arm of Brown,
Back to recoil oppression from the town—
The tilting squadron chafing up the lake—
After brief pausing, with a smile she spake :
" Ontario calls us forth ;—the time is now,
Swift to descend and circumvent the foe.
Observe what numbers darken o'er the lake,
Searching with jealous eye the brave to seek—
But empty nothing 's there,—yet still must we
Delude their fancy on the crystal sea,
Till the defenders, with a mound prepar'd,
Stand—'gainst pollution of the soil to guard.
" Behold the silver mist that lines the north !
Thither we 'll dart invisible, and forth
Within its spongy folds the fleet involve,
That they no object may distinctly solve."
Swift on three arrows of descending light,
They glance to earth from the celestial height.
Soft on the bosom of the cloud they sail—
And, with their wings, by fanning of the gale,
They bear the volume of thin mist away,
Which by degrees obscures Ontario's sea,—
Surrounding objects, scattering from the eye,
Save what the brain creates in vacancy.
Fredonia of her breath a rainbow weaves—
Impress divine it wonderful receives—

On which like things of heaven th' empyreals ride,
Th' obscuring cloud remaining on the tide.

The Britons presently delusive view
Barges descending with a numerous crew;
Prevost beholds, and confident exclaims:
"Look! they approach!—this proves my thoughts not dreams!
Did not my wisdom their descent foresee?
Mind is not matter—conquerors are we!
"Grosvenor, incline to land with balanc'd oars,
Should they attempt,—to bar them from the shores:
While I a compass on the waters take,
That none may dart beyond us on the lake;
Environ'd thus, their boasted flag must fall—
We strike with steel nor trust the uncertain ball."
He at command glides slow along the shore,
While Prevost circles with an even oar,
Arching the waters deep;—like crescent moon
The shadows they surround. And Prevost soon,
Thus cast his voice away: "Despair and yield!
Supreme I rule upon the lake and field!
Reverse your standard!—strike it from the sun!
A word, a breath—your every life is done!
Hope, to the winds, dismiss—in vain to fly—
Attempt!—you sudden at the moment die!
What! mock the gestures of my lifted sword?
This sword is death!—surrender at the word!
What! dare ye still my rising arm to mock?
The power is mine your every breath to lock!

Bend to the knee! I feel my mercy spent—
The bayonet-spear will through your hearts be sent—
What! do your standards flout at my decree?
On, England! rush—and prove their destiny!"
  The squadron foaming dash'd with steel in hand
To gain a conquest of the airy band;
Prevost in front, his aid upon the rear,
Leading the onset with a threatening spear.
  Lo, in the time that lightning cuts the sky,
The phantoms vanish'd into vacancy!
A new position opposite they stood—
A solid cube condens'd upon the flood:
  So when the sun in his careering way,
Illumes with amber light the silver spray,
Curling in wreaths from vast Niagara deep,
Whose constant thunders bellow earth to sleep,
Fantastic rainbows dance with lucid sheen,
Mixing soft beauty with the awful scene;
The stranger marks them in their wanton play—
He moves,—and, lo! they vanish into spray.
Curious of mind, he takes a different stand—
Another group, delighted, hand in hand,
Comes leaping into life on golden feet,
Touch'd with the wonder of enchantment sweet:
  Like these elusively the shadows fled,
And on the lake a new position made.
  Prevost in madness tore upon his hair:
"Thrust—plunge—annihilate—what direction—where?
I scarce discover them!———

"Grosvenor explain;
Wherefore they 've pass'd and nothing of them slain?
To you 'twas given to bar them from the shore—
Your loss is larger than your gain before.
Confusion what"———
His pride so keen was stung,
He bit to rest the censure of his tongue.
"My fame is tarnish'd not." Grosvenor rejoins:
"Bold I aver they never press'd my lines.
My barges stand unalter'd in their curve—
No touch we felt to jar upon the nerve.
We thought indeed *your* circle was in fault—
To *us* it seem'd *you* broke at the assault.
I mark'd their rapidness———
"Behold them now!
Too fast thy passion—smooth away thy brow.
Marshall'd in cubic order—threatening form!
Their falchions gleaming, daring us to storm!"

"Can it be so? My anger was too fast—
We 'll now effect them with a leaden blast.
No more we 'll make endeavours with the brand,
For fear they 'defy the slowness of our hand;
But they in speed must imitate the light,
T' outstrip the motion of the bullet's flight.
Display the barge-line in a spacious curve,
That when I speak, each arm his death may serve."
The watermen, as he the mandate gave,
In a broad crescent arch'd upon the wave;

And Prevost thus again: "We 'll blot their name—
They melt before us in a shower of flame.
With idiot gaze they look upon their fall—
Destruction shrouds them in their funeral!
The steel, batter with flint!"———
Vaunting he spoke—
The curve as soon was wrapp'd in flame and smoke.
Through the strange element sharp sung the lead,
Like hail-drops driven by the lightning dread.
But, lo! the wonder—none are seen to die!
The smoke augments the spectre imagery!
More and more violent the flashes grow,
Near and more near press on their shadowy foe!
With seeming anger they portend the dart!
A fearful horror seizes every heart—
Palsied they drop their arms—disorder'd break,
And fly like wild things scatter'd o'er the lake!
So when beneath the moon's inviting ray,
Rude boys, blaspheming, bent upon their play,
Heed not a thickening of the cloud of night,
Till swift it comes and smothers up the light!
Amaz'd they startle, chill'd with horror cold,
While in their bosoms with a press they hold
Their tight pent breathing;—huddling in a crowd,
They gaze the moon and view the murky cloud,
Which soon their fancies image to the form
Of some dark spirit of the midnight storm.
Their terrors thicken as they watch the skies—
Like open graves appear its hollow eyes!
They shriek—and scattering in their panic fly,
Not daring to revert a backward eye:

Thus smitten with delusion, wild they break,
And drive like unchain'd frenzy o'er the lake.
Each seems to each the image of a sprite,
More hideous shapen as descends the night.
Yet still pursued by wonder-working spell,
They think they see the horrid things of hell!
Not otherwise a traveller spent with toil
Through a long day beneath the sun's hot broil,
Reclines at night to lose himself in rest—
But latent fever stirring in his breast,
Propels the blood in hurry through his veins,
Which wakes the sleeping tenants of his brains.
Grim shapes and shadows horrible appear,
Which hold him spell-bound in the gripe of fear.
The more he labours to avoid the dream,
The more terrific in their looks they seem:
Like this the misty spectres of the flood,
Pursue the rout till frosted seems their blood.
The more they labour from the scene to fly,
More dire the shades their bosoms terrify.

While on the lake these incidents transpir'd,
Brown, Backus, Aspinwall, one impulse fir'd,
To sink the trench and raise the bulwark mound—
Defensive presently the pass was bound.
Now as the moon descending in her place,
In the blue ocean bathes her silvery face,
Mills with battalions to the harbour comes—
Soon, when was hush'd the rattling of the drums,

Brown he salutes, and thus: "Great was my fear,
Ere this the foe had rush'd with conquering spear.
"These troops whom I surrender up to thee,
Aver they 'll die for freedom valiantly,
Or beat th' invaders hence. Our station, plan—
We 'll prove our courage worthy of the van."
Brown's words are words of praise: "Scarce hath the watch,
The fourth from twelve wound up—your swift dispatch
Merits a high desert;—when danger crowds,
A brittle moment elevates or shrouds
The hopes of nations—characters of men,
So fleet the changes of this changing scene.
Thy rapid urgency its fame will find—
It proves thy country lives upon thy mind."
This said—in centre of the band he rode,
And with strong language their position show'd:
"Soldiers! I feel that none will disregard
What each impress'd with honour hath declar'd.
Fix'd be your souls upon the trial day,
That no pale thought your purpose shall dismay.
Fame is your birthright. Let deep anger's brow
Cast back a stern defiance on the foe.
Heed not their haughty port;—this bulwark strong,
Will be your safety 'gainst th' opposing throng.
The lead, keep sleeping till you well can spy
The pearly white that compasses their eye.
When thrice your weapons peal, the fort will burst,
And them reduce to elemental dust."

Brown ended his address: The band replied:
"We 'll do our promise till the pulsing tide
Shall fly our veins—the vital fountains dried!"
No more was pass'd: Brown's order they obey'd,
Led forth by Mills, a soul for battle made.
Jealous the nation's standard to defend,
To Backus, Brown, familiar like a friend:
"Prudence forbids us on these names to rest,
Though stand they shielded with a wall'd-up breast.
They show like those who shrunk from Renssalaer—
He lost the fight by their unmanly fear;
Hence be it thine to stand upon reserve,
Should from integrity their courage swerve.
With choice battalions, first to drive the ball,
Levallé, detach, and gallant Aspinwall.
Should those with Mills in weakness fly the storm,
My sword will strive their breaking to reform."
When Brown in friendship's ear these thoughts express'd,
Backus perform'd with promptness the behest—
Lavalle display'd upon the village road,
And Aspinwall—to stand, attack the crowd
Of England's dark array—and then combine
With Backus and repel the hostile line.
The whole was plann'd and ready for the fight,
As eastern clouds make manifest the light.

Gone is the visionary cloud that lost
Forlorn upon the lake the royal host.

Drifting unknown, they, from their wild dreams wake,
And scarce conceive what brought them on the lake.
At length when morning partially was seen,
They rose with care depictur'd in their mien.
As Venus veil'd her gold, the last bright star,
They join'd their navy at the southern bar.
The cheek of Prevost still retain'd its dread—
He thus to Yeo with commotion said:
"Hell hath disgorg'd its tenants!—yea, I fear,
That fiends in riot hold their orgies here!
Death's arrows seem my bosom to transfix—
No other this, than the infernal Styx!
Methinks I even now behold the flames!—
Had we not better cross the lake, Sir James?"

"Recross the lake!—renounce our purpose—how?
Never that thought within thy brain allow.
Cast it away—outroot it from thy breast—
Let the past night in its oblivion rest.
Though I at first was urgent to proceed,
And gain a Cross of Honour by the deed,
Yet still remains my confidence as sure,
That we shall make the splendid feat secure.
Admit their energies are abler now,
Still we resistless can their ranks pass through;
Yet oft they stand and disregard the storm,
And breast the danger in its wildest form.
"York, Sheffie hath surrender'd! Late at night,
Heard I that Proctor in a panic flight,

Fled from Sandusky—beaten by a boy!
Hence, we, to conquer, must our arms employ—
Wipe from nobility this blackening stain,
Or strike our flags and yield like dastards mean."
Prevost had now his countenance acquir'd,
And thus he answer'd with new feelings fir'd:
"The past is but a dream. You know by proof,
That never I from danger stood aloof.
I 'll order the descent—and, instant then,
Illume this darkness with the deeds of men!
We 'll be the first to turn his ebbing tide—
The stars—to brighten in the path of pride.
My sword will I unsheathe and impulse give
To future actions and the fame receive!
He who is first to stay the waves of grief,
Is ever hail'd the most exalted chief.
"Our breath consumes the moments. Barclay there,
On Erie's flood may that proud honour bear!
I feel a something stirring in my breast,
Ere noon we desolate the Eagle's nest,
And give this day a future interest."
"Your grappling anchors, elevate away—
Renounce the waters of this wizard bay,
And sail and drop them in the Harbour fast,
That raining fire may on the town be cast."
Yeo the order echo'd in his pride—
The loosen'd navy tilts upon the tide.
In rapid time it reach'd the destin'd wave,
And Prevost signal for the action gave:

"Behold the object of our fame is nigh!
Prepare to seize it, or in striving, die!
Gray, draw thy falchion—lead the lion-band,
And clear the bulwark-passage of the land.
High names resplendent will thy sword assist
To storm the village—scatter them as mist.
I with reserve in heavy rank combin'd,
Shall scour the field,—break, drive them forth as wind
Up tosses to the heavens the empty dust—
Knighthood is *his* who strikes the shore the first!"
Fill'd are the reeling barges—they proceed—
Gray fearless in the van to do the deed.
Haynes, Moody, Evans on his rear pursue,
Whose eye unalter'd shows their courage true.
Next Prevost follows with a crimson band,
And sets a token where the front should land.
Then Yeo's deep-drove battering guns are seen
To cover the descent—a thousand men.
The crowding numbers overshade the lake—
And soon explosions with redoubling break.

When Mills beheld them gathering on his sight,
Warm beat his bosom to a glorious height
T' advance his name with those enroll'd in light:
"Lo, the invasion darkening on the wave!
Now—now 'tis given to prove the souls ye have!
Inscribe your deeds in register of fame—
See how they open with a harmless flame!
No ball assails us—none,—fix—watch the bead,
That every lead may make a foeman bleed.

Be not impatient—see you mark the white
That lines the eyeball, ere you flash the light.
"Mark, they approach!—the time of death has come!
Aim till truth tallies—strike them to the tomb!
They loose the lock-springs from their bended poise—
Mad flash the fire-streams with embattling noise.
The foremost reel and struggle in their blood—
Haynes, Moody fall—are buried in the flood—
Two bubbles rise upon the surface soon,
Proving their hearts had beat their final tune.
"Repeat the volley!"
Mills, with burning eye—
"Behold disorder'd dies the enemy!
Be in your hearts as hunters set for deer—
Pour but another round and we the fort shall hear!"
Encourag'd thus—again they cast the fire—
Again th' assailants tremble and expire.
Their bravest feel like flying to the fleet,
So dire the flames against their bosoms beat.

Eo, the Deceiver, to effect his hell,
Thunder'd aloud—(his form invisible,)
As if destruction hover'd on their rear
To strike them prostrate with a plunging spear!
Ice chills their hearts—they shriek, they break, they flee,
And leave the passage to the spoilers free!
Their frenzy maddening as they onward fare,
Their every eyeball smitten with despair.

"Why dastard are ye thus?—whence these alarms?"
(Mills breaking at his heart,) "to arms—to arms!
And will you leave me in the field alone?
Stand—wheel—rush bayonet! every fear, atone!
Have ye not pledg'd your life against the foe?
Then why this perjury?—redeem your vow!
Think when ye stood what names in blood sunk down!
Turn and retrieve your character's renown.
Repulse th' invasion,—break it, or disgrace
Will brand like infamy—the stain, efface!
A thousand, thousand deaths I 'd rather die,
Than turn and meanly like a dastard fly.
It never—cannot be! your country, save—
And can we slumber in more honour'd grave?
A couch of immortality!—how soft!"———

* * * * *

Alas! what circumstance hath still'd his tongue?
He falls to earth with every nerve unstrung!
Round as he wav'd his sword to stay their fear,
The bullet enter'd opposite his ear—
Glanc'd from the casement of the brain within,
And tore its passage through the forehead-skin.
His soul comes floating with the brains and gore—
Stiff roll his eyes—they close—to wake no more!
What though thy body moulders back to clay,
Yet never, Mills! thy name shall see decay.
Worms may devour thy flesh—thy bones may rot,
But thou shalt live till freedom is forgot!
Th' affrighted saw the pouring of his blood,
And, at the sight, dash'd wilder to the wood;

So, when a tree dissever'd by a gust,
Smites the plough'd earth, whence rolls a cloud of dust,
Young steeds unbroken grazing in the vale,
Hear—and with crouching show their hearts to quail;
A moment, lo! they scamper o'er the plains,
Their heads high-toss'd in air,—their flowing manes
Riding the blast. A springing hare alarms,
And drives them sweeping round the neighbouring farms.
The swain's once well known voice is known no more—
The more he calls more wild they bounding leap the hills and valleys o'er:
Thus flew the panic train,—their chief's proud tongue
Urging their stay, but drove them pale along.
When earth receiv'd him, their excited fear
Trifold increas'd—they fled like hound-chas'd deer.
"And shall his words be lost?" (exclaim'd Mac Nitt,
Striving with strength to break their coward fit.)
"Behold, and quicken at the sight!—O shame!
Let sudden vengeance every heart inflame—
Rise and your branded character redeem!
And shall we leave his bleeding body there?
Spurn at the thought! On!—with the patriots share
The glorious boon! See Backus, mow them down—
On—let us on—and struggle for renown,
And prove us worthy of th' illustrious Brown!"
Twice fifty hearken to his voice and stand,
Sham'd that they 'd fled the passage of the land.

Their tongues are lock'd in silence,—deep they close
To wipe the stain—the flying from their foes.
Mac Nitt advanc'd,—but halted on the green,
For, lo! approaching was the chieftain seen.

When Brown beheld the fortified retire,
His soul indignant burnt with anger's fire.
He rode like meteor coursing o'er the night,
To bring them back and vindicate the fight.
He found Mac Nitt progress'd beyond the wood—
Stern he address'd them as abashed they stood:
"My soul was bitterness to see you break
And give the foe admittance from the lake—
But *this*, oblivion hides, if now ye move
Firm to the charge and acts retrieving, prove.
With quickening music to the field repair,
And let your flag be rais'd to honour there."
Brown gave example—leading to the field,
Where daring Backus the contention held.

Soon as the tremblers broke, Prevost combin'd
Solid his power—press'd forward fill'd with mind:
"*They 'd vanish*, said I not?—Britannians! charge!
Gray, lead the van and have the town at large!
See, like loose chaff they fly!—the same I said,
When once our banner wav'd the onset dread!
March to the village with a conquering tune,
And those in front before the steel will swoon."
The mad ton'd drums strike chorus to his speech—
With ported bayonets they forsake the beach;

While thus approaching in a martial mode,
Where Lavalle, Aspinwall, defend the road,
They hear the sound of battle's deafening tongue,
Sweeping whole files in crimson dust along.
"The eye quicken with fire!" (thus Aspinwall.)
Glance—glance the silver, ere you fly the ball.
They flash the fire, but pour you in the lead—
We check their progress—lo! we strike them dead!
Another volley ere we give the ground—
Bleed from the heart, or through the brain-skull wound."
What time in valiant speech he pour'd his breath,
His daring band was at the work of death,
And round their brows entwin'd a fadeless wreath.
Th' imperials falter in their movement dumb—
But soon excited by the maddening drum,
Heavy with strength they press'd the bold advance,
Who slow gave back,—yet, wheeling at a glance,
Oft slaughter'd on the heel. At length they join
The flinty Backus, planted in a line,
Ready to wrestle with the foe in arms,
Whilst a high feeling every bosom warms
To hurl defiance at the moving throng,
And Backus thus supports it with his tongue:
"How my heart flourishes new-brac'd with nerve!
Keep the springs bent till you the eye observe.
We need no bulwark to defend our right,
Hence, open bosom'd will we meet the fight.
Touch not to fire till opposite yon tree
An oak that shades the valley.—Warriors, see,

The battle whistles o'er our heads in vain!
But, lo! they come! With blood make fat the plain!"
  Scarce had the hero the commandment spoke,
When all the field was circumvolv'd in smoke,
Burning with fire! Whole files of Britons die—
Evans expires where numbers weltering lie,
The flames augmenting round!—yet fearless Gray,
Albion's first honour, urges on the fray;
And Backus rising on Columbia's side,
With glowing voice awakens all their pride:
  "Hold, hold in glory—hold the proud defence!
Stand!—as with vollied lightnings scath them hence.
See, how they reel and faint before the shot!
Never your deeds in time will be forgot.
See, what confusion in their ranks transpire!
Ye war like heroes of my soul's desire!
Charge triple loads and level at the breast,
That every ball may bleed a heart to rest."
  His falchion, as he ended, flash'd with fire—
His every gesture flam'd their passions higher:
  So, infant lions meet with tigers' young,
While roaming for their prey the woods among.
Bristling their backs they growl, then fierce engage;
The combat equal, furious burns their rage.
The old one near instructs her whelps to fight,
Advancing, bending, crouching, springing light—
Her firm example and approving eye,
Madden their energies—the tigers die:
  Backus not less with speaking gestures cheer
The bosoms of the brave to smile at fear.

Th' opponents vanish from the stream of death,
Like snow-drifts scatter'd by the whirlwind's breath.
  But Gray in character a quenchless brand,
Unites the column with the blade in hand:
  "What darkness covers us! inglorious shame!"
(His soul enkindled with a furnace flame.)
"And will ye falter, one oppos'd to ten?—
On—*on*, ye English! show the strength of men!"
  His voice convok'd them to renew the fray—
Desperate the strife—flames suck the life away!
  To what dread object will the scene compare?
Does nature fail, or is the subject bare?
Or is the muse exhausted by her toil?
Her strength receiv'd the weakness of a foil?

* * * * *

  She yields the mental strife—regains her breath—
The field of battle is the field of death,
Where freemen cast destruction on their foes—
Where from the heart a crimson fountain flows.

  At length outnumber'd, slow the brave retire
Inch after inch—at times elancing fire—
Back from the driving of the storm they hie;
Again they turn—again the steels defy.
Thrice press the invaders charging in their ire,
And thrice with shatter'd columns they retire:
  So by the spirit of the whirlwind driven,
A wave is mounted to the cheek of heaven,
Mad foaming to the shore,—the solid shore
Sunders the billows by its moveless power.

Again the mountain swells upon the sea
To tear the basement of the rock away—
The shore unalter'd shivers it again,
And rolls it broken howling o'er the main.
Yet still the spirit of the storm is nigh
To heave its foaming summit to the sky—
With sound of armies striving in their wrath,
The wave comes roaring through its wat'ry path;
The strong-ribb'd battlement to earth fast lock'd,
Again dissolves it with its strength unshock'd:
So Gray the spirit of the Albion host,
Thrice form'd his broken columns on the coast;
So Backus stood unbroken in his power,
And roll'd them backward like the unmov'd shore.
Yet Gray unconquerable his band unites,
And once again their martial flame excites.
"On—Royals! on!—with steel of bayonets, charge,
Shoulder to shoulder!—let the blood, stream large
Another effort and the day is ours—
The Stars already faint before our powers!
"And when they darken to the English name,
Let nothing soil the brightness of our fame—
Shun—fly pollution's touch. With soothing care
Tender bright honour to the captive fair.
No deeper stain our courage can debase,
Than touch in thought the snowy-bosom'd race—
The lilies of the earth——
"With bayonets, on—
And do such deeds as match the noon-day sun!"

With bayonets edg'd, they move in heavy force,
The hero leading on his mettled horse,
Wielding his falchion, bending back his eyes
T' inflame his band to rush upon the prize.
A drummer lad, who beat for Aspinwall,
Saw Gray approaching urgent to inthrall
His comrades with defeat;—his drum thrown by,
He, as the Briton on his steed press'd by,
Seiz'd a charg'd weapon—at his bosom, rais'd—
The levell'd rifle at its object blaz'd!
"England! pour on! the youth has pierc'd my life!
* * * * *
My brave young warrior, thou hast broke the strife.
Take thou my watch-piece—take it—a reward;—
In praise, farewell!—Thou art thy country's guard."
He gasp'd—he died. The ball had sadly tore
His stomach through, and graz'd the vital core:
Thus when a lion is intent to seize
A monster horse amphibious of the seas,
He chafes his bosom till he burns with ire—
His eyeballs rolling as if lin'd with fire.
Lo, as he comes like tempest in its wrath,
An insect hornet meets him in his path—
Swift as a sunbeam dart the anger'd fly,
And strikes the centre of his mad roll'd eye.
The lion stops—he bellows with the smart,
Which fast augmenting reaches to his heart.
His balls distorted show his life distress'd—
A sweating anguish oozes from his breast.

His tongue trails in the sand—he pants for breath—
He foams, he faints, he shivers into death:
So Gray, while passion'd with a warrior's heat,
Fell and expir'd beneath the stripling's feet.

* * * * * *

The Muse must pause, and o'er a foeman's bier
Shed the soft droppings of a parting tear—
Gray! thou shalt flourish!—an exalted pride
Distends my heart to tell how great you died!
On thy green grave may flowrets ever new
Breathe their sweet breath and weep celestial dew!
Two stars of magnitude are Brock and Gray—
Never to fail while yonder orb gives day.
Against the rotten crumbling of a throne,
Like meteors bright on heaven's high hill they shone!

* * * * *

The English heard the dying voice of Gray,
And press'd where Fanning with his cannon lay—
(His wounds yet bleeding from the plains of York.)
Farlay and Ketchum plant it for the work.
The match put forth—it speaks with thunder dread,
Deafening the column struggling with the dead.
Lo! Backus now upon his charger bounds—
Thus the full echo of his soul resounds:
"Stretch every nerve! The battle is at poise!
This warring tumult is blest music noise!
Stand!—prove your souls unconquerable, till Brown
Assails their rear and melts their vigour down.
Behold, with volunteers he crowds the wood!
Stain—soak the earth—yea, make it drunk with blood!

This hour will reach eternity"———

His steed
Dash'd like an arrow flying in its speed—
He falls, he gasps, he dies;— the sting of death
Pierc'd his big heart and roll'd him on the heath.
Backus all glowing from the saddle sprung—
Back on the ground his clattering armour rung.
Soon he perceiv'd the fatal lead had broke
His brittle thigh!—yet brightens he his look!
Quick glanc'd his thoughts to future years afar,
When the rough surface of the honour'd scar,
Would speak the valour of his youthful days,
And he would hear the music of his praise—
Ah, never can it be!—pale fades thine eye—
Thy heart is sinking—fast thy pulses die!
The drops of death are cold upon thy breast—
But O eternal shall thy name be blest!
Yet shalt thou live to see the Cross retire,
And then like Pike, in Vict'ry's arms expire!

Meantime Fredonia seated high in heaven,
Heard the strong whirlwind by Deception driven—
Beheld the band from their defences fly,
Though twice they 'd caus'd the regal name to die.
To test the secret wisdom of her Brown,
She suffer'd Hell to elevate the Crown;
But when she marked the Britons near their prize,
Circled in dazzling rays she left the skies.
Instant he mark'd her gliding to the earth,
He dash'd his mischief backward to the north.

The recreant band, that held the bulwark stood,
Sham'd that their fears had frozen up their blood.

When Brown had plac'd the cohort of Mac Nitt
With fighting Backus, where severe they lit
Fire searching for the heart—his post he took
On rising ground, the field to overlook—
To watch the changes of the battling scene—
Standing collected with unalter'd mien.
Though something whisper'd to his soul despair,
Yet nothing outward would his eye declare;
For Gray appear'd determin'd in his will
To gain a conquest or his veins to spill.
But when he saw the gathering of the band,
That late had fled the passage of the land,
A vital thought quick glanc'd upon his soul—
To form and lead them where the waters roll,—
And by a feint, to make the foe believe,
A home retreat he never could achieve.
Instant he plied the rowels to his horse—
Reaching the crowd, indignant his discourse:
"You 've done us worse than death!—degenerate race!
What bent your souls to darken with disgrace
The honour of our arms? Behold yon Star!
There stand your brothers in the midst of war,
To guard the soil from a polluting stain,
While you like drones upon the field remain!
Blush at the deed!—Fill'd is my soul with ire—
The man that turns shall swift as flame expire!

My passion *will* no more! On—march with me,
And soon their ranks will dash into the sea.
Mark, as you value life, my voice, attend—
He who dare loiter shall to dust descend!"
His threatening language to their bosoms went,
While from his eye an angry glance was sent,
Which rent their souls as lightning rends a cloud—
His voice was thunder rolling deep and loud.
They form, they stand—half courage, half through dread
Of him the warrior, their commanding head.
He spread them large and led them through the wood,
As though to block the passage of the flood—
To strike th' invaders with portentous awe,
That they in safety never could withdraw.
This art was done while Fanning's engines tore
Th' imperials down and roll'd them in their gore,
And strength of Backus with a burning eye,
Dealt a full portion of mortality.

When Prevost mark'd his legions sink in blood,
And Brown advancing to Ontario's flood,
As if to coil and bar him from retreat—
Sudden his heart was frozen of its heat.
His eye show'd wildness like a madman's stare—
A horror seiz'd and fix'd his every hair!
"Lost! lost—for ever lost!—the ruin, shun!
The forest teams with death! cut off!—undone!

Leap to the barges! In a moment, see—
They lock the pass—impossible to flee!"
  He fled while speaking—panic strikes the whole—
Their fears augmenting, down is every soul.
They leap their barges with despairing bound,
Leaving their dead and wounded on the ground:
  As when protruding rocks of crushing weight,
By earthquake riven from Alleghany's height,
Plunge headlong thundering—smiting in their course
Trees, long that had withstood the whirlwind's force—
Leaping from ledge to ledge, up-whirling round,
Rolling in fire, convulsing o'er the ground:
  Swift dashing as the rocks, alarm'd they fled,
Leaving their bleeding, dying and the dead.

CANTO XXIV.

CAPTURE OF FORT GEORGE.

ARGUMENT.

The flags of truce. Bombardment. The concentration of the army at Four-Mile Creek. Boyd and Scott effect a landing of the troops in defiance of the enemy. The capture of Fort George.

The scene—Sackett's Harbour, Little York, Forts George and Niagara. The time, from the period of Prevost's retreating from Sackett's Harbour to the end of the canto, is about thirty-six hours.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXIV.

WHILE thus the enemy in panic fled,
Brown fill'd the upper element with lead—
His every eye he fix'd upon the air,
Lest he by wounds should madden with despair;
Hence he of slaughter made a mocking show
To cloak his real weakness from the foe—
His infantry displaying through the wood
To swell their fearful passions to the flood:
As when fell ruffians at a favour'd time,
Enter a dwelling reckless of the crime—
From room to room with restless eye they search
The draw'rs, and iron chest beneath the arch.
From the deep cellar with a nimble heel,
They to the uppermost apartments wheel.
With hurrying fingers toilet-gems they seize,
Alarm'd to hear the rustling of the breeze;
They pause, they listen till the wind is laid—
As soon they stand and tremble at their shade!
The kitten stepping soft along the floor
Startles—so sensible their hearing power.

These terrors having past,—they use despatch
To hide their plunder,—lift the ready latch.
They hear a carriage o'er the pavement drive!
It stops!—they scarcely feel themselves alive!
Their leader drops his booty—darts the door—
Others pursue with frost on every pore!
The owner calls the watch, yet dubious feels
An inward dread to mark their dagger-steels!
Yet he contrives their panic to alarm,
As though they felt of law, its icy arm:
So Brown with hidden art display'd his power,
As if intent to bind them to the shore,
While in his breast he cherish'd no desire,
Equal to see them tremblingly retire.

The enemy withdrawn—the victor led
Behind the mound the troops that recent fled;
Their looks—but not their tongues, to him declare,
Should bayonets press, they 'd leave their life-drops there.
With these, the hero in his wisdom joins
The strength of Aspinwall's unshaken lines.
With soothing accent Gardner,* he commands:
"Tender remove with sympathy's soft hands
The enemy, and those of patriot name—
Our first regard the fainting warriors claim.
Cool with the fountain-stream their feverish glow,
And every succour from the heart bestow.

* Col. Charles K. Gardner, Adjt. General.

Entomb the honour'd dead—the holy rite
Let all receive who pour'd their blood in fight.
"On Queenstown rocky steep, our Morris lay
Mangled and naked to the beams of day,
Where savage men and savage birds of air
Gorg'd on his flesh, and scalp'd his auburn hair!
But Freedom melts to mercy for the brave,
Hence, with due honour, shroud them in the grave.
In future ages let our names descend—
Tigers in battle, but the captive's friend."
When Brown had finish'd—Gardner forth convey'd
The wounded to receive the surgeon's aid;
The dead he lodg'd within the silent tomb,
Till life immortal on the earth shall bloom.

Soon as delusion of the foe had past,
They learnt the means by which their strength was cast,
Which caus'd a gloom to darken o'er the fleet—
Shame blank'd their pride for the disgrac'd retreat.
To counteract the pain, severe they bite
Their fever'd lips and knit their eyebrows tight.
Prevost abash'd repentant stoops his head—
At length he rous'd himself and angry said:
"Grosvenor, delay not with a flag to Brown,
And bid him strike his starry banner down—
What! by deception shall we own us beat?
He strikes—or madly I 'll the storm repeat!"
His messenger with truce-flag, cleav'd the flood—
Before the chieftain presently he stood:
"Lo! I from Prevost this commandment bring,
That from yon height you bend the Eagle's wing.

Pause not,—the village will be smote with fire,
And every age and character expire!
Comply whilst now his favour you 'll receive—
Vouchsafe, I pray you, to resign and live!"

* * * * * *

Brown ey'd the herald with contemptuous look,
Pausing—at length he Spartan language spoke:
" Return to Prevost and to him make known,
That I invite him to approach the town,
And, from yon summit wrench the Eagle down!"
He treasur'd the sentiment,—forth from shore,
Loosen'd his yawl and skimm'd the waters o'er.
" Most royal Prevost!—his reply was short—
These words he bade me to your ear report:
" ' Return to Prevost, and to him make known,
That I invite him to approach the town,
And, from yon summit wrench the Eagle down!' "

* * * * * *

As when a peacock with a lofty stride
Distends its plumes like rainbow in its pride,
Rising in consequence at every turn,
Treating his neighbours with contemptuous spurn—
This kindles in the breast of chanticleer
Passion—to rise and strike him with his spear.
Round as he makes a consequential whirr,
He leaps and wounds him with his sharpen'd spur—
The flaunting bird shrinks cowering at the blow,
And all the glitter of his plumes is low:
So Prevost's mettle at the voice of Brown,
Granting his *will* to wrench the Eagle down,

Dropp'd from the glitter of its gold to lead—
A sudden dampness vertigo'd his head;
He strove to heave the load by passion's frown—
In vain—the pressure pull'd his feelings down.
  The messenger receiv'd a new behest—
A dire foreboding rising in his breast:
  "We 'll let the Eagle for the time remain,
Till we our wounded, rescue from their pain.
An apprehension creeps upon my blood,
That Brown enrag'd hath slain our brotherhood.
A retribution may inflame his wrath
To bathe their bodies in a gory bath;
When Proctor rioted at Raisin's shore,
And urg'd our allies in their thirst for gore,
At Kingston I the murder blaz'd afar,
For which I dread retaliating war.
  "Why do we stand?—perhaps they even now,
Pleading for mercy, feel the dagger's blow!"
  Grosvenor attending to his fearful call,
Leap'd with the banner in the tilting yawl.
Brown soon his coming at a distance spied,
And wheel'd to meet him at the water's side.
  He lands and anxious thus: "Lo! this I bear
To plead for those who welter in despair.
As thou shalt mercy to our sufferers give,
So from our hands shalt thou in turn receive.
Britannia's bosom ever mercy held—
'Twas reckless savages at Raisin's field."
  The name of Raisin enter'd to his heart,
As through its centre were a driven dart:

So in similitude the good Fayette—
Never the deed Columbia will forget!
While proudly toiling in the battle-line
To die or conquer at the Brandywine,
Fell in the strife pale fainting to the earth,
Streaming his blood like holy unction forth.
In healing—push'd a fungus from the sore,
Which check'd the progress of indulgent cure.
'Twas grief to Washington—the sage resign'd
Craik his choice surgeon, who with skilful mind,
Open'd the wound, which tortur'd him afresh,
And from the bone remov'd th' unhealthy flesh;
But young Fayette, prepar'd for the event,
Endur'd the rack—a moveless monument:
Thus Raisin's slaughter, which had bruis'd the heart,
By softening time, was gently heal'd in part;
But, when the herald spoke the scene to life,
It cut the vitals like the surgeon's knife—
Yet, like Fayette, unalter'd in his pain,
Brown kept the anguish of his soul in chain.
A moment having paus'd,—in close disguise,
He to the Briton recklessly replies,
Till the rank murder festering at his heart,
Compell'd his feelings to reveal the smart:
"What sudden circumstance hath bent his mind,—
It seems as fickle as the veering wind.
Methinks he treats my invitation light
To wrench yon arrowy Eagle from her height.
"But irony aside. To yours I give
The same attentions that my own receive.

Your dead have I inhum'd with decency,
Such as a soldier's solemn rest should be.
"Alas! how guilt will crowd the brain with fear!
Before whose sight a thousand shapes appear
Murky as death, making the soul reveal
Those very acts it cautious should conceal!
"Why did you touch my ear with Raisin's stream?
It scorches on my heart like boiling flame!
'*'Twas reckless savages that done the deed!*'
O vain excuse!—it never will succeed.
Did not hell Proctor urge them on the way,
And for the scalps advance the horrid pay?
Did not this Prevost with ungenerous soul,
A fell salute on the occasion roll?
What! smile at murder of the deepest die?
No wonder now that ye for mercy cry—
But where was mercy at that dreadful hour,
When martyr'd heroes sunk beneath your power?
"What was the language at Sandusky fort?
'Damn without mercy!' were the words of Short.
When did you tomb young Morris from the light,
That now reciprocal you ask the rite?
Who treacherous burst their magazines with flame?
Those who at Raisin urg'd our death—the same!
Who decks with scalps their legislative hall?
Great God! I feel my mercy to recall!

* * * * *

"Once Albion's name in bright effulgence stood—
'Tis written now in characters of blood!

Throw off the mask—be hypocrites no more—
Say to the world: 'We feed on human gore!'
And not with mean debasement thus descend
To plead the life of brother, father, friend,
When you of wife, of infant, friend and sire,
Make bare their skulls and then apply the fire!
"Tyrants are dastards—trembling at their life,
Fearing that justice would make sharp his knife!
"Speak to this Prevost that my soul in wrath,
Will every captive of existence scath—
Should he, this dark invader, e'en but dare
To stain with gore a filament of hair—
Yea, should my heart drop blood to give command,
I pledge to heaven that these my words shall stand!
"But should he generous act as man to man,
Most glad will I reciprocate the plan—
'Tis pleasant to my heart to mercy show
To the bent captive or the wounded foe.
"But mark my firm resolve—guard well thy deeds,
A freeman suffers, swift a subject bleeds!
Beware! the Eagle sharps her talons keen,
To guard the lives of her surrender'd men!
"Herald, return, and bear my offer'd peace,
If so he wills—and grace return for grace."
Brown clos'd in mildness—the Britannian stood
As though his heart were emptied of its blood.
At length regain'd the motion of his breast,
He hasten'd to convey the stern behest.
Waiting the messenger's return, Prevost
Stood in his trembling like a palsied ghost.

But, lo! he comes: "Put off this cast of fear,
And let the aspect of thy brow be clear.
Our maim'd the care of valiant men receive—
And every blessing in their power they give.
Our dead are decent in their graves interr'd,
According as to them were ranks conferr'd.
"But Brown in solemn oath appeal'd to heaven,
Except reciprocal was mercy given—
Invoking dread the evidence of God—
Swift he 'd retaliate on England's blood!
"He spake abhorrent of your grand salute
For Raisin's field—yea, sunk you to the brute;
Mention'd the fatal scalp—the magazine—
Unburied Morris—other deeds of sin—
But these dark scenes, though burning in his mind,
Shall not have power to warp his nature kind.
And if your bosom be inclin'd for peace,
Glad he 'll reciprocate sweet grace for grace."
He ended. But so dark was Prevost's soul,
Not virtue's self his nature could control;
Though Brown for evil had returned good,
When he expected nought but blood for blood.
Worse than a savage is that heart of stone,
When good for evil does not melt it down.
Th' ungrateful Briton rising from his dread,
With air important to inferiors said:
"Well did I know that Brown would never dare
To treat us other than with trembling care.
His threat is emptiness!—an Albion life
He durst not frown upon when bent in strife.

I 'll blaze salutes—and, if it please me well,
Resign his warriors to the savage steel.
"Yeo, weigh anchor and forsake the shore,
And when off Kingston let your cannon roar
As though our flag had won—'twill never do
At our return to state the matter true.
What! publish a defeat? Britannia's shame!
Never—'twould sully her imperial name!
Yes, we 'll proclaim the conquest of the day,
By manifesto and a grand display
Of various splendour on the coming even,
Far to outshine the twinkling lights of heaven.
"My next essay shall be the state of York—
The fall of Plattsburgh will begin the work."
Though boasting was his tongue, he inward felt
What baseness feels when overcharg'd with guilt;
He seem'd to disregard the voice of Brown,
Yet shrunk his soul to wake his sleeping frown:
Like him a boaster with importance swells,
As if in courage he the world excels;
But, lo! a stripling, resolute in mind,
With one keen glance reduces him to wind.
Yeo, his vessels from the bay unmoor'd,
Which thrill'd with joy his mariners on board.
His keels smooth cleave the bosom of the sea—
And with salute and counterfeited glee,
He enter'd Kingston as the sun stood weigh'd,
Balanc'd in heaven, and, in the deep, display'd
His image soften'd, to admit the eye
To gaze upon him in his brilliancy.

While this was passing, Brown prepar'd to sail,
For now inviting blew the eastern gale.
He gave to Tuttle's hand the town's defence,
Should Prevost madly dare to drive him hence;
Tuttle with zeal had measur'd through the day,
Large leagues twice seven, to join the rumour'd fray—
Vain was his energy—too late he came
To play his cohorts and acquire a name.
Brown in the Pert ship o'er the sea-lake flies,
The evening sunbeams fading in the skies;
The stars direct him in his course at night—
York distantly appears as dawns the light.
The Pert declares his coming by salute—
Chauncey and Dearborn join him with their suite—
To whom he shows how royalty was beat,
And how they fled in panic to their fleet.
On joyful wind the welcome tidings fly—
Shouts swelling from the heart ascend the sky:
While crowding to the beach the heroes tread,
The guns through ether the achievement spread.
To Chauncey, Dearborn animate begun:
"The troops, embark—wasting the minutes run.
Now be it ours offensive war to wage—
The former object must our souls engage,—
To rout the Lion from the fort of George—
Below Niag'ra, land us for the charge."
He ceas'd. And Chauncey echo'd the command
For barges swift to dart upon the land,
And bear from thence the patriots to the fleet,
In arms effulgent the stern foe to meet.

The bargemen hasten to the shore and bring
Proud to the ships Boyd, Ripley, Forsythe, King.
Soon with the army are the vessels stow'd—
Chauncey weighs anchor—navigates the flood.
The amorous zephyrs kiss the canvass light—
Their honied breaths propel him with delight.
As soft the clouds absorb the evening beams,
And sweetly place them in the azure streams;
The azure streams reflecting them again,
Picture the heavens upon a silvery plain,
Below Niagara the navy moors,—
Soon waves the starry banner on the shores.

While these events were passing,—Rensselaer
Resign'd to Lewis, next in character.
His aged blood exhausted by defeat,
Requir'd the balsam of a home retreat:
Thus a train'd courser of majestic size,
With living nerve, defiance in his eyes,
Bounds in the race with animated spring,
And far outstrips the racers of the ring.
With shouting voice the multitude proclaim
His fleetness worthy of the palm of fame.
But, lo! while racing in his aged day,
By unfair curbing through the burning way,
A bold competitor receives the prize—
His big heart fails—grief dims his watery eyes.
Touch'd with despair he leaves the coursing plains,
While eating sorrow shrivels up his veins:

So Rensselaer by treachery subdu'd,
Forsook the war-plains in desponding mood,
And all to Lewis of his grade resign'd,
Whose bosom held a jewel of a mind.

Now when Brown's nephew in the Lady came,
And spoke to Lewis of the field of fame
Conquest of York—gave notice of the charge
Soon to be made against the rock of George,
Lewis to Hobart thus—Hobart a youth,
Rever'd for all that 's valuable of truth:
"Young warrior, haste to where the barge are laid
Above the fortress 'neath the poplar shade.
Take skilful shipwrights with your band beside,
To line them o'er—then launch them in the tide.
When in the river, cast you them above,
Them to the harbour of the ships remove.
Swift from those waters will our flags proceed,
When troops shall land from York to do the deed.
"Now should the battery, opposite, with flame,
Oppose your efforts—launching in the stream,
You 'll plant your cannon—its combustion, burn,
And shot for shot against the mound return."
Lewis commanded. Straight with zealous heart,
A chosen number marches with Hobart.
Soon they arrive at where the boats are laid,
Shelter'd from sun beneath the forest shade.
The hardy shipwrights enter on their toil
To crowd the chinks, through which the waves would boil.

On the same morn of th' eventful day,
That Chauncey anchor'd in th' inlet bay,
Hobart had made them of their breakings staunch,
And, in the waters, them, began to launch,
When, lo! explosion from a hostile band,
Open'd to cast them broken on the strand;
Hobart drives back the effort with his gun—
Swift through the lines the heavy deafenings run:
Mac Keon's brass the second that was heard,
Th' opposing bulwark of the Albions stirr'd
Though smitten by an earthquake. Valiant Jacks,
At every peal, made desolating tracks,
Tearing their works away as if a chain
Of scathing lightnings had o'erpass'd the plain.
Gray, Harris, Gansevoort, Hooper, Leonard, Rees,
And Wendall, levell'd their artilleries
With ruinous effect. Armistead prov'd his arm
Had power to wield the fulminating storm;
But, ah! the period of his life is near,
When Erie's fort in sortie shall appear.
The forted guns obey'd Mac Freely's voice,
Jarring the concave with rebellowing noise.
Soon the thick element is roll'd in fire,
And each quick instant magnifies it higher:
Thus deep beneath rock-battlements are laid
Mines—with defence, the fortified to aid.
Complexing trains from either vault extend,
Successive each to conflagrating rend.
After fair notice—still the reckless foe
Dares to advance unmindful of the blow.

The signal waves!—the forted touch the fire,
And backward leaping from the scene retire.
The smouldering match exhausted of its length,
Excites the train with vitalizing strength.
At first the weakest magazine explodes;
And soon the ambient air, another loads
With flames Vesuvian. Another train
Conveys the sparkle, darting lights the grain
Within a deeper, larger house of hell,
Which bursts tremendous with a shuddering peal,
Troubling the heavens—At once another rolls—
In lightning glimpse, another splits the poles:
  Like this, from fort to fort the 'larums run—
Gun with deaf noise eruptive answers gun.
George at the signal lightens up its walls—
Niagara opposite, lets loose the balls.
Th' adjoining bulwarks magnify the sound,
Which swells like earthquakes breaking the profound.
From either height roll cataracts of flame.
Equal to nature in its wildest frame.
  So when deep mines th' inflaming gas contain,
Which kindling blaze a fiery hurricane,
A burning pyramid to heaven is cast,
Destruction flying on the reddening blast;
Thick clouds sulphurous, mountain-heights, involve;
It seems the ignited elements dissolve;
Earth groans with labouring pangs—the tombs are
    jarr'd,
As though their heavy portals were unbarr'd:

Something like this appears the conflict dire,
Contending thunders mix'd with heaven's mad fire.
While thus the globes at each like frenzy smite—
The deep-mouth'd cannon rock the steadfast height,
To Lewis, lo! a female warrior came,
Whose eye show'd valour of the purest flame.
He gaz'd her with surprise: "Put off your fear,
That I in this wild tumult should appear.
Determin'd my resolve. My name is Doyle—
On Queenstown Height my husband stood the broil
With rocky breast against the numerous foe—
At every glance he laid the haughty low
With Scott—expecting reinforcements o'er,
To give him strength to overcome their power.
"But, when the treason on the Heights was known—
Compass'd with enemies—dark—faint—alone—
Reluctant he resign'd with bleeding soul,
Expecting a release on his parole;
This they refus'd—the tyrants,—hearts of gall!
And him, with scoffing, march'd to Montreal!
"Lo! this hath stirr'd me to avenge his cause,
And seek redress for violated laws.
I crave the honour to assist the fight
With Hooper's engine planted on the right;
If not to wield its power, to heat the ball,
That from its summit their stain'd flag may fall.
"Strive not to urge me from the scene to fly—
If heaven so wills, contentedly I die.
My husband fought them to defend his wife,

To fill his absence, I 'll abide the strife—
If need there be, I 'll sacrifice my life."

" Most wonderous woman!" Lewis feeling thus.
" Indeed thy daring seems too perilous;
A marvellous sight to see a female stand
Where fly the balls like particles of sand.
Would it indeed be vain to urge you hence—
To seek your safety from this violence?
Yes, I observe a something in your eye,
That you would feel it an indignity.
" Take thy desire,—it never shall be said,
That I debarr'd thee from the lofty deed.
May heaven protect thee in the perilous fray—
Thy name will never perish with decay!"
With feet scarce touching of the earth she wheels,
While conscious virtue in her breast she feels.
Her proud achievements all the brave admire;
Her look, her voice,—their every heart inspire
To reach for fame—Fredonia the divine,
Unseen defends the matchless heroine.
Lewis beholds her with excited soul,
And these emotions from his bosom roll:
" Columbia! safe art thou!—no longer dread
The touch polluting of a tyrant's tread—
Behold, thy daughters, when dark foes invade,
Will meet them at the beach in arms array'd!
Yea, will they brace their tender limbs in steel,
And, in th' assailant's heart their spears conceal.

Their eyes of beauty will the brave inspire
To look with smiling at a chain of fire.
Let spoilers come, innumerous as the sand
That lines the ocean, to devour the land—
Freedom! thy daughters will th' enslavers foil—
They 'll shout the onset: *Liberty and Doyle!*"
While from his heart these sentiments he spoke,
Loud clamorous war the rocky ramparts shook.
The globes flew burning on the wings of flame,
Which Newark kindled and the fort the same—
Proud Eldridge sunk and yielded up his name.
The blaze quick-flashing glar'd aloft to heaven,
While brands mad-whirling through the void were driven.
With such precision the Fredonians aim,
They cut the flag-lines and the standard maim.
The Lion sinks superb with splendour crown'd,—
The patriots shout with feelings touch'd profound.
Lewis exclaims: "One heart pervades the whole!
To mark your deeds, conveys to heaven my soul!
Your fiery circles singe the welkin round—
Your roar of battle shames the earthquake sound!
Cast, cast in volumes, desolation forth—
Prove to the foe that Liberty has worth.
To sum your virtues, weakness is my voice—
Sunder the rocks! strike heaven with startling noise!"
Fill'd with the rising of his fame he spoke—
The concave darken'd with the clouding smoke.
At once a hundred engines felt the flame,
And thunder'd—sounding through creation's frame.

The mad-drove bolts against the ramparts smite,
As if Niagara's rock they 'd disunite.
Augmenting strife from brazen mouths expires,
Till day's bright orb behind the hills retires;
By parts scarce notable the ragings cease—
The star of evening brings the hour of peace.

During the turbulence which shook high heaven,
Hobart conceal'd beneath the smoke was driven
Down to the inlet, unapall'd by dread
Of dire explosions bursting o'er his head.

Lo! at this juncture, Riddle gain'd the fort,
And prompt to Lewis publish'd this report—
(The chiefs had sent him when they struck the shore,
As her last gun Niagara ceas'd to roar.)
"Dearborn with Chauncey hath arriv'd!—I 'm sent
To bear to you this urgent sentiment—
You 'll rank your columns into marching form,
And meet them at the beach the fort to storm."
Lewis to Riddle: "Say to Dearborn, Brown,
My soul is with them—I 'm directly down.
Speak to their heart, that I rejoice to hear
Their fame is rising in its character."
This with deep feeling he impressive said—
Riddle quick wheeling, not a word delay'd.
Lewis collects his warriors in a square,
To whom his voice is sweet as music rare:
"Soldiers! this day you 've gain'd a brilliant meed,
Which names unborn in history will read;

Still scenes more bright in hopeful prospect lie—
Early at dawn we face them eye to eye.
We pass the waters from the beach below,
Where Boyd, King, Ripley, wait our coming now.
With them we wed our souls—join heart and hand
To plant the Eagle on the hostile land—
Yea, ere the bird of night concludes her note,
With plated bosoms on the wave we float.
"Brave men! I scan your hope;—you long once more
T' unfurl the Star-gem'd banner on the shore.
No cowards, traitors, wait our coming forth,
But those we join through fire have prov'd their worth.
Their souls are gold thrice crucibled with flame—
Their hearts cemented to their country's fame;
These, these are they—Boyd, Forsythe, Ripley, Brown;
Around whose brows the halo of renown
Blazes effulgent—useless to express
What rank is theirs—their names, their country bless!
"But thou, Mac Freely, gifted with a mind
To suit th' occasion, wilt remain behind;
Not all can move to strike offensive there—
Some here must stand to guard with jealous care
This rock-ribb'd battlement. Oft it requires
To check the impulse of our soul's desires.
Frequent to him a nobler fame descends,
Who curbs his passions as his duty bends,
Than to the warrior, who, in midst of fight,
Has ample freedom to put forth his might.

"Your looks show cheerfulness———
"The music strike—
We join the band immortalized by Pike!"
Loud beats the martial movement. Lewis leads—
Scott next, to shine magnificent in deeds;
Pearce, Porter and Mac Clure to honour given,
Illustrious gems—the workmanship of heaven.
Whiting and Grafton, youths to vie with age,
Who claim to die a glorious privilege.

The meantime Chauncey every thought employ'd
How by his fleet their mounds could be destroy'd.
When plac'd had he the buoys to mark the ground,
He gave these orders to inferiors round:
"Chiefs of the navy!—soon as streaks of day
Shall line the east, and, in the waters play,
The nation's army will assail yon height,
And bathe the Stars in heaven's ethereal light.
"But ere for them 'tis possible to land,
'Tis ours to desolate these works at hand:
"Taunt, in Julia,—Mix, in Growler, on,
And strike the battery opposite the town.*
Stephens, position, in Ontario, take,
North of the tower that lightens up the lake;
Keep to the shore and every part 'filade,
And thus the Julia and the Growler aid.
Brown, in the Tompkins with selected crew,
At the next streamlet,† point your engines true;

* Newark. † Two Mile Creek.

Grapple your anchors to the British side,
Ere your red flashes glance upon the tide.
And Brown of younger years, for conquest aim
The bombs with judgment in their works to flame,
Crossing your brother's fire. And near at hand,
In Hamilton, Mac Pherson, sweep the land.
Smith in the Asp, and Osgood in the Scourge,
Will anchor bow to stern. At signal urge
Your mariners to fame, and blazing scour
The hostile beach and crush the forted power.
The buoys I 've fix'd for every ship to cast,
That each the instant may begin the blast.
" When Venus shall appear in yonder skies,
Then let the evidence of battle rise."
Each took his part—retir'd a several way,
And watch'd impatient for the star of day.
The same time Chauncey with his ships of might—
Oneida, Madison and Lady light,
Made to the shore—his barges either side,
To bear the patriots o'er the whirling tide,
And there the turbulence of war abide.

Lewis advancing with his veteran host,
Soon joins with Brown and Dearborn on the coast.
With friendship's hand they each the other greet,
Like absent brothers when they joyful meet.
The troops with keen edg'd appetite prepare
Their blood to nourish with a soldier's fare.
The slaughter'd ox upon the coals they throw,
Which cause the juices in abundant flow

Rich to stream forth, from whence quick flashes rise—
The quivering flesh sharp hissing as it fries.
  The banquet o'er—refresh'd with voices strong,
The minstrels of the army, pour'd the song
To Washington, which sounded on the heart,
And made the nerves, with thrill'd emotion start:
  "All hail the Sage;—the sainted, sacred name,
To live coeval with the starry frame—
Immortal Washington! to thee we sing—
Thou who defy'd the wrath of Britain's King.
Approving Heaven beheld thy battle just—
Smote by thine arm, thrones crumbled into dust!
The blaze of freedom round thy standard rose—
Thy flashing sword was blindness to thy foes.
Faction disarm'd, fled wither'd at thy frown—
Thou snatch'd the diamond from the Albion crown.
The Lion crouch'd beneath thy lightning eye—
The Eagle rose on wings of liberty!
She perch'd sublime on Independence height,
Then thou departed in a flood of light!
  "Praises to thee by every tongue are given,
Who breathe the element of earth or heaven!

* * * * * *

  Great Washington profound in glory sat
On flowers ambrosial, rapt in holy thought—
Not like the grovellings of weak man confin'd,
But free, immense—unbounded as the mind.
Franklin was near attending to the song,
Which charm'd—though echo'd from a mortal tongue.

Smooth waving with the honey'd breeze above,
Orange and spices spread a floral grove.
A red-breast warbles in the branches sweet—
A nectar stream runs murmuring at their feet.
The lake expands its bosom on the right,
Curling its lucid waters in their sight.
Blithe round the borders of the lake are seen
The kid and lambkin bounding o'er the green.
Remote the lawns are interspers'd with hills,
Down which the streamlets glide from golden rills;
The mountains rise beyond, whose summits show
Above the clouds, that reverential bow
Humble before them, craving leave to rest
Their misty wings upon their lofty breast.
Franklin to Washington: "Hearken! from earth,
What music sounds expressive of thy worth!
O send thy spirit forth! Listen! the note—
How sweet on silver air thy plaudits float!
Descend upon the stars—thine ear, incline,
And to their anthem, move thy tongue divine.
Our children hail thee with enraptur'd breath,
Around their brows to twine the laurel wreath."
He ended with beneficence. The chief,
With mental utterance, answer'd him in brief:
"I listen to the sound, and joyful fly
To point their souls to immortality;
But well thou know'st, these praises, truth, exceed—
Far from perfection is our brightest deed

When wrapp'd in mortal robes——
"I 'll evidence
To them the path that leads to their defence.
My brother, rise not from this odorous bower,
Till I return from the delightful tour."
These words were breath'd in less than half the time
That earth could speak. Impulsive—free—sublime,
He cleaves the element!
As when on fire,
Th' impassion'd mind leaps forward with desire
From earth to heaven,—from heaven through space afar,
The speed outglancing of each burning star—
Flies in a moment through creation's frame,
Back the same moment on the wings of flame—
Yea, in the fleet expression of an eye,
Measures immeasurable immensity:
Not with less speed descended he from heaven—
Hark! his voice echoes mid the stars of even,
Which like a vision wonderful is given:
"Factious upbraidings will your freedom cast—
Alas! we weep for your dissensions past—
Your watchword—*Unity*—your fame shall last!
Be chain'd in one, as these gold lamps that live,
And each from each an holy light receive!"
Here ceas'd the voice: Fredonia with her spear,
That puts to shame the jewels of the sphere,
Inscribes in capitals, mid stars that dance
To seraph music on the blue expanse:

COLUMBIA SHALL PREVAIL!

As flame they shine,
Bearing the signet of the hand divine.

* * * * * *

Amazement chains the soul;—each up-turn'd eye
Is lost—transported gazing at the sky.
At length o'erpower'd by passing scenes in heaven,
To sleep relaxing are their bosoms given:
Thus Milton, musing on his couch at night
Of happy Eden blooming in delight,
Falls gently slumbering in his blissful train
Of rich ideas that habit in his brain.
Lo, the sweet music of a serenade
Touches his ear and makes the vision fade.
A sacred thrill to every sense is given—
He thinks the music is the voice of heaven.
The dancing shadows of the full-orb'd moon,
Climbing majestic to her midnight noon,
Seem the divine inhabitants above,
Rob'd in the soft habiliments of love.
The concert fails—the fibres of the soul,
O'erstrain'd beyond the limit of control,
Relax—and slumbers silent-footed creep,
And wrap his senses in the down of sleep:
Fredonians thus, with wonderous scenes oppress'd,
Sunk down exhausted in the arms of rest.

Now as the star that leads the dance of day,
Peeps o'er the mountains east with coral ray,

And the sweet mocking-bird begins her note,
The fleet of vessels from their moorings float.
As Chauncey bade, the ships their stations take,
And the still morning with explosions break—
The heavy bulwarks answer from the shore,
And each at each conflicting vollies pour.

Soon as the mariners their anchors rais'd,
(But ere war's engines on the batteries blaz'd,)
The early music rattled from the drums—
Shrill to the 'larum of the ear it comes—
The troops obedient to the martial sound,
Rose and in phalanx stood upon the ground.
The night they cherish'd as a passing dream,
When scarce the brain can trace the shadowy theme.
Brown, Dearborn central on their chargers rode,
And from the latter, these instructions flow'd,
On which had they their secret thoughts bestow'd:
"Ye sons of valiant sires! behold once more,
We plant our standards on the hostile shore!
We bend no look upon our path behind,
Till England's flag shall cease to ride the wind.
"Scott, to thy guidance the advance we give—
Forsythe, support him and for ever live.
Boyd, for thy fame, we render you command
Of Pike's, made widow'd by the treacherous band;
Reserv'd in rear of Scott, conduct them forth—
Their soul's bright mettle is unsullied worth.

Mac Clure will flank the columns on the shore
With those of Albany and Baltimore—
Their courage tested as the finest ore.
"When Chauncey's navy shall disturb the night,
We crowd the ships with nimble footsteps light.
Oneida, Madison, and Lady, fair,
T' embark the troops, to yon steep point, will bear.
Th' advance in barges will the oar apply
T' invade the beach with streamers waving high.
Brown, Lewis, Ripley and myself, on board
The Madison will sail—our aid afford
To strengthen Boyd's reserve———
"Hearken! the sound
Of battering war reverberates around!
The ships of Chauncey 'gainst their bulwarks now
With dire eruption, smite the cover'd foe.
"No more. By tens the tilting vessels crowd—
Hard case your bosoms for the onset proud.
Perry hath conquer'd on the lake above!
An equal splendour let the land-strength prove!"
As swarming bees in merry month of May,
Hang round the hive on emigrating day,
Waiting the signal of the queen to move
To seek a lodge in some rich flowery grove—
Behold she rises on her quivering wings—
The keen-vex'd air with clamorous buzzing rings;
Her thousands darken on her course behind,
And float redundant in the hollow wind:
Thus the battalions to the navy hie,
As twilight mantles in the orient sky.

When the new thunderings of the ships' report,
Alarm'd the slumbering enemy in fort,
From solid sleep, Vincent the general, broke,
And thus abruptly to his cohorts spoke—
(He 'd left the battlements of Queenstown rock,
To fill in part the vacancy of Brock.)
" Whence ?—wherefore is this ?—never will they tire,
And cease to blaze the fulminating fire ?
Is it reality they dare intend
With desperate arm our forted powers to bend?
I 'd thought the late past day at dusky even,
We 'd sent sufficient of their souls to heaven!
But no—not satisfied—ere dawn of light,
They come audacious and provoke the fight !—
And let them come! we 'll show them Queenstown blaze—
Their sightless balls on vacancy shall gaze.
" Meyers, lead you forth like meteor on a cloud,
And, in the ravine your battalions, crowd:
Behind the rocks, them artfully dispose,
That not a file upon the soil may close.
Keep tiger watch, till you the flames beat down,
And fear you not a Ripley, Boyd, or Brown.
That pass alone can they the shore assail—
This their last life—their darings, countervail.
" I keep you waiting,—vain for me to teach—
Let none unroyal violate the beach !"
The Britons heard and leap'd with flying speed
To do as veterans—gain their sovereign's meed.

Meyers, worthy of honour—(the muse with pride,
Delights to publish though on Albion's side,)
Imparts his courage, passing through the shade
Of waning night, that none should feel dismay'd.
Cautious he leads them down the craggy steep,
O'er whose brown rocks the infant fountains weep;
On the rude cliffs the wint'ry cedars live,
And life exuberant from the tears receive.
At times young eagles in their nests on high,
Scream to the winds that whistle mournfully.
  Down this ravine the English ranks descend,
The open pass resistless to defend.
They crouch secure behind the jutting rocks,
T' avoid the violent concussive shocks
Bursting from Chauncey's fleet, which flaming dash,
And the rude battlements in atoms crash.—
  By Meyers, four heavy regiments are plac'd
Along the bank, that never were disgrac'd.
Full twenty cubits high secure they stand
On granite memorable as nature grand—
Should Scott or Boyd but dare to scale the steep,
To tinge the lucid wave with crimson deep.
Meyers, cool with judgment, visits every part,
And shows the manner how to touch the heart.

  Now Scott approaching with decisive mien,
Is by th' imperials on the waters seen.
Boyd with reserve is near him to supply
Power, where the assault should need efficiency.

Meyers bespeaks his band: "Lo! they strike the shade,
Which by the cedars in the stream is made,
Ere that ye wake the slumber of the lead,
Then search their being through the heart or head.
"Invincibles! remember Queenstown Height—
How pale they shrunk and yielded up the fight!
I now conjure you to resist the shock,
And stand and consecrate the death of Brock!
Of royal chiefs he bloom'd the rarest flower—
He fell lamented e'en by Freedom's power.
A generous enemy will weep the brave,
Though in the strife he open'd them the grave;
A coward ever will the world detest—
Yea, hold him hateful as a loathsome pest;
Hence ever stand invincible, or die
To sleep with honour where the valiant lie!
"Behold their barges touch the quivering shade!
Aim where the centre of their life is laid!"
Ere the full echo of his voice was done,
A flinty sparkle quicken'd every gun;
The sound reverberating fill'd the glen,
And the deep caverns roll'd it back again.
Mad sung the lead at the advancing powers,
But still they press'd unfaltering to the shores.
"Offspring of Liberty! make bare the breast,"
(Thus Scott the rising of his soul express'd.)
"The smile of heaven pours light upon our path—
Roll on like thunder when it rolls in wrath.

Behold, what passing circumstance at even,
Burst into view and sham'd the stars of heaven!
Celestial influence visits from above—
Yea in the promise of high heaven we move!
Behold, sublime the Eagle's wing is spread
To waft us upward should our dust be laid
In honour's shroud. The battle—lo! the fame
Is ours! I feel it burning in my frame,
That Victory will write our every name!"
Rich from his soul each jewel word was said,
Which made the eye start forward from the head,
The oarsmen felt it as they bent the blade,
And wing'd the barges to the rocky glade,
Whence stream'd the volum'd fire. Around each prow,
High toss the waves, foaming like wreaths of snow;
Mad chafing to the stern they ebbing curl,
And round the half seen keels tumultuous whirl.
While thus the barges dash'd with rapidness,
Of Scott, a bullet rent his bosom's dress,
Glancing his heart's best rib!—the singing death
Flew burning on to search for vital breath.
Touching the hero stood the fair Hobart—
It drank his blood!—it graz'd along his heart,
Fracturing his breast-plate bone—in fatal line,
Cruel it drove and flatten'd on the spine,
Small at the wound the stain of crimson shows,
But large and frothing from his mouth it flows.
He points to heaven—invites them to be true,
And soon death bathes him in his icy dew:

So when with lusty stroke a hardy swain
Sweeps with the scythe the verdure of the plain;
A tender lily falls and seems to die,
By quivering of its leaves with agony.

Scarce was the youth laid cold upon his bier,
When the advancement to the rocks drew near;
Scott in his zeal, th' abundance of his soul,
Reckless of flames, which sheeted, round him roll,
Leaps from the dashing pinnace—wades for shore,
While thousands aim to steep his breast in gore!
His band, him imitating, flush'd with pride,
Spring from the barges—plunge into the tide—
Each eager striving others to excel,
Which stirs the waters to a whitening swell.
But Hindman rushing, of artillery band,
Is first whose foot is honour'd with the land—
Others pour round him, battling as they form,
Their looks outscowling the descending storm:
Thus, like the gathering from Ontario's deep,
A cloud collects o'er Cattskill's rocky steep.
At first it grumbles with a feeble note,
While fire-charg'd folds around its borders float,
Scowling, and deepening murky in their path,
And, as they mingle, magnify their wrath.
At length the clouds thick congregate in one,
Whilst thunders thundering increasing groan—
Rolling the summit of the mount in fire,
Like nature suffering on her funeral pyre:

Like this the warriors gather in their might,
While each contending swells the growing fight.
Scott pours his mandate forth: "*On*, conquering men!
Charge—rush impetuous through the rocky glen!
With pointed steel, plunge solid on the foe—
Let wasting death be seen at every blow!"
His language burnt upon the heart like flame—
The patriots felt a throbbing pulse, the same.
They mark'd their chief already in advance,
And strong they strove to wield the bayonet-lance.
Thrice they endeavour to ascend the steep,
Or urge a passage through the ravine deep—
Reckless—in vain—flames pouring on them dire,
As frequent force them restive to retire.
King, struggling in the van t' ascend the bank,
To charge the Britons on their dexter flank,
Sinks with his thigh disabled by a ball—
Yet suffers not his energies to pall;
As free he bleeds, he wields his dripping sword,
Cheering his troop by action and by word!
Meantime to disembark his forces, Boyd
The high endeavour of his soul employ'd;
For such the lake was in commotion toss'd,
In vain he strove to strike upon the coast.
At length by th' unyielding spirit of his band,
His vessels brave the swell—they reach the land!
"Aid Scott with solidness, invincible!"
(Thus Boyd the heart with sacrifice to fill.)

Heed not the volum'd fire that beats around,
But *on*—and consecrate with blood the ground!
Rush—rush the ravine! climb the rocks on high,
And court the honour on the field to die———
Behold the enemy—they fly!—they fly!!"
As when the winds collected under heaven,
From either pole to the equator driven,
Meet in contention at the Amazon—
A sudden darkness fastens on the sun.
From whirling eddies water-spouts arise,
Which lift the ocean to the blackening skies.
The winds conflicting summon all their force,
And rush the stream to check its mighty course.
Destruction sweeps behind with deafening roar,
While the red tempests dash on either shore
The tortur'd foam—creation's arm defy—
The loosen'd whirlwinds o'er the Andes fly—
The fowls of heaven—herds, flocks, without a moan
Die—forests crash—earth heaves a suffering groan:
Not this unlike—as strong as forcing fire,
Boyd thunders up the ravine!—foes expire,
Or fly like chaff in whirlwinds!—Scott makes bare
His bosom—brandishing his steel in air,
Climbing the steepy rocks! Meyers weds the field,
Glu'd in his blood, while hundreds fainting yield!
Forsythe pursues the routed through the wood,
And few in safety reach its solitude.

The patriots presently in column form:
"On—and the fortress with the falchion storm!"

Boyd spoke and is obey'd—solid they tread
The dusty path with bayonets glimmering dread.

The meantime Vincent anxiously beheld
The various movements on the lake and field—
Saw Scott advance, and Boyd, reckless of all
The bold exertions pouring fire and ball
Of Meyers puissant—when to death he bled—
To Manners, next in character, he said,
With frenzy in his eye! "The shore is lost!
Veterans!—Invincibles!—Britannia's boast!
They bear upon the fort!—touch the slow fire,
And while it burns let all that breathe retire!"
Hurried he fled. His aid the match-fire plies,
And like an arrow from the danger flies.
In crowds the Britons wedge the narrow gate,
T' escape the soon explosion of their fate:
Thus were those patriots, who, by dastard power
Of Hull, were yielded in a treacherous hour,
Convey'd heart anguish'd o'er the distant sea,
Fetter'd with chains of iron cruelty—
From thence conducted to the walls of death,
Dripping cold dew on Dartmoor's wizard heath.
Once in the circuit of the sun of heaven,
To them the breathing of the air is given.
Shortland excited by his sovereign's will
To do an act than hell more damnable—
His bosom festering with infernal gall—
Bade his train'd ruffians to elance the ball,
And strike them to the earth! The order given,
Swift thro' their breast the burning leads were driven!

Back shrunk the martyrs to a wedge close bound,
While numbers falling gasp'd upon the ground.
The smothering press augmenting at the door,
Made their feet slippery with their brothers' gore!
A frenzied horror glaring from their eye,
Betray'd the soul in speechless agony!
  Thus crowd the Britons to escape the fort,
And shun the ruin instant to report.
They fly—but not in safety is their flight—
Numbers surrender to pursuing might.
Manners to Riddle yields upon the road,
To whom he kindness of his nature show'd.
Newark, the fort, the country far and wide,
Submit to terms—reduc'd is Albion's pride.
  Lo! Hindman, Stockton, foremost in the strife,
Rush in,—and, at the peril of their life,
With soul-devotedness, quick handed, snatch,
Scorching the magazine, the fatal match!
A fraction of a moment, and the spark
Had rent the walls and dropp'd them in the dark!
  Now Boyd and Scott the parapet arise,
And down the standard hateful to their eyes;
Exulting mounts upon triumphant wings,
The bird of Jove! whilst loud the welkin rings
With shouts of victory from tongue to tongue—
Redoubling thunders the proud theme prolong!
  In grateful joys the victors spend the even—
But when the early stars are high in heaven,
Of grateful slumber they partake the feast,
Till morn shall blush with beauty in the east.

CANTO XXV.

COURT OF ST. JAMES, &c.

ARGUMENT.

The Royal Convocation. Brown takes possession of Fort Erie. Drummond arrives at Little York. Rial encamps upon the Chippeway.

Scene—England, Fort George, Little York, Chippeway and Fort Erie. Time—thirty-five days.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXV.

In the same hour of victory that George
Its flag surrender'd to the patriot charge,
Shelby and Harrison the allies met,
And bow'd the regal Crosslet to their feet—
Enchain'd the restiff Lion in his might,
And plac'd the Eagle on her native height.
The fell Intriguer to advance his schemes,
(Having conducted Proctor from the Thames,)
Like a red meteor, cleaves the Atlantic o'er,
To seek fresh armies to invade the shore;
But ere he ventures to the palace hall,
He casts his form in manner magical—
Assumes the very size, the look, the speech
Of treacherous Elliot ere he quits the beach.
Now while the stars, like blood-drops in the sky,
Glimmer—he moves to effect his embassy.
Soon he arrives before the outward gates,
And thus deceptive to the ward relates:
"Behold I come a herald to the king,
Late from the West intelligence to bring.

My name is Elliot—nor perhaps am I
Known as a stranger to his majesty."
The warder to his Highness makes report,
Thron'd in the centre of his peers at court—
Gibbs, Packenham and Rial, Lambert, Keene—
And Cockburn—hell disfiguring his mien;
The Drummonds, Cochrane, Beckwith on the right—
Ross, Brooks and Parker*—a Britannic knight;
Thornton unstain'd with crime, and Gobbins, Lane,
Late from the fields of Waterloo and Spain—
And others seated of inferior name:
Their decorations render back the flame
Of golden lamps, which from the dome depend,
And round the hall a starry brilliance send,
Exposing all their princely toys to view—
The stars, the garters, and the ribbands blue.
Th' obsequious porter by the king's command,
Returns—and with a fashionable hand,
Conducts the arch Embassador to Court,
Where little men chase butterflies for sport.
Scarce he the palace enter'd, when he fell
With flexile knee, to aid his purpose well.
He look'd disorder'd with his soul struck dumb,
As if the tinsel had his nerves o'ercome.
He strove to greet the throne—his stammering tongue
Denied its office to the courtly throng.
Him soon the king reliev'd: "Our subject, rise!
This modest blush is mark of judgment wise.

* Sir Peter Parker.

This deep embarrassment of thine give o'er,
And let thy knee no longer kiss the floor.
From western wilds your feelings must be strange—
Emerg'd from darkness to this splendid change;
Yes, for a time, the thoughts will scatter hence,
On first beholding such magnificence.
" T' exalt thy name, shall honours be conferr'd—
With Our own hand We gird thee with a sword.
The Knight of Raisin We create thee now—
Your deeds have wove this garland for your brow.
" Our ear impatient for the tidings waits,
For, lo! We 've heard Our cause debilitates."
The monarch thus. And thus th' Invisible:
" Dread Sire! thy bounties other kings', excel.
Could but my tongue find language for my heart—
But not the power of eloquence or art,
Could with my soul's warm gratitude accord
To render thanks for honours you 've conferr'd!
" Most true, I 've aided Proctor in the strife,
And urg'd the savages in waste of life—
Yea, smil'd have I to see them crush to earth
Those ancient traitors to thy royal birth.
" Though I unhappy in the States was bred,
I soon by instinct from their borders fled—
Fled from confusion where the *low* are free,
To kneel adoring to thy Sovereignty!
" But deign, O king! to lend a gracious ear,
And thou thy triumphs from the West shall hear:
" At the next solstice, when at Raisin's shore,
We gain'd the field and sprinkled it with gore,

Shelby and Harrison with thousands strong,
Pass'd Erie's ocean—follow'd us along
Full to the Thames—but there severe we stood,
Breasted the fight and melted them in blood.
Proctor contended like a lion bold—
The deaths his falchion gave were manifold.
Rout—rout ensu'd—wings, centre—all entire—
Dread we pursu'd them like a cloud of fire.
"Though rent in piecemeal were their ranks complete,
And the Republic found a dead defeat,
Yet won it was most grievous to our loss—
Tecumseh fell defending England's Cross!
Kentucky's vampire Johnson, in the strife,
Bereft the warrior of his potent life.
Thy Crown hath gain'd a diamond by the fight—
Full equal that when Proctor put to flight
Croghan, a wasp that held Sandusky Fort,
Of which thy messengers have made report.
"While these events at Erie's lake transpir'd,
Which rais'd thy standard to its height desir'd,
Round vast Ontario, Pike, Dearborn, Brown,
And Rensselaer, to pull thy glory down,
'Gainst various stations futile dar'd the charge—
At Queenstown, Kingston, Regis, York, and George—
But at the former station and the last,
Vincent o'erwhelm'd their standards at a blast.
Sheffie, death's agent—by his magazine
Exploding—smote them dreadful to be seen;

Pike fell—whose name the stoutest hearts, appall'd—
A storm in fight—like heaven with fire enthrall'd.
"But far the proudest deed remains untold,
Achiev'd by Prevost—never yet controll'd—
Distrust me not that I the truth make large—
Twelve ships of battle yielded to his barge!
Yet paus'd he not—but rush'd upon their town,
And swept the whole,—defended by their Brown!
These feats make dark what Nelson ever done,
The loftiest captain of the English throne—
Outshine the victories of Hillyar, Brook—
Redeeming all that Perry from us took
On Erie's flood, some crazy vessels there—
The whole Republic rings with the affair,
The same would be to take a royal hare.
"I feel that I must pause—'twould waste the night,
Should I but half thy splendidness recite."
He ended. Thus the king: "It gives Us joy
To hear you tell how We Our foes destroy.
But now relate how Henry holds his course
To bribe New-Albion to admit Our force."
He show'd concern. Th' Embassador began:
"Dread Sovereign! name him not—a treacherous man!
Lo! by the influence of the tempting gold,
He, every purpose to betray them, sold"———

"Corrupted! sold!—alas!—New-Albion gone!
Our hopes are blasted—lost—for ever done!
Disaster crowds disaster!—why did We
Send such a serpent-traitor o'er the sea?

Our faithful friends will smother up their face—
This, *this* defeats Us—cover'd with disgrace!"
His passion chok'd the passage of his breath:
"Too hasty are thy fears—'twill prove their death!
No—not a friend that offer'd us their hand,
Of whom is Strong the *bulwark* of the land,
Credits the fact that you 'd employ a spy
To alienate their hearts from liberty—
But they behold it as a luring art,
Contriv'd by Madison of murderous heart,
That their affections might withdraw from thee,
And league with him to vindicate the sea;
Hence, they more keen his purposes deride,
And far more stable in their faith abide.
"At my departure with the rapid wind,
Convention of the States absorb'd their mind.
Perhaps the moment now while yet I speak,
A fatal blow to liberty they strike.
Lo! this convention will divide the chain,
Which long hath barr'd thee from thy rightful reign.
When sunder'd is the link, with ease thy hand
Will sway th' imperial sceptre o'er the land—
A land so vast, its very lakes would float
The British Isle as some inferior moat:
As they themselves the savages subdu'd,
By arming these to shed the others' blood;
So one part aiding, you 'll the other cast,
And then with Alfred will thy name be class'd."

He ceas'd. With gladdening smile rejoin'd the king:
"Sweet sounds thy voice as music's softest string.
Their civil broils will break their union-chain—
We soon shall rule them, colonies again!
Never no more for China they rebel—
Hard on their necks will We impress Our heel.
"But listen;—late intelligence We heard,
Which more alarm'd Us than the lifted sword—
A fatal plan invented by Monroe,
To class and draw an army from the plough!
Should this become perfected into law,
Then not too soon could We Our flag withdraw—
Instruct Our ministers conven'd at Ghent,
To sign their proffer'd peace and be content,
And stay hostilities. All—all is lost—
Yea, all the victories that now We boast!
Tell Us, Sir Knight, if ought that thou hast heard
Of this We speak—a double-edged sword!"
Thus he. And thus the counterfeited friend:
"Monroe breathes war—in very look a fiend.
His scheme at first intimidated all—
For in its passage we foredoom'd our fall.
But, while despairing—providential fate!
To save us sinking, rose an advocate:
His name was suited to the task—a *King*—
Or Scott, or Southey will his praises sing;
For, by his eloquent, alarming voice,
He prov'd the plan the veriest tyrant's choice—
Proclaim'd it conscript—murder—cruelty,
That man in arms should for his country die!

That sons should cause their mothers' hearts to break,
Compell'd to battle for their Freedom's sake!
Self-immolation—horrid scenes of death—
Spectres—whose residence is hell beneath,
Were all brought forth in eloquence, a storm,
Which blank'd the nation to approve the form.
" This effort at conscription, royal Sire,
Has added fuel to the factious fire—
Aids their convention presently to meet
To break the league, their bondage to complete;
Yea, Maryland a Sovereign-loving State,
Hath render'd thanks to Britain's advocate!
" Prince of the Anchor'd Isle! thy friends thus far,
Have strove their might to benefit the war:
But all their means are not sufficient strong
To bear their measures with success along:
They give thee thanks for ample sums of gold,
Scarce in the power of numbers to be told—
But, now they crave you in their utmost need,
Forth to despatch an army to their aid.
They pray your Highness to assail Castine,
And take possession of the State of Maine,
That, should the President attempt to seize
Strong—for his love of British monarchies,
They might—supported with the English force,
Divide the Union and resist his course.
" This from the States. From Canada I bear
The voice of Prevost to your gracious ear—
He pleads you 'll send him large divisions o'er
To crush the nation with o'erwhelming power.

"Having thy foot upon the tyrant's neck,
Who made the earth a Golgotha—a wreck—
And chain'd him to a Rock, where the deep howl
Of reeling ocean breaks upon his soul—
Now that this spoiler of the earth is low,
Soon wilt thou cause all hostile flags to bow—
Advance the Cross resplendent to the sky,
And strangle Freedom in its infancy!

"Boston, though once thy most ungovern'd child,
Illum'd her capital, till Ocean smil'd;
And to the height of heaven her fire-trains sent,
In proud rejoicings for this grand event—
Knowing that now no hindering object awes
Their ancient Monarch to advance their cause!

"Here my commission ends—which brief I've told,
That you in wisdom may your plans unfold."

The thing that wore a crown with smiles express'd
His joy to hear his progress in the West.

"Thine every word bears music in its strain—
A gladness dances through my every vein.
Your name with laurell'd honours will increase—
You've steep'd our bosom in the wine of bliss!

"Give ear, nobility!—let each fulfil
Our mandate,—soon their liberties to kill:

"Drummond, in fifty ships, you'll speed away,
And, on the lakes your conquerors, display.
In twice ten vessels, Hardy, make Castine,
And spread your forces through the State of Maine:
Of all New-Albion, We create you now,
Our faithful viceroy when to Us they bow.

Employ smooth friendship—no suspicion, wake,
Till their contention shall the Union shake;
Then with the bayonet at their bosoms rush,
And at a blow their Independence crush.
No more with them shall liberty be known—
Their stubborn joints shall knuckle to the Throne!
Their freedom shall be dust beneath Our feet!
Their subjugation shall be made complete.
Does not th' untutor'd horse at random fly,
Snuffing the wind—defiance in his eye?
But rein him hard, and, lo! he fears to move,
Save in the manner that our wills approve:
Thus will We curb their wild licentiousness,
Till they as subjects shall Our Crown confess.
" What moles!—how blind in feuds to disunite,
By which with ease we overcome the fight.
They flattering think We nurse them in Our heart—
And so We do—for poison to impart.
By civil broils We 'll sever one by one,
Till We shall reign—their charter'd rights undone!
" The time that Hardy holds New Albion there,
Strength must be brought against the south to bear:
" Cockburn, thou chosen vassal of thy king,
From the Bermudas, at return of spring,
Against Virginia move with fire and sword—
Beckwith and Ross will sail thy fleet on board.
" And noble Packenham, with Cochrane, sail
With Spain-proud veterans to the same fair Isle.
Keene, Gibbs and Lambert, will your chiefs, compose,
To sack Orleans and every outlet close

To western governments. Drummond, pursue,
Routing their arms, till you the north subdue;
By which We 'll hold them in the Lion's grasp,
Till the young Hydra shall convulsive gasp
Strangling in death! Then glorious shall We reign
From shore to shore and sweep the earth's domain!"
Seated the monarch his commands express'd,
And each withdrew with royal favours grac'd,
At day to navigate the billows west.

At length the silver gates of light unfold,
And sweet-ey'd Morn, array'd in spotless gold,
Comes dancing forth with all the laughing train
Of Joys and Loves—the deities that reign
In heaven's delicious hour, filling the round
Of full creation with inspiring sound.

Th' imperial multitudes embark their ships,
And plough with crooked keels the curling deeps.
Drummond proceeds—half savage in his soul—
To gain the lakes and overcome the whole
York and the Mountain State. Hardy, serene,
Directs his compass for the port—Castine.
Cochrane and Packenham with thousands vast,
For the Bermudas cleave the watery waste.
Ross, Warren, Beckwith, Cockburn and the rest,
Cut the green ocean sailing south by west.
The counterfeit of Elliot bade farewell,
And then resum'd his lineaments of hell—

Hied to the mountain like a passing cloud
To give commissions to his Stygian crowd.

Now at the time the royal-mantled power
Gather'd in troops to leave the Albion shore,
The mist of morning floating soft in heaven,
At conquer'd George, to new achievements given,
Fredonians rose—Brown form'd in marching train,
And hasty led them o'er the dew-sown plain.
Dearborn had left the army to provide
Against invasion from th' Atlantic tide
At Boston, memorable for martial pride.
To Erie's fort they presently advance,
Where in the breeze the English standards dance.
Th' opposing walls, Scott, Ripley, Boyd, surround—
Mortars explode and bursting bombs rebound.
Soon sunk the regal token—every blade
Reverted—quench'd in dust the match-fire laid;
The Eagle rises in her pride of state,
While Freedom stars the heavens, illuminate.
In rapid barges Stockton bears the foe
Across the lake and lands at Buffalo.

As Stockton gain'd the port,—behold in sight,
A yawl like flying skims the mirror light,
In which through space remote two chiefs appear,
And Brown to Ripley broach'd their character.
"What boat comes leaping o'er the lake afar?
Some message I presume from Shelby's war.

Since Perry plac'd his name in brilliance high,
Brightening through ages till eternity,
Nothing relating to the army west,
Hath reach'd my ear to give me interest."
This scarce was utter'd, when they made the shore—
Campbell and Wood—hearts finish'd to the core;
Campbell at Mississinewa with flame,
Had made the wildness of the savage tame;
Wood held affections to each patriot dear,
Skill'd in the art the bulwark-mound to rear.
A salutation having pass'd with each,
Campbell began with animated speech:
"Behold to you I glorious tidings bear,
Which gives my heart new pleasure to declare:
Lo, Shelby, Harrison, have blaz'd the Thames,
Crowning with quenchless light a host of names!
Foremost of whom, the Johnsons stand enroll'd—
Their deeds are worthy to be 'grav'd in gold.
The foe hath felt a retribution just—
The humbled Lion laps the bleeding dust!"
He paus'd. This answer was the voice of Brown:
"I 've heard with ravishment their great renown!
The deeds of Shelby nothing can surpass—
His name is written, nor in stone nor brass,
Which time corrodes insensible to dust—
But in the hearts of all the brave and just.
And Harrison has done what valour could,
T' affect the heart with generous gratitude.
"Brave men, you 'll now assist our labours here—
We 'll strive to move in Shelby's bright career.

Campbell, thy name is number'd with the good,
Take thou th' Eleventh Regiment—and, Wood,
This fort establish new—Mac Ree, you'll join,
And aid him to perfect his proud design—
Never in worth excell'd. Rumour hath said,
That peace in Europe strikes our freedom dead;
That England now in panoply will come,
And, at a blow, our liberties o'erwhelm;
But something whispers me like sainted faith,
That we our efforts will make good in death.
To meet this cloud that 's gathering from the east,
We 'll here abide till numbers are increas'd."
As Brown to each commission had conferr'd,
They take their stations with high feelings stirr'd.
Mac Ree shows judgment by his skilful lines,
And Wood commends, and aids his just designs.
Brown moves from battery to bastion round,
With silent tongue but speaking eye profound.
A glance suffices to express his mind,
As on he passes by the work design'd;
Though not unfrequent where the labour smokes,
A smile approving brightens in his looks:
So active beavers with prudential care,
When autumn comes and strips the forests bare,
Like brothers in affliction harmonize,
To raise a shelter from inclement skies.
Part with their teeth young alders fell to earth,
While others to the stream convey them forth,
And span them o'er the flood. Others at hand,
Bury the spoils against them in the sand.

Part gather leaves and autumn's yellow grass,
To dam the hurrying water in its pass;
While others timber for the sills provide,
Which firm they fix superior to the tide.
All without tumult ply their different parts—
A unity of hands, a unity of hearts.
The elder beaver, wise through lapse of years,
Directs the labour, and the labourer cheers:
  Equal excitement stimulates the free,
To trench and wall against the enemy;
And like the beaver honour'd with command,
Brown eyes the work—encourages the band.
  While thus for thirty suns they held their toil,
Warriors assembled to defend the soil:
The veteran Swift, his locks thro' age bleach'd white,
Had nobly fought the Revolution fight.
And Gaines, Virginia's son, in song to dwell,
For his defending of the fort so well.
Mac Neall and Harrison,* Jessup, Leavenworth;
Crocker, Ketchum, true courage from their birth;
Brady and Gibson, whose proud bosoms glow'd
To do such deeds as time could ne'er corrode.
These names and others for the cause as one,
Unite to do the purposes of Brown.

  But who approaches by himself alone?
'Tis he whose heart is like a marble stone,
When burns the strife—but when the flame is o'er,
Forgiving mercy softens every pore—

*Maj. Thomas Harrison.

Miller!—no other could it be. At Tipp'canoe,
The savage backward from his presence flew—
Fix'd at Magaugo like a tower he stood,
And made earth's bosom red with hostile blood;
But Hull the traitor yielded up the brave—
Since which dark period in a dungeon-grave
He 'd been immur'd, remote from man and heaven—
But he for Barclay in exchange was given.
Brown clasps the hero—binds him to his breast—
And after pausing his full soul express'd:
"My friend, my brother in the field of fame!
Thy country speaks thy honour with acclaim!
What happy fortune gives thee to my heart?
My tongue is slow my feelings to impart!
Oft hath my bosom felt a widowhood,
To think the sufferings of thy solitude.
To thy command the Twenty-first I give—
Thy worth alone would cause its name to live."
Thus he. And Miller then: "Frequent I 've heard,
Though deep endungeon'd, of thy potent sword;
Yes, by their whisperings with a pausing check,
I glean'd thy deeds while prison'd at Quebec,
Where thither we were borne in triumph down,
When Hull disgraceful knelt before the crown.
Brock was a soldier, generous and humane—
I partial wept to hear the warrior slain;
But when that we to others were consign'd,
Scarce one possess'd a nobleness of mind.
On as we pass'd with torture at our heart,
They sharp'd unfeeling the transfixing dart.

But what severe stream'd burning through our blood,
Was, as we sigh'd our sorrows on the road
Through Montreal—to strike our nation's air!
It seem'd each note would cut my bosom bare!
I cannot speak the pain! We 'll stay the theme—
But it shall edge my sword with death's pale gleam!"
This said. He hied him to his post assign'd,
No feeling earthly habiting his mind.

While thus defensive stands th' illustrious Brown,
Drummond arrives to tread the nation down—
Enters the Lawrence with his streamers proud,
And ships on ships in gloomy prospect crowd,
Like clouds that sweep successive over heaven,
When by the violence of tempests driven.
They blaze their thunders as they pass Quebec,
And still ascend till shallow waters check
Their farther progress up the narrowing flood—
Swift they debark a thronging multitude,
Cumbering the path with vengeance in their eye,
Like red clouds kindling in the morning sky.
Drummond consults at Kingston with Prevost,
The plan the best to desolate the coast;
By which consult, Drummond to gain renown,
Is first to conquer the unconquer'd Brown.
From Kingston, Yeo bears him up the lake,
And lands at York upon the free to break—
The northern hemisphere with war to shake.
On the next morn the sun ascending bright,
Sheffie arriv'd estrang'd in meagre plight—

His head dishevell'd, naked to the air,
And beard obscene, and eye with hollow glare.
Long had he stray'd bewilder'd through the wood,
To fly the shadow of the scalp of blood.
The want of food reduc'd him to his mind,
As clouds thin wasted leave no trace behind.
In this low misery he Drummond found,
Rial and other characters around:
"Drummond! I'm famish'd, sinking with the dead!
My noble brother, quick provide me bread!
Give with the bread the purple draught divine—
My soul is fainting, O restore with wine!
My pulsing life runs down"———

"What wretch are you,
Who thus unblushingly for favours sue?
Is this the cast of beggars o'er the sea
To claim relationship with royalty?
Begone!—nor dare thy starving suit to urge,
Or thou shalt feel the smartings of the scourge!"

"I call'd thee brother, not allied in blood,
But by my title equally as good!
You must remember when we fought in Spain—
The same ship bore us o'er the tossing main.
You Sheffie must remember—sure you must,
Though bare and starving, and begrimm'd with dust!"

* * * * *

Drummond observ'd him with a closer eye,
And scann'd his features through his poverty:

"And do I view in such debasing plight
My late associate in the field of fight?
You must have fled the dungeon—forth declare—
They must have starv'd thee with dishonour'd fare.
Speak—tell me all!—But stay, th' attendants bring
Wines of rich flavour, viands nourishing"
The starving Sheffie with devouring look,
Void of a choice the readiest cheer partook;
For biting hunger throws restraint aside,
Scorning the pimps of fashionable pride.
His druling appetite in part allay'd,
To Drummond he this deep deception said:
"Yes, heart-contracting cruelty I've seen
From these undignified—these dregs of men.
To arms o'erpowering I was forc'd to yield—
Down from my horse they dragg'd me o'er the field.
My sword was sunder'd as on earth I fell—
My helmet—as they drew me by the heel.
Five days they perish'd me, far worse than we
Ever reduc'd their sailors on the sea.*
"Thus wretched were my sufferings—till the sun
Five tedious circles round the heavens had run,
When, lo! a 'larum sounded in the night—
Amidst the tumult I made good my flight.
In safety soon I pass'd beyond the crowd,
But found myself bewilder'd in a wood
Vast in extent. Three days I drank the flood,
Sickening in hope for vitalizing food.
Fainting, I felt that death would soon o'erwhelm
My failing life—but on the bark of elm,

I stay'd my ebbing pulse. At length despair
Fix'd on my heart, as wolves forsook their lair
To howl at midnight!—'neath a sheltering rock,
I laid me down—adieu to life I took—
I felt Death's hand against my breast to knock!—
"But, lo! as Venus deck'd the eastern sphere,
I heard the welcome voice of chanticleer!
I started at the sound—for well I knew
A shelter was at hand, which thrill'd me through.
"I found the cottage gate as dawn'd the light—
How beat my heart with transport exquisite!
But fate pursu'd me still;—in twilight dark,
Two wolf-like dogs commenc'd a surly bark,
And sprang to seize me in their pointed teeth!
Backward I flew,—and strong appear'd my breath—
For though exhausted with fatigue and pain,
Such pressing danger call'd my strength again.
"And now I wander'd weary, drooping, lone,—
It seem'd life's taper from its lamp had flown.
The path obscure I lingering, fainting trod—
But soon I found me on the beaten road.
I heard the lumbering of a drum remote,
And stood, and hearken'd breathless to the note—
Cautious I follow'd whence the echo came
To learn, or friend or enemy the name.
A dance of joys came rushing on my mind
To mark the crosslet buoyant on the wind!
"I now in part my history have told—
But O my sorrows have been manifold!"

He ceas'd. And Drummond with impassion'd heat:
"I 'll grind them fine—yea, dust beneath my feet!
Insulting to *Nobility!* O tell—
Swift, brief divulge where hateful they conceal,
That I their every Star in blood may quench,
And from the Eagle's grasp, the arrows wrench—
Strangle their freedom—cast it in the tomb,
And every village with the torch consume!"
Sheffie with pausing accent: "Broke by despair,
My mind bewilder'd scarce can tell you where—
At York their flag———
"But who approaches nigh?
Vincent—to answer your enquiry."

While speaking—Vincent in his war-robes came,
By future actions to enlarge his name.
To Drummond's ear he stated the result
Of George surrendering to the bold assault;
And then describ'd the character of Brown,
Sweeping from Erie's fort their banner down.
Drummond stood kindling as he gave the word,
And, in his passion, seiz'd upon his sword:
"And who is Brown you elevate so high?
His strength before us will be infancy!
"Rial, proceed with your division forth,
And search this Brown and rout him from the north—
Holt, Penfield, Dyott, Holland, Woodville, Keith,
The Marquis, Wallbeck, Gordon, Plenterleath—
Names battle-proof,—will second your design,
To break their ranks, or fort, to undermine.

And when I measures ample shall devise,
Prompt will I aid you in the enterprise."
  Rial obedient to the order rose,
And mounted with an air that valour shows—
Marshall'd his legions—wheel'd them to the west,
And march'd with triumph looming in his breast.
  He held his progress till the radiant sun
Had thrice his journey o'er creation run;
But on the fourth—thron'd in meridian high,
Darting his golden arrows from the sky,
He reach'd the Chippeway, its northern bank—
Halted his line, by wheeling each his rank.
They pitch their campment and its front defend,
T' observe the ground ere farther they ascend.

  The meantime Riddle with a jealous eye,
Wide scour'd the land, invasion to descry.
As swift he spurr'd along Niagara's coast,
He kenn'd th' approaching of the Albion host.
He clomb a hill that overlook'd the field,
From thence th' intrenching operatives, beheld,
And then for Erie, fleet his charger steel'd.
Leaving the wind, regain'd he soon the fort—
Enter'd—to Brown deliver'd the report:
  "Lo! as I scouted by Niagara's tide,
Distant a cloud of heavy dust I spied,
Thickening and blackening as I urg'd my way,
Veiling from earth the blazing noon of day.
Gaining the summit of a hill, mine eyes
Beheld a scene that aw'd me with surprise;

Broad o'er the plains beyond my utmost ken,
As thick as moving swarms, were scarlet men!
They seem'd like clouds red lowering in the sky,
Dipp'd in the crimson of the solar dye.
"As on they press'd—back I retreated slow,
Tracing minute each motion of the foe.
At length upon the Chippeway they stood,
Rough in their arms—a threatening multitude.
Though far remote, yet aided by my glass,
I saw them run their lines along the grass.
The earth they wounded as I reign'd my steed
To bear to you th' intelligence with speed,
Pregnant with lowering war—ere on the earth,
From leaden urns, night pour'd its darkness forth."

* * * * *

Brown sat in silence at the news he brought,
His brows close knit—immers'd in pondering thought:
So sits a stately lion in his den,
When from afar he hears the cry of men,
And dogs half wolf, come dashing through the wood
To drench the earth with his unconquer'd blood.
His whelps and lioness beside him stand,
To hear his voice and move at his command.
He weighs what plan will answer him the best—
His tongue is silent, while his labouring breast
Deep rolls from thought to thought—whether to out
And meet the hunters—his assailants, rout,
Or on defensive in his cave to stand,
Muster his strength and bold resist the band.

By turns he starts—depress'd his shaggy brows,
While his charg'd eye a lowering meteor shows:
So Brown sat pondering with his head declin'd—
At length abruptly he express'd his mind:
"To Ripley's ear in secrecy alone,
Make the advancing of the English known.
Bid him, the troops, to sleep upon their arms,
To be in readiness for night alarms."
Brief the commission.—Riddle, wheel'd, retir'd,
And gave the order as the chief desir'd.

Brown, wrapp'd in solitude within his tent,
His every thought upon the subject, bent,
While the wax tapers by their lengthening wick,
With doubtful glimmerings the pavilion streak.
While musing thus, behold in vision came
Fredonia—clad in the illustrious name
Of Washington the wise, the great, the good,
With whom, none mortal bear similitude.
She took the fashion of his stately height,
Her brows encompass'd with celestial light.
Her eye reveal'd the passion of his breast,
When haughty kings his potency confess'd.
The soul of Brown was overcome with awe,
When deep involv'd in aching thought he saw
The vision'd form! he startl'd with his fear—
His eye roll'd wild—erect like quills, his hair
Stood on his head. But soon his joints relax,
And all his sinew'd strength melts down like wax.

"Fear not, my son!—be not thy soul dismay'd—
Firm on the virtue of thy heart be stay'd.
'Tis for my country, from the bless'd abodes,
I've bent my flight,—where all enjoy as gods
Divine beatitude!—yea, thee I love,
Though in the element of heaven above.
"With sympathy of heart I felt thy pain,
Whether to wave thy flag upon the plain,
Or stand upon defence: But doubt no more—
Cautious proceed and meet them with thy power.
But I 'm restrain'd the future scenes to tell,
That thou thy depth of judgment mayst reveal.
For ardent battle be thy soul prepar'd,
And immortality is thy reward."
She spake and vanish'd in a flame of gold,
Pure as the beams that seraphim infold;—
Not like those rays that from the mirror fly,
Whose dazzling glance strikes blindness on the eye;
But soft, luxurious as the brow of even,
Drawing the gaze of mortals up to heaven.
"Translated Chief!—of honour'd names the first,
That ever wore the cumbering robes of dust!
How sweet the music-utterance of thy tongue—
Sweet as an angel's in the midst of song!
I feel unworthy to be call'd thy son—
Wonder of earth! transcendent Washington!
A name that heaven delights to dwell upon!"
Brown could no more—his every nerve was spent—
With soul o'erpower'd he sunk in languishment:

So when Elijah, while the seraph choir
Fill'd heaven with anthems, on the wings of fire,
Mounted sublime above the stars on high,
That zone the footstool of the Deity—
Elisha mark'd his marvellous ascent,
Which held his soul in bless'd astonishment;
But when fair angels turn'd the gate aside,
Oppress'd with heaven, he fainted,—partial died!

CANTO XXVI.

BATTLE OF CHIPPEWAY.

ARGUMENT.

Brown advances to Street's Creek. Skirmishing. The battle on the plains of Chippeway.

The scene is laid at the above mentioned places. The time is about thirty-six hours.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXVI.

Th' appearing twilight shows its lining gray—
But soon the morning brightens into day;
A virgin smiling with the eye of love,
Thus sweet she blushes, clad in vestments wove
Of silver clouds by angel forms on high,
In chambers hung with heavenly tapestry.

When day with burnish'd gold illum'd the skies,
The patriots rose for martial exercise;
But when the tidings struck upon their ear—
Of Rial fortified with thousands near,
They felt as standing on a precipice,
Which caus'd a freezing of their blood like ice,
Till Brown in centre of the columns rode,
And this proud language on their hearts bestow'd:
"Look every eye at heaven! its beams invite
Our banners to unfold to meet the light!
Be men, be warriors equal to your birth,
And heed no sceptred arm that blights the earth.

What though in thronging multitudes they come
Flush'd with high hope to shroud us in the tomb,
Yet ever keep in memory, ye brave,
Where kings are rulers, man is but a slave.
And what 's a slave? an animal the worst
That creeps the earth—a thing supremely curst!
But *freedom* is your boon! for this, ye toil—
For independence of your birth-right soil;
Not hirelings, who slavish liveries wear,
But freemen battling for their character—
Far from the thraldom of a slave to live,
And to your children, pure, the blessing give,
The tree of Liberty of golden fruit—
Vigorous in bloom—unshaken at its root!
"Have ye not faith to overcome in war
Those who for kings unsheath the scimitar?
I feel your thoughts! to wield the sword with power—
On heaven's own breath the Eagle's wing shall tower!"
As when fierce Sirius in his drought comes forth,
And drinks the vital moisture of the earth;
The trees exhausted of the limpid springs,
Hang down their heads with mournful sorrowings.
A shower descends rich with the sweets of heaven!
To every plant a quickening life is given.
The trees from languor in their verdure rise,
And wave their heads in honour to the skies:
So rose the patriots from their downcast look,
When Brown expressive of his feelings spoke
And fill'd their ears with music. Soon again
His voice is heard in a commanding strain:

"How my soul glories to behold you now,
Fix'd in resolve to make their standards bow;
And on the tablet of remembrance, live,
While from yon orb the earth shall light receive!
"Gaines, to your care the fortress is resign'd—
Watch every pass with jealousy of mind.
Morgan with rifles will our rear defend
From lurking scouts as we the path descend.
Scott, in the van your firm battalions, lead—
Towson, in centre with your brass proceed.
Ripley—whose sword was bar'd with Covington
And Boyd, advance your tested cohorts on.
March, Hindman, next. Porter, your volunteers,
Forward—to give them life beyond their years.
Swift, with your temples whiten'd o'er with age,
Teach thou the troops like veterans to engage,
And each defend his glorious heritage!
"Now let the drums the sounding music strike—
Warriors! be mindful of the name of Pike!"
Each with impatience heard. The thrilling fife
And stirring drum excite the soul to strife.
They step the beat with bosoms kindling fire,
Lifted above mortality's desire.
Bright on their burnish'd steels the beams of day
Glance, wheel and flash with vividness away;
And as the streamers in the breeze unfold,
They sweetly lace them with the threads of gold.

As Venus glitter'd on her eastern throne,
Rial to Gordon made his movements known.

"By what have I of the Fredonians heard,
They wield like pestilence, a slaughtering sword.
Stubborn the truth—their manner in the fight,
Too often on our tongues has sounded light,
Hence I with caution shall their lines assail,
That when we strike, our bayonets may prevail.
"This to accomplish, heedful you 'll repair
To the next stream* of rapid character;
Bulwarks, erect, where o'er it springs an arch—
No hostile banner, suffer there to march;
For should the pass the ranks of Brown command,
'Twould for a time compel us to a stand."
Gordon swift wheeling with his train departs,
All like himself possess'd of chosen hearts;
And as the sun sprinkles with gold the wood,
They gain the bridge that overspans the flood.
With trench and mound they fortify its bank,
Should Brown approach, his columns, to disrank.

When from the zenith pour'd the sun his light,
The Cross, its upper folds, half wav'd in sight
Of Riddle's band, in royal arrogance,
As they proceeded in the bold advance;
And soon by Scott, were partially descried
The new-pil'd works, which him, a pass denied.
When Scott severe the obstructing mound beheld—
The banners and the plumes—the rest conceal'd,
Crocker and Towson, he commanded forth—
Patriots whose bosoms, held a gem of worth:

* Street's Creek.

"Your cannon, Towson, plant on yonder ridge
With cedars shaded o'er—and clear the bridge.
Crocker, in secret, ford the stream above,
Ready the compass of your heart to prove.
At favour'd moment with the steel descend,
When Towson from its height their flag shall bend."
Scarce his tongue's echo on the air had died,
When forward wheel'd the heroes in their pride;
Towson, his cannon, planted on the ridge,
Which by its height, o'erlook'd th' opposing bridge,
And on the foe, such conflagration cast,
That soon precipitate he fled the blast.
But Gordon drew his sword—the flight, suppress'd:
"And hold you nothing noble in your breast?
Whence was this paleness? where? On—ply the fires;
He who shall shrink, with infamy expires!"
Threatening he spoke and back in anger strode—
His cohort follows in a multitude.
Reckless of Towson's thunders from the ridge,
With lighted brands they rush upon the bridge!
In vain his blazing cannonry oppose—
Others advancing the wide openings close.
The arch is lost in flame,—but in its stead,
A bridge remains compos'd of numbers dead.
Heedful by this had Crocker pass'd the stream,
And at their life, elanc'd the sheeted flame,
Full on their rear, as they retreat commenc'd,
And, in pursuit his courage, evidenc'd.
Gordon his courser rein'd—to Harvy thus—
A chief of mounted warriors valorous:

"Charge—wall them with steel! let your falchion gleam,
And show its lightning edge!—From o'er the stream,
No succour can relieve them! Strike them down—
Their standard bent subjected to the Crown."
Scarce Harvy waited the concluding word,
When his train'd squadron to the charge he spurr'd,
Each bending o'er the field a threatening sword.
Their numbers hem the few—the stern, proud few,
And strive with leaping steel to pierce them through.
They strive in vain! in martial square firm lock'd,
The Spartan band resist the charge unshock'd.
Against the bayonets heavy blades resound—
Fredonians bleed,—king-subjects press the ground.
Crocker no longer able to withstand
The pressing weight, proclaims with lifted brand:
"Break down the circle!—with the bayonets, break!
Stand with the soul erect!—the effort, make!
Shelter in yonder cottage!—charge or die!
Think not of yielding till the heart is dry!"
They thrust the bristling charge!—the sword-men broke—
So sudden—deep was the impetuous stroke!
Thus when the natives from Ohio came
T' explore Kentucky in pursuit of game,
They lit in circle round the grass with fire,
To cause their hunt converging to retire.
Bears, wolves and panthers compass'd with their death,
Snuff'd at the blaze, and blew it with their breath.

As they reluctant, backward were repell'd,
Their stiffening necks their desperate hearts reveal'd.
'Twas death to linger—driven to despair,
They pierc'd the flames and gain'd the open air:
  So Crocker's band, determin'd ne'er to yield,
Cut through and gain'd an opening on the field.
Arms dripping blood, they to the cottage hie,
While tramping on their rear—the enemy!
  Shelter'd—fire scaths their life!—th' imperial pride
Sinks to the earth with slaughter satisfied.
They break and scatter from the sighted aim,
Which prostrates numbers with a fatal maim.
  Crocker receives the victor's fadeless wreath
Of laurel won upon the battle-heath.

  The arch the patriots presently rebuild,
And in due order camp upon the field;
Each in position govern'd by his rank—
And soon their bulwarks line the streamlet's bank.

  The meantime Gordon with his band repass'd
The Chippeway, with meddling thoughts harass'd.
With heavy brow he enter'd Rial's tent,
And circumstantial told the late event:
  "Freedom advances like a hurrying flame!
Lo, I return, compell'd to leave the stream!
But ere they won the plain, 'twas mark'd with blood—
The spanning arch that leap'd the narrow flood,
Was, in despite of death, with kindled brand
Set fire!—but there no longer could we stand.

Back I withdrew;—by reckless courage led,
They rush'd with pointed steel to strike us dead.
Them Harvy solid charg'd;—but they at length
Sunder'd his lines—gain'd shelter for their strength,
And smote his ranks in turn. And bleeding thus,
Defeated, we return calamitous.
"Firm must our swords be drawn! This they 'd assail'd—
Yea *this* defence, had our exertions fail'd,
And not the arch consum'd, but fled the stream—
Their thrusting steel had wak'd us in our dream!"

"What! conquer'd us while dreaming?" Rial cries.
"Never Britannia from Columbia flies!
I 'll pass the Chippeway at dawn's first gleam,
And prove our practis'd weapons are supreme!
What! in the dreaming hour assaulted thus
By those of yesterday?—preposterous!
No—never, never will arrive the hour
That England shrinks to meet array'd their power;
When wheels of nature backward shall revolve—
Then may Britannia on the field dissolve—
When the sun rises from the mountains west,
Then may the Lion be by them depress'd!
"Holland, this order circulate around—
At the fourth watch, to form upon the ground.
Lo! ere another sun retires to rest,
We draw the blood from out the Eagle's breast!"
His gallant aid with due obedience rode

To each battalion—his quick purpose show'd,
Ready their might on Freedom to explode.

And now the shadows silent-footed creep
Slow to the east, while down the heavenly steep,
The sun descending spreads his yellow hair,
Waving with gold resplendent through the air.
Ocean receives him—and the stars from urns,
Pour down their light rejoicing in their turns.

This Brown to Gardner gave: "With caution's key
Lock every part in firm security.
Let guards increas'd upon the lines appear,
While no small whisper strikes the night's damp ear.
The countersign is *Pike*—to heaven transferr'd—
In softest breathings pass the solemn word.
See every warrior rests upon his arms,
Prepar'd to rise at notice of alarms.
When the star-beauty shall the east salute,
Let all be waken'd in their silence mute;
Harness'd for battle in due squadron-form,
At night's departure on their works to storm."
Forth with instructions leap'd his chosen aid,
And gave the orders as the chief had said.
The outward guards are strengthen'd round the camp,
Stooping their ear to earth, should foeman's tramp
Approach in night, to catch the rustling sound,
And spread the 'larum to the field around.

And now as chanticleer with high note shrill,
Salutes the day-star lovely on her hill,
The Albions rise and pass the murmuring stream,
As golden hair-threads on the mountains gleam,
And glitter on the earth. Each hostile van
Begins the war with man oppos'd to man.
As press the royals, so the free retire,
Blazing at intervals resisting fire.
Now five times twenty with o'erpowering weight,
Crowd against fifty in command of Treat—
Yet stands the hero as with laurel crown'd,
Waving his sword to consecrate the ground:
"Stand fast—unwinkingly at death!"
He said,
And many a foe was check'd with burning lead.
Blood dripping from their veins excites them forth
To bring the files of Treat upon the earth.
A ball swift glancing through the waste air free,
Bends a Fredonian bleeding on his knee.
The wound produc'd alarms—disgraceful scene!
Forgot they all they had the hearts of men.
Treat strove to stay their fears—his efforts vain—
They flew like wild deer frighted o'er the plain:
Thus bent on plunder, wasps vindictive come
To drive the bees from their domestic home.
They send detachment in advance to spy
The lines and bulwarks of the enemy.
The queen soon hearing of th' invading host—
To storm her hive—her substance to exhaust,

Enrolls her life-guard;—boldly they repair
T' assail the van and cause them to forbear.
They meet:—the queen strews numbers o'er her path—
Yet toil the wasps with unsubmitting wrath.
At length her second on the earth is laid—
A chilling dampness on her troops invade;
The queen in vain endeavours to excite
Their freezing bosoms to sustain the fight.
They leave their royal mistress on the plain,
Flying with wildness to their cells again:
So when the dastard band the wound beheld,
The frost of cowardice their bosoms chill'd:
They fled their leader while he rais'd his arm,
Wielding his brand to scatter their alarm.
Time offers no delay—opponents crowd
Pressing his rear, their weapons peeling loud.
Treat marks the urgency—with eager haste
He clasps the fainting warrior round his waist,
Raises—and bears him staggering from the plains,
While trickling gore the verdant grass distains.
But soon his nerves relax beneath the weight;
He feels that he must leave him to his fate—
The gallant Biddle at the moment came,
His bosom prompted with a generous flame,
And aided Treat to bear the sufferer hence,
Beyond the brewing storm of violence.

The outposts skirmish'd till the climbing sun
Stood in the firmament of heaven at noon;
And, now to Rial, Brown's position known,
Impatient to behold the star-flag down,

He Gordon thus commanded: "Forth away—
Your veteran legions will provoke the fray.
In yonder forest, circle till you gain
Their rear—then strike and dash them o'er the plain.
"Slow with the army solid shall I move
To keep their thoughts from entering in the grove,
Till I the volley from your ambush hear,
Then—while distress shall in their ranks appear,
Bold on their front will I a charge commence,
And make their arms like infants in defence."
Gordon nodded his plume—his wonted mood,
And led his column to th' embowering wood
Waving on Albion's right, while Rial, slow,
Mov'd—beating music for deceptious show,
Till at the signal he should strike the blow;
While no deep shadow passes o'er his mind,
What numbers presently will be consign'd
To sleep till nature is with flame refin'd.

During these movements,—in their armour bright,
The brave all anxious waited for the fight;
Soon gratified are they;—the jealous Brown
Beheld the crimson legion of the crown
Silent advance with Gordon through the wood,
While on an elevated rock he stood:
Thus on a mountain cliff an eagle stands
To mark his quarry, while his wing expands
Ready to pounce from off his airy tower,
Certain his prey to fasten in his power.
Broad he extends his eye with piercing beam,
Through plain, o'er mountain, and the passing stream;

And not the motion of a quivering leaf
Escapes his notice from the rocky reef:
So Brown upon an eminence beheld
Rial's design, though partially conceal'd.
Thus to his chiefs around: "The hour has come
To deck your brows with an immortal plume,
And prove you worthy of your sires at home,
Whose memories flourish! Time allows no more—
For look—a squadron on our left wing pour!
"Now, Porter, test the character of York—
Approach the ambush and begin the work.
Through yon deep valley heedful guide your train—
Let not the tremble of a plume be seen,
Till unexpected you ascend the brow,
Which measurable obscures them from us now,
And art for art with recompense bestow.
And, if it 's possible, their rear you 'll gain,
Ere with alarm you fill their hearts with pain.
"Gardner, proceed, and bid the outguards slow
Wheel by degrees from the advancing foe,
That Rial may receive his overthrow.
When Porter's onset sounds with clamorous din,
With Rial's self will we the fight begin."
Few were his words,—no more his chiefs require,
Within whose bosoms dwells the sacred fire,
Which loom'd their ancestors to raise on high
The Eagle-banner gemm'd with Liberty.
Gardner dash'd forward to the scouts, and bade
Them to the centre cautious to recede,
And artfully allure the Rial force,
By frequent volies to pursue their course.

Porter the meantime soft conducts his men
Along the vale—nor plume, nor standard seen
By Gordon's infantry, whose bosoms beat
With proud expectance Freedom to defeat.
While in this hope, lo! Porter climbs the brow
Of the concealing hill and makes their blood to flow!
Thus when a band of hunters scour the woods,
O'er hill and dale, along the truant floods;
In a deep dell at length they glad descry
A grazing herd and plan their destiny.
With feet of down the woody slope they bend,
And o'er the beetling rocks with care descend.
Hope nestles in their bosoms—hearts beat strong,
As soft and slow they feel their way along.
Lo! in the act to sight upon the deer,
A den of serpents at their feet appear!
Their veins congeal—they stand, they shake, they stare,
While the quick horror shivers every hair—
But thought returning, with a scream they fly,
The serpents leaping in their enmity!
So Gordon's infantry, when Porter hurl'd
A flame that numbers, buried from the world,
A random volley, pour'd upon the air,
And shrieking fled with feelings of despair.
Porter pursu'd them to the open plain,
Leaving his path made gory with the slain.
But Gordon soon was frenzy to its height—
Mildness prov'd vain his legion to excite
To join in column and resist the fight:
"Destroy the dastard!—let his name be dead
Who dares beyond me! bow to earth his head!

Raise—raise the standard !—ranks, consolidate,
And show resistance with o'erpowering weight."
As broken waves behind a rock are stay'd,
So round their chief they gather in brigade,
Defiance on their brow—their hearts inflame,
Their flag to rescue from opprobious shame.
On Porter now the balls with quick-fire sing—
Two shiver at a glance the hand of King,
And grazing life beneath his last rib sting;
(His wound yet open where his thigh was rent,
When late at George the regal Cross was bent.)
The sunder'd arteries leaping with the pain,—
Through loss of blood he faints upon the plain.
Never the drops of honour stream alone—
A lead obliquely glancing split the bone
Of Gordon's better leg from heel to knee,
And cleft his foot, and pierc'd his charger free.
The war-horse felt the smart, and toss'd his head,
Rear'd—and with fury bounded o'er the dead—
Deep in the dust his wounded rider, cast—
His foaming nostril show'd his life was past.
But while the power remain'd to keep his breath,
He flew—then fell and yielded up to death.
Again the Albions from resistance fly,
And Porter follows in his chivalry.

The meantime Rial, his division, hard,
Pursu'd the trail of the Columbian guard,
Which slow gave back, as Brown by Gardner said,
Toward the centre of his bulwark dread:

Not otherwise a fox by hounds pursu'd,
To shun her burrow, leaves the chosen wood
Where rest her young embower'd in solitude—
Fleet as she winds eccentric o'er the heath,
She with deep art conducts them to the teeth
Of druling wolves beneath a rocky steep,
Where oft she pass'd them growling in her sleep.
Lo, in the act to lead them to the cave,
Where the gaunt wolves with empty hunger rave,
Ready to seize and be at once their grave,
They at a distance hear a shriek—they stand—
Renounce the chase their safety to command:
So even thus the guard receded back,
Rial t' allure th' alignment to attack,
Where stood the patriots firm as martyr'd faith,
Resolv'd their falchions in his breast to sheath;
But when the brave with Porter on his right,
Met Gordon's host and put them to the flight,
With heart in check he listen'd to the sound—
Abrupt these orders from his tongue rebound:
"Listen! what peal jars heavy from the right?
Stand in your place! behold a reddening light,
Gordon, involves!—Wheel on the centre flag!—
Advance!
From this disaster, yield deliverance.
Exchange from left to right—reverse the line—
Hark! the strife thickens!—riveted combine
To do or die like Britons!—each reveal
That his heart's valour is a plate of steel!"

Surpris'd they stood ;—without delay their form
They chang'd, and press'd to quench the fiery storm,
Kindled to violence, the heart to sear,
While constant thunders roll'd along the sphere.
They reach'd the battle-ground as Gordon bled,
And his battalion from the combat fled.
On Porter now the whole their strength unite—
Redoubling peals proclaim'd the rising fight.
Yet still the *free* the unequal strife maintain,
Like planted pillars that defy the main.

Back Gardner cours'd the field, and thus to Brown :
" The guards approach, alluring Rial on.
Prompt as the mandate to my ear you gave,
They war upon retreat with bosoms brave ;
And, as you scann'd the tempting of the foe,
Solid they come with darkness on their brow !"

"And let them come !" Brown glowingly replies,
A deathless spirit pouring from his eyes.
" Let thousands come—let thunders rock the pole—
The sight—the sound, will elevate the soul !
Do not your bosoms beat like harmony
To hear of their approach ? They come to die
Beneath the Stars' effulgency ! The volunteers
Have swept the hills ! whose names, like gems, the spheres,
Will deck their country with a peerless light—
" Stand without whisper till I speak the fight !

Shrink not in thought,—yea, rather press the ground,
And stain it deep with crimson—raise a mound—
An altar worthy Liberty!———
"List! Hark!
What peals come deafening from the forest dark!

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"Rial hath chang'd position on the field—
On Porter, solid his division, wheel'd!
"Scott, *now* 'tis *thine!*—move rapid o'er the bridge,
And, like a flame upon a mountain ridge,
Burning to heaven, join action with the foe—
Bring him to battle on the plains below.
Towson, proceed upon his right extreme—
On yonder batteries let your cannon flame,
And smother them with fire. With honour crown'd,
Miller and Ripley, stand upon the ground,
Holding your veterans in reserve, till I
Shall give you notice or to live or die!"
Scott heard the summons—presently he gave
His warriors notice to prepare a grave.
Towson's position was the right of Scott,
To wing the globes with riving lightnings hot.
Miller and Ripley, favourites of the land,
Listed for death, in reservation stand.

Scott brief his column halted in its place,
The different stations of his chiefs to trace:
"Wave, Leavensworth, thy standard on the right,
There wilt thou hold the honour of the fight.

Campbell, thy cohorts to the centre move,
And do such deeds as ages will approve.
Jessup, let Porter have thy swift defence,
Whose name is rising to magnificence.
The moment will no more———
" List! to the sound—
Porter must give, or fail upon the ground!"
The brave immediate to their posts advance,
Their brows o'ercast with war's deep circumstance.

When Rial heard their heavy sounding tread,
To hark—he turn'd instinctively his head—
Surpris'd he saw the Eagle sweep along,
Defended with a ridge of bayonets strong.
His dexter wing, he to the Marquis, gave
To war with Porter and his strength outbrave;
This done,—he wheels his army on the plains—

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At once the engagement in its fury reigns!
Reverberating peals resound afar—
Scott burns a comet through the ranks of war.
Rejoicing in his course! And Rial stands
A rock in ocean 'gainst the Freedom bands.
The strife increasing, dust is seen to rise
In clouds—while flames are mounting to the skies:
Thus when the effulgent orb through Cancer moves,
Drinking the moisture—perishing the groves,
Which cloth'd with verdure Carolina's plains,
But now turn'd sallow from long-absent rains.

Where travellers late had pass'd away the night,
Smother'd from air, beneath the ashes white
Lurk'd seeds of hidden fire. Behold, at noon,
While pois'd in even scales abides the sun,
The northern whirlwinds dash the sparkles round,
Kindling the stubble flickering o'er the ground;
Touching the pines, the flames in wreaths ascend,
And with the outrag'd elements contend;
The smoke convolving, the creation, blinds—
The tumult rising with the maddening winds.
Broad wandering over heaven the cinders roll,
With noise like far-off thunders round the pole:
Thus dire the scene. Nor this, nor that will yield,
Whilst havoc grimm'd with blood stalks dreadful o'er the field.

Lo, Campbell fainting on the heath is laid—
Through his knee-artery the rent is made,
Drawing the vital current from his breast,
Which with quick throbbing flutters into rest.
His aids alighted when they saw their chief
Weltering and pale, to minister relief—
To bear him backward from the growing strife—
To give him to those hands that oft redeem'd to life.
The dying hero bade them from his sight:
"Think not of me, but onward to the fight!
Speak not of surgery. My head lies soft
To mark the beaming of the Stars aloft!
I for the honour of my country die—
Cherubic boon!—O glorious luxury!"

His sword drops from his hand,—opens—shuts his eyes—
Opens them again—they close—he dies—
A beam of heaven descended to the earth,
And gave his spirit a celestial birth,
His body cover'd with the battle—while
His lips in death were fasten'd on a smile.
Yet nature calls for the abundant tear—
Malvina mourns her fallen husband dear.
But, O, fair mourner! think upon his bed—
He sleeps in glory with the mighty dead!
Yea, on a bed more soft his brow is laid,
Than yet for bridal bliss was ever made,
Perfum'd and blushing with a waste of flowers—
Rich as the bed of love in Eve's delicious bowers!
Thy husband's head lies far more soft than this—
He died with honour in a trance of bliss!

Mac Neill his station in the war supplied—
He play'd oblique like flanking on their side.
Holland regardless felt a stinging lead,
While half his ranks were either broke or dead.
With equal prowess, Leavensworth, the right,
Maintains—thickening the turbulence of fight,
Though openly expos'd to batteries' aim,
He stands soul-centred in the midst of flame.
Now sinks the gallant Harrison in blood,
Who bold the slaughtering violence withstood;
His knee joint fractur'd with an iron globe,
Yet still his bosom feels no sinking throb.

Thus Leavensworth : "Convey him from the field!"
"No!" he exclaims: "so long as I can wield
This blade in face of heaven I 'll nerve my men,
And with mine eyes, enjoy the glorious scene!
None to my aidance shall forsake his post,
If Death should seize me with his hand of frost!"
This said. He wav'd his gleaming steel sublime:
"Heroes! strike home!—eclipse the deeds of time!"
Thrill'd with his voice and animating look
As if a spirit out of heaven had spoke,
The right division cloth'd themselves with flames,
And made the earth look pale with royal names!

Scott shone a burning meteor on the field,
As though his breast a deity conceal'd;—
And Rial lowering in the height of storm,
Commanded when to stand, and when to charge in form.

Jessup had gain'd position on the left,
As Porter's cohorts were of strength bereft—
His presence gave them life!—Against the wing—
Which now the Marquis held, the death-leads sing,
Cutting the air. Porter and volunteers,
With Jessup stand and conflagrate the spheres.
The imperial standard flickers to a fall—
The wing recedes, blood streaming prodigal.
Rial perceiving that his right was press'd,
To Penfield near him, utter'd this behest--

Penfield a veteran chief! "Behold they bring
Death on our right! support it, slaughtering!"
  He to the centre. Penfield at the word,
Advanc'd to wield a sacrificing sword,
And strength, supporting to the wing, afford.
But Jessup him, through darkening smoke descried,
And thus to Ketchum, fighting by his side:
  "See!—mark approaching a new depth of steel
To hold their flag from falling!—Make them feel
Thy bayonets edg'd with fire! check their design,
And I alone will strive to brave the line."
  Ketchum not waiting for a sand to run,
Led against Penfield and the fight begun,
And held him restiff,—three oppos'd to one!
  Soon found, the Marquis, Jessup was decreas'd,
And forth the utmost of his wrath releas'd.
De Witt and Patchim, Brimhall, Ketchum, Read,
And generous Barron, for their country bleed—
They bleed,—some faint, yet live! When years shall
    come,
Silvering their heads with blossoms for the tomb,
Their children's children will their scars behold,
And smiling in their tears their deeds unfold!

  Jessup observes the wasting of the field—
His dauntless band to death's commission, yield,
And with his soul in agony of pain,
Sees their endeavours at resistance vain—
Yet firm he stands immoveable an oak,
Round which the thunderballs had harmless broke.

Thought strikes him, and he speaks: "Warriors! at glance,
Point arms to heaven!—in solid cube advance—
Firm yon proud summit climb!"
Lo! they receiv'd
The word, though him immortal they believ'd!
Jessup conducts them to the rising ground,
While pours, the foe a flaming tempest round!
Silent they move like spirits on a cloud,
Mid flashing lightnings and deep thunders loud.
Half seen through fire at length they reach the height,
And play the column—stream impetuous fight.
So mad-chaf'd tigers, hamper'd in a cage,
Insulted by the rabble—hot with rage,
Grind fire from their teeth—bars, loosen with their claws,
And bathe in crimson their voracious jaws:
Not otherwise bold Jessup and his train,
Surcharg'd with ire, drive death along the plain.
The Marquis wounded in his grief withdraws—
And soon his legions shiver from the cause.
Jessup crowds their rear,—Ketchum joins pursuit,
Whose sword had made the tongue of Penfield mute.

Rial perceives the day to him is lost,
Unless exhorting he could bind his host;
He dashes through the lines, wielding his brand,
Striving effective to excite his band:

"Put faith upon their bayonet! Plunge the blade!
Bind—lock—press on—and never be dismay'd!
Deal not with fire,—on pointed steel rely,
And let the soul wish nothing but to die!"
His legions caught his spirit—desperate rose,
Bristling in steel with slaughtering ranks to close.
Death grip'd in hand delirious—strange they pour
Against the withering blaze—a sulphurous shower,
Like heaven on Sodom for its lewd excess,
Or like a fire that scaths the wilderness!
Now Towson having still'd the batteries' tongue,
Levels his engines on the rushing throng,
And smothers them of life—while with dead aim,
A thousand war-tubes flash dissolving flame.
Columbia stands a burning hill of fire—
The Albions falter—from the scene retire!
But not in safety they descend the hill—
Fierce on their rear red death pursues them still!
Scott sweeps away the field! They gasp, they die—
Fire hisses in their blood as back they fly.
They dash the Chippeway in broken plight,
Gore floating on its surface, swell'd in height,
Oppress'd and groaning with the battle's weight!

CANTO XXVII.

RIAL'S RETREAT, &c.

ARGUMENT.

Rial driven from his position on the Chippeway. Death of General Swift.

The scene—Little York, Street's Creek, and on the banks of the Chippeway. The time, three days.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXVII.

As when fair summer smiles, the struggling wind,
Long in the chambers of the north confin'd,
At changing of the moon, its prison breaks—
Beneath its violence the forest shakes,
Thence down the mountain roars the thundering gust,
Darkening the earth—cumbering the fields with dust—
The corn, the flowers, the honey-suckle groves,
Where village swains and damsels sigh'd their loves—
All, all are swept in ruins o'er the heath—
The landscape round is overwhelm'd with death;
Here lies a flower just opening into bloom,
And there an oak up-rooted in its doom:
Such is the scene the field of battle shows,
Where youth and age, and bosom friends and foes—
And broken cannon, carriages and steeds—
Divided bayonets, swords, like shatter'd reeds,
Lie in confusion, scatter'd here and there,
While groans are heard convulsive on the air.

The Britons fled—the heroes, to their praise,
From off the plain the bleeding warriors raise.
Mac Ree to Buffalo by Brown's commands,
Conveys them forth t' obtain from skilful hands
A healing blessing—holy sacrament,
To those exhausted in low misery bent.
Distinction, none, to friend or foe is given—
The wounds of honour make the valiant even.
Back the bold victors to their tents return,
As heaven's bright jewelry begins to burn.

When Rial gain'd th' expression of his tongue,
His chiefs around with sad disaster stung,
To Holland thus: "Mount, and with loosen'd rein,
Spur thy proud charger—leap it o'er the plain—
Hasten to York—solicit Drummond there,
Standards to send, our losses to repair.
Their names increase like budding leaves in spring—
Or is their strength as David with his sling?
Request five thousand to defend the king.
Here on defensive must our arms remain,
Till we supported shall our strength regain—
But why to thee do I our weakness state?
Thou know'st too well our ranks are desolate.

* * * * * *

"But stay!—what gouts are these your robes distain?
Some wound is open!—feel you not the pain?
"Dismount—another must away with speed—
Thou art, alas! too feeble to proceed.
"You with the order, Plenderleath, advance,
And strive to reach the camp ere morning's glance

Tinges the mountains———
"Holland, thou art pale?
Alas! I fear me that thy pulses fail!"
He show'd anxiety. Holland replies:
"Indeed your questions waken my surprise.
True, in the fight I felt a bullet's sting,
But nothing worthy of this wondering.
I feel my strength, and can the office"———
Lo!
His utterance fail'd him! from the knee below,
The artery breaking pours a sanguine flow!
He trembles with his weakness—and, in swoon,
Faints like a lily in the sun at noon.
They ease him down—and Plenderleath resumes
The vacant saddle, while his passion looms
To bear the message forth—he bounds away,
As heaven's bright tapers in the arch display
Their coral bashfulness, and night's fair queen,
In robes of silver on the hills is seen.

Swift round its axle winds the spinning earth—
The sun effulgent gives unclouded birth
To infant morn, smiles mantling o'er her face,
Divine as nature in her loveliness.
Day scarce had chas'd the stars, when Plenderleath,
York, enter'd—failing was his horse for breath.
The drums had beat—their place the warriors held,
Their armour burnish'd ready for the field.

Drummond with grating teeth his wrath suppress'd,
While to his ear his mission he address'd:
"Lo! the Fredonians, an o'erwhelming band,
As thick as locusts on the Afric land,
Have press'd upon our arms!—But Rial stood,
And, for a time, made thin the multitude.
It seem'd the more he smote with bayonet thrust,
The more they gather'd like thick clouds of dust.
At length exhausted by the carnage wrack,
Compell'd he was to wave his standards back.
"Now ere he issues to the field again,
He waits for you his legions to sustain.
Five veteran regiments of princely worth,
Will give us wide possession of the north—
The knee of Brown bent captive to the earth."
He spoke with heavy accent. Drummond then:
"Brother,* advance your iron-breasted men—
Proof against battle—honour'd by the king,
Whose triumphs far through utmost Europe ring.
Pause not, till hail you at the Chippeway—
Scarce for things needful, your swift march delay.
"I to the fort† shall hence, and there remain,
Till I shall hear from Rial's arms again.
Should I with him unite the present hour
With the deep squadrons that compose my power,
It might through numbers in a crowded press,
Produce confusion to our own distress."

* Col. Drummond. † Fort George.

His brother listen'd the command to fill—
Mounted—and led his legions up the hill.
With haughty step the music they repeat,
The swift notes whirling with a hurried beat.

What time the earth two revolutions made,
Revolving silent through night's ebon shade,
And its fair bosom turning to the sphere,
That bends the knee of pagan worshipper—
The conquering army of the Chippeway,
Rested—their tumult passions to allay,
And the bruis'd warriors o'er the lake, convey,—
But, as the sun its race began—the third,
They rose—stood column'd;—this from Brown they heard:
"Offspring of liberty! for two long days,
We 've quieted our blood;—but, lo! fresh bays
Invite our standards forth. It now remains
T' assail and rout the Lion from the plains.
My gratitude receive for actions past—
Till time shall fail, the Chippeway will last!
Yet deeds of equal brilliancy appear
To light our path to fame's illustrious sphere.
Not without energy will valour shine—
A meteor else in darkness to decline!
Prepare for arduous toils—for sleepless nights—
'Tis honour, equal justice—ocean rights,
Which bind us to our arms,—hence rise as one,
And vict'ry will reward our unison.

England's proud banner in the dust must yield,
When we cemented enter on the field.
Her sternest veterans bow their stubborn knee
To those in heart determin'd to be free!
"Now listen to my purpose: Ripley, move
Your tested veterans to yon waving grove
Shading our left extreme,—no flag display,
Till you shall reach the flowing Chippeway;
One league superior from the British bounds,
Where now their thoughts are bent upon their wounds,
There bridge the stream, while Hindman with his brass,
With globes embowell'd will defend the pass.
"The arch completed, cross in heavy rank,
Then in alignment, charge upon their flank,
While at the moment, I their front assail—
Use spear and falchion and our flags prevail—
The foe surpris'd will from our presence quail."
His orders finish'd. Presently withdrew
Ripley's battalions with excitement new
To brighten in their fame. The stout pi'neers
Down with the wood where any interferes
T' advance the cannon o'er the secret road.
Brief is the time that finds them at the flood.
Hindman implants upon an eminence
His brazen engines levell'd for defence,
Should enemies approach the work to mar,
With fire, th' imprison'd ruins to unbar.
Soon the strong axe-men, by redoubling blow,
Cause the tall pines upon the earth to bow;

With these they span the stream, and o'er them spread
A solid passway for the troops to tread.

Drummond by this, had reach'd the Chippeway
With ample numbers to sustain the fray.
Him, Rial greeted with a smile—and thus
His views described with feelings prosperous:
"Glad beats my heart t' embrace you at this hour,
For thou wilt raise the sinking of my power.
Freedom incens'd smites fearlessly with death—
A furnace kindled by a whirlwind's breath;
But, now supported by your bands at length,
No shield can guard them—they must bow their strength.
When night shall smother out this hateful day,
With silent march, we 'll ford the Chippeway,
And wind the path upon their rear unknown,
And let the combat at a blow be won."
Drummond rejoins: "My sword to draw in night
With slaughter edg'd, was ever my delight;
Does not the wolf, the leopard, tiger prey
On lambs—when absent is the orb of day?
So with myself—when darkness veils the sun,
I feel a madness through my veins to run."

* * * * * *

While each to other thus,—a shepherd swain,
(England his birth,) came hurrying o'er the plain;
He show'd anxiety. With panting breath,
To Rial, Drummond, he announc'd their death:
"Why stand conversing this momentous hour?
And know ye not that the Fredonian power

Is planning a descent! Late as I drove
My herds to graze the Chippeway above,
I kenn'd within the foliage of the wood---
At times in sight, at times in solitude,
The starry banner floating on the air
Threatening to pass and on your lines to bear!
As I observ'd them from a clifty ridge,
The pines were laid the Chippeway to bridge!"

* * * * *

Rial stood fix'd---disaster in his look---
At length abrupt his struggling passion broke:
" And do they thus audaciously aspire?
Drummond, be ready to emit the fire!
Walbeck, with flying guns---scarce orders, wait---
Attack the arch and sweep it desolate.
Soon I a cohort to your aid will send,
That they before thee in the dust may bend.
Plant, that your brass, when they with flames explode,
Shall break their ranks as they the defile crowd."
Walbeck receiv'd in hurry the behest.
He flew with flying cannon to arrest
Ripley, and check the progress of his toil.
Arriv'd---he strives the rising work to spoil;
But Hindman skilful with huge guns of fire,
Appals his courage while his troops expire.
Walbeck to Rial in disorder flies,
A wild expression lurking in his eyes:
So, when a traveller passing through a vale
Darken'd with jutting rocks---which many a tale
Had render'd hideous---how that walking shades

Of recent dead men in the lonesome glades
Were often seen to haunt the deep dark wood,
And show their marble bosoms stain'd with blood!
The traveller meets a spirit on his way,
All ghastly muffled in its robes of clay.
He thinks he hears its creeping death-note tread
Sound like the step that passes o'er the dead!
Alarm'd—he dashes by the hollow wind,
Fearing to cast a doubtful look behind.
He rushes to a cottage—bars the door,
His heart congealing, icy at its core.
His up-rais'd hair, quick breath, and pale-shrunk cheeks
Express his horror ere a thought he speaks:
  Thus Walbeck bore disaster in his look—
Relax'd by fear his joints like palsy shook.
  At length to Rial he, "Defend, guard, save
Thy banner from defeat! like ocean's wave
They come! they 've cross'd! they come with bayonets strong,
Sweeping the plains, driving our strength along!"

"And let them drive along!" (Rial rejoins,)
"Like waves of ocean—we 'll consume their lines,
Or roll them backward, as the madded storm
Rolls back the billows in tumultuous form—
Yea, strike them into nothingness——
"Behold!
See, on the front the banner'd stars unfold!
Thus charg'd—assail'd—we never can withstand
The solid onset of th' impetuous band!

Their steels are bent on slaughter!—forth retreat—
Give back to Queenstown and escape defeat!
They come resistless in their waken'd wrath,—
Their numbers thickening as they beat the path!"
  Thus Rial prudent of retreating spoke—
But Drummond gloomy in his darkness broke:
  "Retreat! no Briton lisps that word aloud!
Let Brown, let Ripley, in division crowd,
Bare shall their knees kiss earth!—Rial, no more
Think those cold thoughts, but hold upon your power.
We 'll meet and break the shock! Stand and employ
Our arms invincible! we 'll crush, destroy—
In carnage quench the stars! Like rocks our men,
We 'll plant and wall ourselves with bayonets keen.
Shame to retreat! The order, countermand,
And bid the army, flood with fire, the land!"
  While thus their sentiments they held diverse,
With threatening steel, advanc'd the patriot force—
Ripley a desert blast, the river down
To smite their flank; their front,—Scott, Miller, Brown;
The dauntless bearing in their movement seen
Heighten'd their form—half deified their mien,
Causing their eyes a withering flame to dart,
Which like death's arrow enter'd to the heart:
  Thus plundering wolves when driven to their cave,
Excite their blood, the lion's strength to brave;
Each mads the others rage—they snap their teeth,
And stand determin'd to effect his death.
But when the potent monarch of the wood
Comes storming onward in tempestuous mood—

Lashing his tail against his dark brown sides—
Loose in the wind his main, disorder'd rides—
His red eye rolling in a sea of fire,
While at each step he swells his passion higher.
His opening jaws reveal his foaming tongue—
Earth shakes beneath him as he bounds along!
The wolves become as water,—in despair
They break—vexing with dying scream the passing air:
Not otherwise the legions of the crown,
Their works abandon at the sight of Brown;
Like broken waves along the Queenstown road,
With consternation in their looks they crowd.
Fredonians mount the walls—the foe retir'd—
The bulwarks gain'd without a life expired!

* * * * *

Soon as the tumult of the charge was o'er,
And each was plac'd according to his power,
The venerable Swift saluted Brown,
To do some deed to give his years renown:
"Lo, heaven thus far, hath smil'd upon our arms—
But now the subject that they breast alarms,
Well doth my mind forebode: you strong desire,
To learn the path on which their flags retire.
By your assenting, I a band will guide,
And hunt them out and make you satisfied."
A kind solicitude Brown's answer show'd:
"I cannot yield that thou should'st trace the road,
Holding the enemy. Thy silver brow
Is rich excuse for not advancing now.

I need thy precept and example sage—
This arduous duty ill becomes thine age.
Riddle I'll order on the Queenstown road—
I think them there, or in its neighbourhood."
  To him the aged thus: "No joy I feel
When foes are present, but in works of steel;
Then hath the din of arms a music shrill,
It makes my nerves with young emotions thrill,
As when with Green the Eutaw field we won,
And York and Monmouth plains with Washington.
What swell'd my breast in those illustrious days,
Still round my heart in sweet remembrance plays.
When sword to sword our enemies we meet,
My pulses quicken with a rising beat.
Though these my scatter'd locks are blanch'd with age,
Strong throbs my bosom's fountain to engage.
  "Admit in arms I render up my life!
What nobler exit than to ward the knife,
Aim'd by a tyrant to assail our heart,
And break our chain of unity apart.
My fall would not be vain; were I to yield
This warring life while battling on the field—
These grey hairs dipp'd in blood would impulse give
To every arm to do the deeds that live!
  "Few are the hours of my abiding here—
What signifies a day, a month, a year
To such as me, whom age doth undermine—
This sword I girded not for mere design,
But with the motive Shelby in the west,
Assum'd his blade, our bondage to arrest."

Brown saw the veteran's energy of mind
Not to be bent from what it cool design'd:
"Yes, thou art aged—but thy soul is great—
Thine ancient heart still holds its youthful heat.
To second your design, choose Riddle, Wood,
Gardner or Biddle, number'd with the good—
Active they 'll trace the flying multitude.
Time suffers not more largely to reply,
For strong and pressing is th' emergency."
The hoary chief with young pulsation wheel'd,
Marshall'd his files and led them o'er the field.
Biddle his choice, who on his rear pursu'd—
Whose nerve elastic never was subdu'd;
But like the temper'd steel when forceful bent,
Recoil'd with power, augmented by restraint.

When Rial lost his momentary fear,
A guard he plac'd with Harvy on his rear,
Brown to observe;—brief were his orders pass'd,
Whether encamp'd, or moving slow or fast.
Harvy detach'd a ruffian from the ranks,
Randall, to scout upon the river banks;
And should he mark the Eagle sweep the air,
To give th' alarm and he 'd support him there.
Randall from Harvy with his band withdrew,
His bosom sprinkled with infernal dew;
And on the centre of his heart, a spot
Seem'd to declare that he was hell begot.
His caution was in vain. The patriots near,
By Swift conducted, make him yield to fear!

Smitten with crimes, he feels that he must die,
But pleads 'gainst hope, his life imploringly:
"Sage warrior! spare! O grant to me my life!
My death will perish daugher, son and wife!
I stand beneath them as a crutch for bread—
They 'll die of famine if you strike me dead!
Indulge—O show me favour for their sake!
Their tongues will praise thee till their heart-chords break,
And saint thee when in heaven"———
"What mean you thus,
Pleading for life?" (the aged tremulous.)
"Whence sprang these dark forebodings? Know! this sword,
To him who yields, protection doth afford.
We to the captive every grace bestow,
Hence, cast this paleness backward from thy brow."
This kindness said—he wheel'd his charger round
To form his squadron solid on the ground;
The first rank kneeling while the next remains
Firm—to resist the horse upon the plains.
The Briton now his native rancour felt—
Treacherous to cause the veteran's life to melt.
The spoiler of the soul unseen was near
To urge him onward in his fell career.
His grounded weapon in his hand he took,
While his press'd features cast a murderous look—
Too small the sockets to retain his eyes—
His hair like infant snakes terrific rise;

In levell'd line the fatal bead he trac'd,
To do an act that hell itself disgrac'd.
With certain aim upon the chief it bears—
He springs the lock!—the flame an instant glares—
The driven death-shot glance the bony spine,
Wounding the muscles that compose the chine—
Through convoluted bowels, burst their way,
And rush from 'neath the stomach into day!

* * * * * *

As when a lion at his favourite stream,
Shades by a palm-tree from the solar beam,
A crouching hunter from a thicket near,
With nervous arm lets fly a deadly spear.
Hot hissing from the wound descends the tide
Adown the surface of his brindled hide—
The lion rising terrible in might,
His passions burning to a frenzied height,
Leaps in the covert at his secret foe—
Seizes his throat and fangs him at a blow:
So aged Swift when he perceiv'd the wound,
Short wheel'd his charger on th' assassin round,
And blaz'd his holster'd arms as back he flew—
Th' avenging lead transfix'd his vitals through;
Shrieking he perishes—hard cramp his eyes—
Blood from his nostril flows—to hell his spirit flies.

During the skirmish, Harvy heard the sound,
And urg'd his sword-men to the murderous ground.
The bleeding veteran marks them through the wood:

"Warriors! prepare a sacrifice of blood!
Follow my sprinkling gore as on I lead—
And let quick darkness seize them for the deed!"
Biddle salutes him with pathetic word:
"Pale is thy cheek! O sheath thy lifted sword!
Thy life is wasting! I the charge will guide,
Till thou shalt say the crime is satisfied—
Perhaps not fatal is thy gushing tide!"
Swift answers: "Never will I leave the ground,
While strength remains to wield this falchion round.
"Give every arm its nerve! smite—slay the power!
Let me rejoice in this my final hour!"
His voice—his dying drops, touch every soul—
Death-striking flames against the foe they roll.
The Britons shrinking from the scene retire,
Hid in the flashes of the circling fire.
Where rage inflam'd the war, the veteran stood—
But heating of his heart, more copious stream'd his blood.
His features blanch'd, exhausted in the strife—
Yet lingering at its fountain, dwelt his life.
His aids dismount and tenderly assay
To bear him backward from the crowd away.
He waves his pallid hand: "Here let me yield
My last, last slumber on the battle field.
This is a death-bed I rejoice to find—
My breath expires—but heaven delights my mind!"
His tongue was sweet in death. He clos'd his eye—
A chariot stoop'd from heaven and wing'd his soul on high:

Not otherwise an oak with honours crown'd,
For rolling years had spread its foliage round—
When the rude tempest whistled from the north,
And snow and hail in blustering storm drove forth,—
Beneath its sheltering arms the tender flock
Slept in their peace, nor fear'd the boisterous shock
Which howl'd around its head. The hardy swain,
For years had hail'd it as a sacred fane—
The pride, the boast of all the village train:
While thus renown'd,—a wheelwright came by stealth,
(Pale was the glimmering moon,) for sake of wealth,
(O curs'd effects of gold!) and cleft it round—
It fell—its branches wither'd on the ground:
So Swift liv'd honour'd till his latest hour,
And fell at length by treachery's murderous power.

Biddle conveys the gray-hair'd chief to camp—
The virtues of the dead the army damp
With grief's cold dew. To mark his white locks red,
Matted in blood, their cheeks with frost o'erspread.
Cold in the dust they sink his pale remains—
The western sunbeams floating o'er the plains.
While on his breast the broken earth they roll,
Brown thus commences to relieve his soul:
"Dark is the tomb. Here solemn we enshrine
The mortal casket of a gem divine.
When in the west fair liberty arose,
He drew his brand and sheath'd it in her foes,
With Washington, Fayette, Montgomery, Greene,
And other worthies of that glorious scene.

He join'd his country's Star with silver brow
In righteous war for Independence now.
He falls lamented in the holy cause—
His name will live while virtue has applause.
" This narrow dwelling-house, the deep damp grave,
Receives alike the coward and the brave;
But mark—the memory of the dastard mind
Is gone like chaff that 's scatter'd to the wind—
The valiant lives through life—he never dies
While stars shall burn or sun illume the skies!
" Such fame, O Swift! will bright descend to thee,
Till time shall moulder in eternity!
" Here in thy sleep shall no wild dreams invade
To mar thy peace beneath the willow's shade.
No more shall Disappointment's barbed sting
Transpierce thy heart and sighs afflictive bring.
Hush'd is the serpent hiss of Slander's tongue—
And Malice enters not the dead among.
Pale Envy ceases inward to consume
With hell-pent fires, when worth descends the tomb.
Yea, thou hast dried in dust Affliction's tears—
Fled to th' eternal world rich crown'd with harvest years!
" Place two gray stones against his feet and head,
To mark the spot where sleeps the warrior dead;
That when the traveller shall pass this stream,
That he may say: 'There rests an honour'd name!'
Yea, future heroes will assemble here,
And damp his grave with many a patriot tear!"
He ceas'd—for grief weigh'd heavy on his soul—
A frequent tear-drop from his eyelids stole,

But he half veil'd the sorrow with his hand,
While they fulfill'd in silence his command.
They round the grave and sod it o'er with green,
In which are various germs of wild flowers seen—
Buds scarce defin'd—to quicken into bloom,
And fill the valley with a rich perfume.

CANTO XXVIII.

BATTLE OF NIAGARA

ARGUMENT.

Rial retreats to the heights of the Niagara. Brown having despatched Riddle to spy out the enemy, marches to the left bank of the Chippeway, at its junction with the Niagara. Scott being sent in pursuit of Riddle, falls in and engages with the whole of Rial's army. Riddle extricated from a dangerous situation, joins Scott in the height of action. Night coming on, Rial withdraws his forces.

The scene is laid at the above mentioned places. The time is three days—commencing on the evening of the burial of General Swift.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXVIII.

The meantime Rial urgently pursu'd
The path to Queenstown with his soul subdu'd;
As day withdrew from heaven, he clomb the Height
Niagara—pavilion'd for the night,
Near where the Bridgewater its current pours,
And the dread cataract stupendous roars.
As night descended on her sable plumes,
And veil'd the earth in unessential glooms,
Drummond, though valiant, yet at heart a fiend,
Whose lurid eyes a pestilence portend,
Saluted Rial thus: "No more I feel
To wall ourselves at Queenstown; this proud hill
Will give us ample strength. I mark'd the site,
While closing day was fading into night.
Here we by works defensive can remain,
And, in the teeth of all their power maintain
Our flag from falling, should they dare advance
Their haughty standards bent on violence.
By morrow's sun—my mind foretells me thus,
My senior brother will unite with us;

He bade me notify, as late I 've said,
That he this day would to the Fort proceed."
  During their converse, Loring, Drummond's aid,
Approach'd with foaming and this statement made:
  "With burning speed I 've flew from Drummond here,
To bear from him this message to your ear—
That ere the vanishing of morrow's light,
At fort of George his squadrons will unite;
And soon from thence will he augment your force,
To scatter Freedom to the Lawrence's source,
Where Packenham will meet us with his train,
And thus Columbia strangle with a chain,
And never more her liberties, regain."
  Thus Rial to the messenger: "Return
And urge him forth while clear the star-lights burn.
We need our utmost now. Their strength in fight,
Is like the bursting of a storm at night.
  "On this proud steep, my brazen tubes shall I
Defend with bulwarks, and assault defy;
But scarce so great their frenzy can I deem,
That they 'll advance against the fiery stream
Which we shall pour with sure destruction down,
And wrap in bloody robes the pride of Brown.
  "Drummond, survey defensive lines, at length,
And let the walls be solid in their strength.
The massive engines, plant upon the right—
By turns the warriors labour through the night."
  Loring by this was bounding o'er the plain
To urge the army, Rial to sustain.

Drummond at once with scientific band,
Mark'd the embankments to defend the land.
Ere softening twilight streak'd the eastern hill,
The Heights were bulwark'd with superior skill.

Soon as appears a doubtfulness of day,
The birds of heaven begin their amorous lay.
First twittering on the boughs they tune their throats,
And clear and sweeter they advance their notes.
At length transported,—with melodious strains,
They wake to life the vallies, hills and plains.
As virgin gold is seen upon the skies,
Refresh'd the patriots from their couches rise;
Convok'd in column by the drums' deep roll,
Brown in the centre, with collected soul,
Gives to his tongue his thoughts: "Once more the day
Glorious invites our standards to display
To reach the summit mark! Biddle descried
The dust as they upon the Queenstown hied.
"Riddle, your scout with wary footsteps lead,
And learn where proud the royal tents are spread.
When with the breeze you mark their banners play,
Then at the junction of the Chippeway,
Bear me swift notice. Presently shall I
Thither remove—defensive, fortify;
Where from the village* opposite can we
Procure supplies upon emergency.
"Strike the pavilions!—rank by tens in file,
And let the music be the quickening style."

* Schlosser.

Riddle proceeded with his scout to trace
Where wav'd the banner of the Albion race.
They struck their sheltering tents and fill'd the wains—
The sturdy horses ready in their chains
Onward to move. The music strikes the march—
By sections wheeling in due form they arch
In lines of beauty that delight the eye,
The sunbeams glancing on the musketry.
The bayonets pointing up to heaven appear
Like petrifactions form'd of liquid tear
That weeps from crystal rocks—as pure, serene,
As drops of that bright shower, where first was seen
The bow of promise lovely in the sky,
New from the forming hands of Deity.
They reach the junction of the flowing streams,
As the th'd sun emits his farewell beams.
On a light arch the Chippeway they pass—
The flood beneath them a reflecting glass,
In which, in proud array their standards shine,
Like something pencill'd by a hand divine.
They pile their arms to wound and trench the land,
Jealous the foe's inbreaking to withstand.
Along the Chippeway the lines commence—
Drops oozing from their brows by toils intense.

A day of clouds succeeds,—and night returns,
Pouring thick darkness from her leaden urns.
A spongy vapour from the lake afar,
Smothers the brilliancy of every star;

It makes them glimmer in a sickly mood,
Though clogg'd in travelling through a path of blood.
  Behold a spy comes leaping through the night
To Rial's tent—the tidings to recite:
  "The freedom Star, as clos'd preceding day,
Shone at the junction of the Chippeway.
From us their flag is parted by the stream—
I saw them labouring by the twilight gleam.
Plac'd are the outward guards, twelve furlongs hence,
Unknown, that you defend this eminence."
  This he deliver'd with a deference due,
And to his charger with light step withdrew—
Remounted—plied the spur, or rein'd his steed,
To scout the outposts with a jealous heed.

* * * * *

  Rial slept not—but weigh'd with balanc'd skill
The plan best suited to defend the hill;
Soon he resolv'd upon a method deep,
And gave his senses to embalming sleep.

  The low-hung vapours settle to the earth—
The dancing stars in beauteous robes shine forth.
Proud in their spheres careering planets roll,
While borealis flickers round the pole.
The village cock with early clarion shrill,
Greets Venus lovely on her chosen hill;
Her sisters fade, but she, as twilight gleams,
More sweetly sparkles in the rippling streams.
With simple beauty she bedecks the sky,
Till heaven's gold orb illuminates on high.

When mimic rainbows in the dew-drops shone,
The music rous'd the legions of the Throne.
Rial arose—approv'd the plan he'd laid,
While on a soldier's pillow lean'd his head—
Then is the moment that the soul can weigh
The sum of things—the different views survey—
Calm flows the blood—the mortal parts at rest,
The mind expansive can its strength attest.
He call'd his chiefs—by sending Plenderleath—
Drummond and Holbrook, Harvy, Walbeck, Keith;
They at the summons given right valorous
Approach'd, and Rial his intentions thus:
"Leaders invincible of England's troop!
'Tis ours this day to make the Eagle stoop
To th' imperial Lion with his shaggy mane,
Whose lightning eye will scath her on the plain.
"Harvy, proceed with five times fifty bold,
Till you their forward standards shall behold;
Approach—allure them with a skirmish fight,
Till we can reach them with our arms of might.
Holbrook, with fencibles the batteries, man,
Ready with blazing mouths to aid the plan;
But them in silence, smother till they show,
Ere you emit the volum'd flames below.
"Drummond, your falchion, draw upon the right,
And there the tempest of thy soul excite;
Your left, throw back, your dexter wing advance,
That fatal every ball oblique may glance.

Walbeck, the left of Drummond is your place—
Let each bestar his bosom with a grace
From royal hands,—and prove his noble race."
When Rial finish'd his instructions few,
The chiefs immediate to their posts withdrew:
Harvy proceeded to begin the fight,
And then t' allure the patriots to the Height.
Holbrook the cannon guarded; Drummond then,
Strong on the right obliquely play'd his men.

Meantime their wounded the Fredonians bore
Apast the stream with easy-motion'd oar;
While from the village, barges in return,
Floated supplies, which cause the blood to burn
With vitalizing flame—as oil sustains
The lamp, or flowers revive from softening rains.
Furnish'd with ample means the field to tread,
Brown to the leaders of the army said:
"Four dial angles is the sun's descent
From heaven's meridian to the occident,
Yet I of Riddle have no tidings heard,
Hence my fears tell me something has occurr'd—
Lost in the wilderness, perhaps the foe
Hath hemm'd him round, and he a captive now.
"Scott, your battalions on the Queenstown lead
And let no object pass in ambush hid.
And should you meet the Lion in your way,
Send me due notice, and commence the fray."
Scott heard the summons with a look serene—
He leap'd his charger—bounded o'er the green—

Headed his column with a brilliant eye,
Bright as their armour in effulgency:
  Thus Sprague in winter from rich visions rose—
(In night it rained and as it fell it froze,)
The forest trees with ice was silver'd o'er,
And every shrub a various beauty bore;
But when the sun had topp'd the south-east hill,
The scene enchanting made his bosom thrill.
Innumerous gems of lucid diamonds bright,
Of purest radiance, tremble with delight—
He gaz'd with wonder pouring from his eyes,
His soul entranc'd with nameless ecstasies.
Back from his mind the thoughts of earth were driven—
It seem'd a fancy-work design'd by heaven:
  Thus Scott's battalions shone upon the field,
Like that which late the poet's eye beheld.
  When Scott had pass'd the Chippeway, he stay'd
Those in the van, and this arrangement made:
  "Pentland, with infantry in front, proceed,
And let your name be mark'd with signal deed.
Harris, on either wing with icy brands,
Scout with your horse to search the lurking bands;
And should you meet the standards of the foe,
Begin the onset and your bearing show.
We, instant guided by your flags shall wheel,
And prove the harden'd temper of our steel."
  Pentland and Harris listen'd to the chief,
And prompt to order fil'd their cohorts brief;
Scott with slow movement on their rear pursu'd,
His prospect cover'd by the hiding wood.

Soon Pentland, Harris open'd on the view
Of Harvy's line—who artfully withdrew—
Pentland hard press'd him with courageous heat,
While back he hied as with unwilling feet.
At length he stood upon advantage ground,
And, wheeling struck the flint with battling sound.
Pentland as willing thus: "The flames, return!
But aim the heart before the sparkles burn."
The horse and solid infantry display—
Each hostile banner holds an equal fray.
The skirmish for a time with spirit burns,
Till Harvy wounded to his place returns.

While Pentland, Harris this contention held,
From Scott their waving standards were conceal'd
By intervening growth. Hurrying his path,
His eye observ'd them in the midst of wrath.
At token of his sword his warriors stand
Firm in their place to listen to command:
"See Pentland, Harris testify their might!

* * * * *

Behold the legions planted on the Height!
They seem like darkness buried in a cloud,
While trooping ghosts around its borders crowd,
Their pallid garments dabbled o'er with blood!
"Through scenes of fire to fame's proud summit climb!
There let each name be register'd sublime!
Let every heart be cas'd with granite rock—
Yea, wall it round to meet th' opposing shock.

"Jessup, your heroes to the right lead forth,
And like a reaper, harvest them to earth.
And, Leavensworth, the left belongs to thee,
Strengthen'd by Towson with artillery.
Defend the centre, Brady and McNeal,
And show the binding of your hearts is steel.
"Be thoughts of life remote, no faltering eye,
Be only thoughtful of the victory!
In column, follow to the field away—
Rapid at wielding of my sword, display,
And veil yourselves in fire!
"What though their power
Looks like the promise of a blazing shower,
Yet will we meet the tempest with a smile,
And, with a bath of flame melt down the hill!"
His voice partook of a celestial sound,
For, lo! Fredonia bore the echo round,
The patriots seem'd translated from the earth,
Scorning the sinews of their mortal birth.
Scott onward led them with their souls renew'd
Beyond the borders of the clustering wood.
Rial beheld—to Holbrook, gave the sign,
Who bade the matches kindle through the line—
His cannon pour'd their thunder-voice like heaven,
When quake the mountains and the hills are riven.
Scott plac'd a smile of gladness on his mien,
As when a rainbow in a storm is seen:
"Hark to the organ note! column! display!
Cast mortal objects from the mind away,
And to eternity, bequeath the day!"

With movement calm the fearless cube display'd,
As he the manner of attack had laid,
While from the height a raining fire was hurl'd,
As when Gomorrah melted from the world.

Previous had Rial rode, his lines along,
And as he pass'd, this echoed from his tongue:
"Behold the Starry Banner, moving slow!
Stand in proud attitude—their veins shall flow!
Some mad delusion must have turn'd their brain,
Or never thus they 'd venture on the plain.
Their recent victories will cost them death—
It makes them reckless of the battle's breath.
See how their standards vauntingly they loom!
But when we open, will their pride deplume—
Yes, when our engines shall receive the fire,
Their haughty port of freedom will expire!
"Hark! Holbrook's cannonry begins to burn!
But see, they stand and back the flames return!
In vain for them upon the Height to bear,
Hence their explosions foolishness declare!
Look! they approach!—but slaughter is their doom,
Sparkle the flint! consign them to the tomb!"
Lo, as the order from his tongue came forth,
A sudden blaze seem'd burning up the earth—
Smoke rolling, thunder peeling. Drummond fierce,
Look'd though his heart were madden'd with a curse,
Columbians stand like spirits on a cloud,
While heaven's artillery breaks beneath them loud.

Scott turning to his aid in brief began,
Jones, small of limb,—but mental was the man:
" Bound to the Chippeway with leaping speed—
Proclaim to Brown his utmost strength we need.
Th' unequal balance of the war you know—
And how the streams of blood begin to flow."
Jones without answer on his courser flew,
Swift as an arrow when its race is new;
The rapid motion suck'd away his breath,
Hence oft he check'd the rein, of air to breathe;
And though in fleetness he outstrips the wind,
Yet on his path he lingers in his mind.

While these events transpir'd, with winkless eye
Riddle advanc'd the regal flag to spy;
When soft the sun departed in the west,
Close in a thicket-grove he sunk to rest;
But when at dawn the stars began to fade,
He rose and cautiously the woods survey'd.
Now as the sun had turn'd his chariot west,
He kenn'd a royal troop in crimson dress'd,
Reddening the woods!—He whisper'd to his band:
" Mark you the enemy! in silence, stand!
Secret we 'll pass them in a circle round,
And make them cast their weapons on the ground—
From whom, the place of their retreat we'll learn,
And then to Brown with hasty march return."
His views made manifest,—they trail the wood,
While their hearts beat with stimulating blood.

With eyes reverted on the foe they move,
Conceal'd beneath the covert of the grove.
  Soft as they wind an intervening hill,
Absorb'd—intent their purpose to fulfil,
Three strangers hastening through a glen they spy,
Who with concernment in their looks draw nigh.
The senior thus to Riddle: "Lo, for thee,
Our bosoms throb with deep anxiety.
We saw thy movement in the forest back,
And hasten'd to persuade you to retrack.
We grieve to see the flag of Freedom sink,—
Behold, you stand upon a dangerous brink!
The English standards with vast bulwarks strong,
Are trench'd in yonder heights to prop their slavish
    wrong.
And these whom now you seek, instant can be
Strengthen'd to bind you in captivity.
  "Our souls, our hearts, are yours; we long to join
The Star that beams with Liberty divine;
But O 'tis more than we can dare to hope,
That you in infancy with age can cope.
Their strength comes darkening on!—each passing day,
Ranks crowd on ranks thy powers to disarray.
  "When Hull with treachery to Brock resign'd,
Thrice eighty of our brothers were consign'd
To perish on the tree! yet flowrets wreathe
Their graves, by incense rising from beneath—
A phœnix spirit will avenge their death!
  "By Hull deceiv'd, with weighing caution now,
We raise our arm to make the tyrants bow.

Our hearts throbb'd lightning when his voice came
forth,
Inviting us to join with Freedom's birth.
In secret places weapons were conceal'd,
At his advance to aid him in the field.
"But Wilson with Canadian volunteers,
Will put to test, what we in future years
Will proudly dare to break the regal chain,
That now confines us to a monarch's reign.
"The day is rolling on—the hour will come,
When we shall strike for Liberty at home—
Each tongue triumphant will her anthems sing,
And shout on high deliverance from a king!
The reign of kings is hastening to decay—
Thy conscript fathers first illum'd the way!
Wide o'er the silver lakes the light will spread,
Till royal tinsel in its blaze shall fade.
Where thy Montgomery fell, a tomb will rise,
As the first martyr of our liberties!
"But time admits us to enlarge no more,
For see—their flag is moving on with power.
Now pledging each his faith, our hands we'll join—
May vict'ry's garland round thy brows entwine!"
With heart-emotion Riddle gave his hand—
Bade them farewell: "Ye patriots of the land!
Deep from my bosom my best thanks receive—
And could I more, I *that* with joy would give."
This having said. The strangers bow'd—withdrew;
And Riddle wheeling to his band in few:
"Wink at the danger with unclouded eye;
Follow in silence and we pass them by—

With hurried footsteps, make the Chippeway,
And bear to Brown the tidings of the day—
Where Rial stands in all his arms complete—
And how by friendship we were sav'd defeat."
  These accents brief pronounc'd, he led them slow,
With feet of down, to shun the scouting foe.
The strangers bade them to the left recede,
Along the glen with cedars overspread—
The streamlet gliding to the Chippeway,
Him, kept from wandering from the path astray.

* * * * * *

"Hark!—Stand!"—they listen with attentive ear—
"What sudden vollies on the left we hear?
The lines have met—the battle has begun!
"The message bearing to the chief is done.
Th' augmenting peals reverberate around—
It seems I feel the shaking of the ground!
The cannon's voice will guide us to the fray—
Brown must be there—forsook the Chippeway."
  With feet of deer, directed by the sound,
They sweep the woods to join the war profound:
  Thus when an eagle on a cedar high,
To call her young, begins her well-known cry;
Shrill as the echoes round the welkin float,
Her new-fledg'd offspring listen to the note—
They spread their pinions—through the air rejoice,
Their compass guided by the anxious voice:
  The band of Riddle as young eagles thus
Hied through the wood with feelings emulous;

The battle's din was as their parent's cry,
Urging their path with impulse rapidly.
  They from the covering of the forest, lo!
Sudden emerg'd where sanguine streamlets flow!
  So when creation shall dissolve with heat,
While thousand whirlwinds on the mountains beat,
Huge globes of fire with besom vengeance driven,
Like comets burning through the waste of heaven;
The sleeping dead upon their pillow'd dust,
Shall hear the summons and their slumbers burst—
Break from the calmness of the tomb and rise
Amid the throes of nature's agonies—
Yet shall the righteous mark the dreadful scene,
And not a fear be cast upon their mien!
  Not this unlike—from out the solitude,
Form'd by an untrod wilderness of wood,
Usher'd the band abrupt upon the field,
Where death in equal scales the combat held!

* * * * *

"For ever foremost with the valiant found!
While thousands fail, thy name will be renown'd!
Advance thy warriors to the left extreme,
Whose deeds are worthy of the poet's theme."
  Scott spoke their virtue—Riddle not a word,
But as he pass'd, he bow'd to him his sword.
To far extreme of Leavensworth he strode,
And soon the blood in a new channel flow'd.
  The hill—the plain is overspread with fire,
While bosoms wounded with a throb expire.
From weapons, bayonet-pointed, ceaseless flash
The vaulting flames, while cannon-thunders crash,

Pausing at intervals, like those which break
The prisoning clouds and cause the heavens to shake
  Ten chiefs of veteran character are laid
Prone on the earth—their bosom engines stay'd—
Of royal robes their shrouds of burial made.

Fredonians slumber on the beds of death,
Their temples bound with a celestial wreath:
Simral and Skinner, Hopkinton and Burns—
Their memories treasur'd in immortal urns.
  Hampshire's illustrious son, the bold Mac Neal,
Resembled Miller brandishing his steel.
Thrice he was lost while leading to the charge—
But, lo! full soon would he again emerge,
Cover'd with dust! his crimson blade would show
The execution he had dealt the foe;
Urging a fourth assault—a grape shot tore
The bone that locks the knee—yet still he bore
His bosom to the field! This effort done,
He met with Scott—upbraiding he begun:
  "I thought you worthy till this hour to lead—
A maniac courage is your only mead!
What boots it to be brave if prudence fail?
Prudence and courage in embrace prevail!
Is it not midnight?—can the eye discern
Where on the enemy our arms to turn?
And every instant grows the thickening dark—
No star emits a salutary spark!
Why do you not the din of battle hush?
Art thou a modern Arnold? bent to crush

Our standards wrapp'd in blood? or art thou Hull?
Where—where is Jessup? Leavensworth?—Annul
Shall they, the rule, unworthy you retain,
And lead our dying heroes from the plain!"

* * * * *

Scott mark'd the ashy paleness of his cheek,
And with soul-tenderness began to speak:
"Aids, bear the bleeding patriot from my sight!
His senses wander in the paths of night.
O how illustrious will his wound appear!—
But haste—convey him from the turmoil here.
A bosom never held, more brave than his,
A heart:—it wakens all my sympathies
To see him thus—gentle conduct him hence."
A bullet came with speedful violence,
Again was scath'd Mac Neal,—it glanc'd the bone,
That walls the brain;—insensible—a stone—
He drops to earth! His aids dismount and bear
Their dying leader to the surgeons' care,
Who raise the skull compressing of the brain,
And soon the hero from his trance regain.
A ball through Brady's hip, deep burns a wound,
Which hurls him weltering to the trodden ground;
But soon assisted he remounts again—
His soul indignant scorns to leave the plain.
Of chiefs depriv'd, the centre ranks give way,
Unable longer to withstand the fray;
But Crawford, Sawyer, in their years of life,
With these expressions bind them to the strife:

"Never—O never—never thus retire—
But rather bare the bosom and expire!
Marshal in column—we 'll conduct you forth
To do proud deeds with those of Leavensworth!"

* * * * *

As when a flock is scatter'd o'er the plain
By ruffian wolves which half their friends had slain,
Two youthful shepherds call them to the fold—
They hear their voices sweeter than the gold
That trembles on the harp—bleating they bound,
And herd together at th' inviting sound:
So the brave youths collect the scatter'd bands,
And lead them forth to where the field demands—
The left of Leavensworth; their powers revive—
And many a foe the moment ceas'd to live!

Now Leavensworth the pressing strife beheld,
And, to inflame his cohorts on the field,
He thus from rank to rank: "Live—live or die!
And let *this* day all other days outvie!
Let triple lightnings in their fury glare—
Let thunders burst and break along the air—
Let whirlwinds sweep the earth—let nature reel—
Should e'en the gripe of death creation feel,
Nay,—never shrink back!—never wink an eye—
We gain the fight, or gain eternity!"
His soul came forth. Hot plays the chafing blood—
To heaven they kindle like a blazing wood.
As night descends, more dread the fiery stream
Touches the features with a ghastly gleam,

Like spectres riding on the clouds of fire,
Seen as the flashes quicken and expire!

Scott for a time upon a hill had stood
T' observe the fight. He gives command to Wood,
Ever at hand: "To Leavensworth, declare,
That he advance against the right wing there,
And break it back; no longer thus contend
With doubtful lead, but on the steel depend!"
Wood plied the spur and bounded to the chief,
And spoke the mandate with an accent brief:
"I bear the word as Scott to me hath said—
The wing, charge back, nor trust th' uncertain lead!"

"In martial style, to the commander say,
I 'll strive the desperate order to obey.
Though half my strength is melting in the dust,
I 'll lead the onset—die in arms the first!"

* * * * *

"Hush, hush the fire!—We now our souls must prove,
Firm through the dreadful walks of death to move!
Sole on the sharpen'd steel our hopes rely—
On like a desert blast and rush the enemy!"
Ere he had ended was the fire suppress'd—
Each held his arms supported to his breast.
They move against the field with angry blade—
And as they move, they cast a dubious shade,
Deep like the darkness that precedes a storm,
Threatening the earth with ruin to deform.

Meantime with loosen'd rein the gallant Wood
To Scott return'd: "The soil is drunk with blood!
Though half his strength is weltering in the fray,
The daring chief is moving on his way!

"His loss is more severe———
"Instant return,
And bid the hero let the battle burn;
Skim the red earth—the order, countermand—
Rescue from death the fame-eternal band!"
Wood leaps an arrow in its burning glance,
And thus to Leavensworth in proud advance:
"The general bids thee to implant thy bands—
Repeat the fire;—the order, countermands."
The matchless warrior halted at the word,
And a full volley on their centre pour'd.
The moment's pause admitted them to breathe,
Hence to the foe they larger flame bequeath:
So when on melting coals is fuel thrown,
At first it cools their glowing ardour down—
But the combustibles ere long revive
The flames, which flashing o'er the furnace drive.
The momentary pause that damp'd the fire,
Adds to the blaze intensity of ire:
Such the effect—the pausing of the *free*,
Pour'd deeper vollies on the enemy.

The meantime Drummond foaming in his might,
Became like frenzy to maintain the fight;

From rank to rank he cast a blackening look,
And thus enrag'd, his failing host, bespoke:
"What! shall we kneel our joints upon the earth
To those who know no *royalty* of birth?
Who wear no gilded star upon their breast
To show a *Monarch* hath their actions grac'd?
Shall such as *these* our banners overcome?
For shame, ye English!—open them the tomb!
Did I you English call?—the name you 've lost—
Your hearts are frozen with a coward frost.
What! conquer will ye not with thousands strong
A race of yesterday? in battle young?
"Ye are not men! the field of thunder fly!
Go to the loom—the female distaff, ply.
Enrobe your women in the works of steel,
For they more valiant will your deeds excel!
"Britons! prove worthy of the name!—revive!—
Never like dastards from the bayonet give!
Let flames be seen as hell—terrible as death—
Smother—annihilate with burning breath,
And let their bodies bleach upon the heath!
Uncase the hidden heart! slaughter make good,
And let my soul be satisfied with blood!"
With pride in madness passionate he said,
While his swell'd eyeballs started from his head.
His legions rose o'erwhelming like a stream
Bursting its banks. The violence of flame
Tinges the edges of the clouds of heaven,
So vast a sheet of pouring fire is driven,

Intent to sweep the patriots from the field—
Yet still unshaken they the combat held!
  Thus Etna blazing equal for a time,
Waxing nor waning in its power sublime,
Till a keen spark found passage through a rock,
Which long had sav'd the mountain from a shock—
Deep sunk beneath were beds of nitre stow'd,
Iron fermenting sulphur to displode.
The sparkle animates the fiery mass—
The mountain thunders from the place it was;
The huge blaze leaping to the height of heaven,
Palsies the earth with dire convulsions riven:
  So had the Albions with unyielding pride,
Pour'd the red liquid in a flooding tide;
But Drummond's voice was as the quickening spark,
Maddening the brain to strike the fatal mark.

  Like rock-hewn images Columbians stand,
Defying death at Leavensworth's command.
Buried in flames they back return the lead,
And many a foe is number'd with the dead.
  But Drummond still advancing with a press—
Thus Leavensworth to Wood in sore distress:
  "To Scott, leap your swift charger—him, inform
How wastes my strength—how pestilent the storm!
I fear that I must give! It wrings my heart
To think the thought—but see what lives depart!"
  A hasty meteor streaming down the skies,
Wood to the general without breathing flies:

"So dire the smothering flames our arms scarce live—
And Leavensworth forebodes that he must give!"

* * * * * *

Scott drank the icy word—his goading heel,
Plied to the tender fibre—bar'd his steel
While flying with the fury of the wind,
The time it leaves the hurried clouds behind.
His presence, like divinity of soul,
Thrill'd every bosom and inspir'd the whole:
"Give fire to the heart! O 'tis sweet to die!
Who dies this day will reach eternity,
And saint his name with Washington on high!
Lo! Brown approaches with a veteran band—
Here will I pour my blood upon the land!
Die, die with me and glorify the scene—
Forget your birth was that of mortal men!"
He cast his eye to heaven and flash'd his brand,
Which seem'd as fire that kindled in his hand.
The warriors felt his influence not of earth,
And pour'd devout their adorations forth.
The air is thick as dropping rain with ball—
Both friend and enemy unsightly fall;
The vaulting flames whole ranks successive kill,
While streams of blood run trickling down the hill:
As when a storm comes scowling o'er the earth,
Mustering its anger as it passes forth;
Slow it proceeds on murky wings along,
An awful silence muffled on its tongue.
At length it pours its ruins on the height
Of Laurel Ridge—the mountain braves its might—

The balls of thunder break upon the rocks,
While blazing fragments fasten on the oaks
And pines that reach to heaven—mad whirlwinds swell,
Yet fix'd the mountain stands immoveable:
  Fredonians thus th' unequal strife maintain,
Though death comes forward in a fiery rain,
Scathing the earth—artilleries roll on high,
Whilst whirlings clouds are toss'd through vacancy.

  The soul of Rial shrunk to mark the slain,
And thus to Plenderleath—his heart in pain:
  "To Drummond, hasten where the bravest bleed,
And bid him column'd from the strife recede.
  "Brown with vast numbers must his ranks have swell'd—
'Tis waste of life! Command him from the field."
  Rapid the mandate Plenderleath convey'd—
The summons wrathful Drummond sour obey'd;
Backward he led his army from the scene
O'er horse and rider slain, and dead, and bleeding men.
As slow he mov'd, so hushed the peals of death,
For Scott's immortal band were failing of their breath.

* * * * * *

  How awful is the pause! The war's red light,
Glaring the elements, is roll'd in night.
Strange silence reigns, save dread Niagara's sound,
Which heavy roars with solemn din profound.
The bosom-breaking groans of dying men,
At times upon the gale are heard between.
Ghosts flit in darkness deep, all rob'd in white,
Travelling with paleness o'er the field of fight!

CANTO XXIX.

BATTLE OF NIAGARA, CONTINUED.

ARGUMENT.

Scott is reinforced by Brown, Rial by General Drummond. The battle is renewed with great violence. Jessup attacks the British reserve. Capture of General Rial. Ripley and Miller assail and carry the Heights.

The scene is laid at the mouth of the Chippeway and at the Heights of the Niagara. The time is about six hours—commencing with the beginning of the action.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXIX.

When clos'd the armies in contention dire,
Their blood-veins burning like red streams of fire;
The peals redoubling from the cannon's tongue,
Wide through the elements repulsive rung,
Mingled with flame like that to lightning given,
When thunders shake the firmament of heaven.
Brown at the Chippeway, hearkening profound,
Heard the rough war reverberate around—
He judg'd that Rial with unbroken power,
Was near the heights of the Niagara shore.
His features brighten'd as the action grew,
And thus to Ripley he began in few:
" 'Tis Scott! I know his cannon by their tongue—
Hasten thy warriors in their strength along.
Near the dread cataract the tumult breaks—
How the strife thickens!—how the concave shakes!
I with my flying aids will onward bound,
For Scott perchance may meet a fatal wound.
This said, he waited not, but touch'd the goad—
His mettled courser dash'd upon the road—

Gardner, Mac Ree, Dix, Austin, Spencer, young,
With equal speed devour'd the path along.

* * * * *

Who meets and stays the chief?—the aid of Scott,
Jones—whom he sent when first the strife grew hot.
"Express I've skimm'd the path. The battle now
Pours on our ranks a torrent overflow.
On Heights Niagara oblique they stand,
And like a furnace conflagrate the land."
Jones spoke with rapidness. Quick thoughted Brown,
Him, answer'd brief: "To Chippeway, speed on—
Bid Porter to advance ere night grows dark,
And Hindman ready with his flying park."
He stay'd to add no more, but onward flew,
And reach'd the field as Drummond's strength withdrew;
Jones to the Chippeway his charger press'd,
And gave to Porter's ear the chief's behest.

When Brown approaching was by Scott beheld,
A gladdening music every fibre thrill'd:
Thus when a vessel by a tempest shock,
Is dash'd in fragments on a pointed rock,
The mariners apply the means at hand
To ride the billows to the distant land.
Numbers in panic seize upon an oar,
And never with their life are heard of more.
The mate with every aid within his reach,
Lash'd to a spar, gains slowly on the beach.
At length exhausted, struggling with the flood,
He feels death's palsy stiffening up his blood.

Lo, in the act of yielding to his fate,
Vanish'd his every hope disconsolate—
His captain hastens with the boat-of-life,
And swift redeems him from the billowy strife!
Rapt, lost, o'erpower'd, his strong emotions fail,
His kind deliverer in his joy to hail:
  Such feelings came to Scott when he beheld
The chief advancing through the glimmering field:
  "My soul was sinking in the dust of earth,
But O, thy presence gives my hope new birth!
I need not history the engagement now—
By the deep groans you may its sadness know.
The plain was cloth'd with fire! full half my strength
Are shrouded cold in battle-robes their length.
Burns, Simral, Skinner, Hopkinton are made
Like wither'd lilies, on their biers low laid.
Others, their blood like water on the earth,
In rich abundance for the cause pour'd forth.
The wounds of Brady ask for time to heal;
With knee-joint fractur'd, is the bold Mac Neal.
Fain would my tongue of Leavensworth recite,
And Jessup's deeds—fame covers them as light.
Of Crawford, Sawyer, silence would be crime—
For youths so young, their efforts were sublime;
The centre column by its leaders slain,
Was broke in fragments scatter'd o'er the plain—
But, lo! like shepherds when the wolves are near,
They brought them back,—dissolv'd their every fear.
  "The half I cannot note. Who can relate
Distinctive characters where all are great?"

He ended. Brady with a flush rejoins:
Too shallow is my wound to leave the lines.
So long as I retain my bosom's heat,
From off the field I never will retreat."
His eye convey'd his meaning by its look,
And Brown his thoughts of admiration broke:
"My tongue deceives me: Lo, I thought to speak
The language of my heart—but O how weak!
Yes, I a something in my bosom feel—
But I that *something* never can reveal.
My tongue limps awkward to express my soul—
Feelings I *feel* beyond me to control.
"Round every temple will the laurel bloom—
Celestial plants will flourish on their tomb.
None can have precedence—all—all are first—
Those pass'd with life are wrapp'd in envious dust!
E'en could I speak their fame, th' impending hour
Forbids their eulogy.—The English power,
By the deep echo of their drums afar,
In strength are gathering to provoke the war.
"Spencer, away upon the wing of flight,
And bear these orders through the shades of night:
"Porter, whose mind is steel combin'd with gold,
On left of Scott will his position hold.
Both Hindman, Towson will the centre take—
Their guns will token for the strife to wake,
And bid our lines the hemisphere to shake.
On right of Scott, will Ripley, Miller form,
And there with jealousy observe the storm;—
For should the foe on Scott or Porter bear,
intent to crush their lofty character,

They lock'd in column will the Height assail,
And pierce the engines of their life with steel."
Spencer impatiently receiv'd the word—
Wheel'd—and his charger to the office spurr'd.

While these preparatory plans were laid,
Ripley, his troops had to the field convey'd,
Ready to be in battle-line display'd;
Soon Porter join'd him with his volunteers,
To shine like stars that decorate the spheres.
Ritchie and Hindman, names to never die,
Drew in the centre their artillery.
Now Ripley turning to his foremost aid,
The swift Mac Donald—this commission, said:
"Outleap the wind and seek the ear of Brown—
Inform the chief we wait for our renown."
Mac Donald rein'd his courser and retir'd,
Sweeping the way with lightning sparkle fir'd.
In half the distance, he young Spencer meets,
Who, him, with friendly salutation greets:
"Whither away so fast? Is Ripley on?
I bear to him the purposes of Brown."

"He is," (replied Mac Donald—accent brief.)
"This saves my farther progress to the chief.
Repeat what part is ours—no time to stay—
Time flies on lightning wings—the orders, say?"

"Silent receive them: On the left of Scott,
Porter will marshal to elance the shot.

Towson and Hindman will their parks unite,
And take the centre and begin the fight.
Ripley will stand upon the right extreme,
To fatal answer when the guns shall flame;
And jealous watch, as circumstance shall call,
To drive the bayonet or let fly the ball.
"These the instructions to the Ripley line—
Brother, farewell—that 's yours, this course is mine."
Nodding their plumes they wheel'd a different way—
Spencer to Brown,—where Ripley's troops array
With Porter's, Hindman's—back Mac Donald sped,
And gave what Spencer on the path had said.
The different chiefs, when they the summons heard,
Took their positions without passing word.

The meantime Drummond from the fort,* his arms,
Led forth in squadrons like oppressive swarms;
Vincent reserv'd, withheld his strength behind,
The host to succour with victorious mind.
As Drummond rose the hill with regal band,
Rial approach'd and offer'd him his hand:
"A new sensation in my breast I feel
To greet you here clad in the works of steel!
Never such strife was seen since earth began—
At first I doubted that their strength was man.
Nothing my mind can liken to this even,
Save Michael's battle on the plains of heaven.
The more we slew, more strong they seem'd to rise,
While dire the conflict kindled to the skies.

* Fort George.

Your brother fought them with a Lion's wrath—
His smiting falchion carv'd a slaughtering path.
"But sad my bosom heaves to speak the truth—
Shaw, Amherst, Aimwell, Barrington the youth,
Yielded their lives, and Darnly, Rockwell, Sloan—
Backhamstead, Odin, Epherson, Mahone.
"So numerous were the slain at edge of night,
I thought it prudent to withdraw the fight;
And Loring speaking your approach at hand,
Made me more willing to recede the band,
That we together might a plan devise
To strike their towering standards from the skies;
But I must warn you of the fiery Scott—
Steel-ribb'd—his heart 's impervious to the shot."
Thus he. And Drummond then: "The thought was wise
To drain the blood of all our enemies!
My bosom long hath panted for this hour
To wrench the Eagle from her beetling tower.
Speak not of Michael in the fight of heaven,
For, lo! they presently to death are given.
Yea, brief the number'd minutes which they live—
And scarce I mercy to their prayers will give.
"This Brown once conquer'd and his forces dead,
We 'll cross the lakes—their shores triumphant tread;
Ransack the villages—their dwellings burn,
And all the country into ruin turn.
"Rial, in rest, stand you upon reserve—
Your deeds this day the royal gifts deserve,
For thou hast fought them with superior nerve.

Now I invincible will onward rush,
And at a blow, these Michael warriors crush.
Never shall this day's action be forgot—
But first I 'll sacrifice the life of Scott.
"Behold their cannon lightens up the hill!
On! England! on—and show your power to kill—
Your consummating destinies fulfil!"
As when from bleak November's squally cloud,
The winds in hurricane come rushing loud;
Levelling the stately forest in its path,
Shaking the hills like earthquake in its wrath:
The arms of Drummond raise an equal sound,
Moving to battle o'er the solid ground.
Loud groans the earth beneath their labouring feet—
Sudden they open with eruptive sheet,
Broad as the blazing of exploding fire,
When clouds emit their thunderbolts of ire.
Like Egypt's pyramids the patriots stand
Strong in their strength—unconquerable band!
Porter gives action to the volunteers—
The noise of Scott breaks deafening on the spheres—
The brass of Albion quickens into flame,
Hindman and Towson blaze the field the same;
Ripley and Miller consecrate the right—
No mortal tongue the tumult can recite.

* * * * *

O Muse! sustain me but for one brief hour—
Give to my thoughts the strength of Homer's power.
My nerves convulsive start beyond control—
Through my pent heart by fits the blood-streams roll.

My breast heaves agoniz'd. Mine eye is set
Firm in my head—my brow is bath'd in sweat:
My mind, illumine with ethereal light
To paint the horrors of this dreadful night!

* * * * * *

As when two comets with an aspect drear,
Roll to engagement through the hemisphere,
Each at the other with destruction driven,
While flames augmenting singe the cope of heaven.
Behold they strike! dissolving lightnings fly—
A thousand thunders burst along the sky—
With fear the planets start,—the earth, the sun,
Loosen'd—from sphere to sphere delirious run.
Creation's axle trembles with the jar.
Th' unshrouded spirits shriek upon the air.
Stars melt away before the blinding sight—
Chaos returns on wings of smothering night:
The strife, not this unlike. Ghosts crowd the field—
The warriors stand as though on heaven they held!
Brown looks like something spiritual in form,
As on from rank to rank he swells the storm
Wielding his blade of fire—kindling the whole,
To pour the blast in violence of soul:
"Eternity is thine! death's agent band!
Firm on the centre of your glory stand—
Stand like the monuments of ancient time—
Surpass the proudest of their deeds sublime.
Loosen your souls and magnify the scene—
Be more like deities than breathing men!"

A spirit's voice could nothing more inflame,
Touching the heart!—they rise beyond their fame.
Like fire devouring through a grove they move,
Or frenzied meteors scorching heaven above!

So vast the strife it humbled Drummond's pride,
And to his aid with hurried breath he cried:
"To Rial, cleave the way with swallow's speed—
A thousand Britons in the slaughter bleed!
Command him instant with his forces down,
Or we may fail to elevate the crown,
And bind in captive chains the strength of Brown."
Loring nods his plume, and, reining in his horse,
Wheels—plies the goad—he burns upon his course—
Like wind, leaps up the hill—his charger's feet
Scarce touch the ground, they dart away so fleet.

Now when the battle in its rage began,
Jessup, who oft in danger led the van,
Conceal'd in darkness with his squadron stood,
Close on the borders of a hiding wood,
In which reserv'd were Rial and his train,
Ready at signal, Drummond, to sustain.
The path that reach'd them, Jessup, with an eye
Brightning in fire to seize the enemy,
Searches impatient to assail their rear,
And crop a laurel in the midnight drear:
So when at dusk a shepherd pens his flocks
Beneath a ledge of Alleghany rocks;

But through his hurry in a storm of hail,
Forgets to fasten the superior rail.
Behold a panther comes in hungry hour
To find an entrance and the flock devour.
He compasses the fold, then backward wheels,
And jealous every part successive feels—
And not unfrequent shakes the loosen'd bar,
That soon must fall and give them to despair:
  Thus Jessup seeks the passage of the wood,
Where Rial deep in reservation stood.
Frequent the path he traverses in haste
Unknown—so close the darkness of the waste
By the thick beech with grape-vines interlac'd.
At length confirm'd he strikes upon the road,
Which thrills his feelings like a music ode:
  As when an anxious traveller faint with toil,
After long absence from his native soil,
Approaches at the solemn hour of night
His home-sought village, glowing with delight—
Giddy with bliss he wanders from the road,
That would have led him to his sweet abode.
Heedless he travels till he gains a brake,
Where soon the strangeness opens the mistake.
He stands—he ponders,—traces back the path,
Now press'd with grief, and now half vex'd with wrath.
His tumult passions lead him more astray—
He turns his back upon the village way.
At length his feelings calm'd; he views the star,
That shines unchangeable in heaven afar,

And learns the compass where his heart is placed;
He wheels his course—Lo, thirty footsteps pac'd,
He strikes upon a trail, where, when a boy,
He oft had sported in his pastime joy!
The weariness at once forsakes his limbs—
His soul delicious in a transport swims:
So Jessup, when he found the secret course
That wound upon the rear of Rial's force,
Felt his soul swimming in a blissful sea,
Like the spent traveller in his ecstasy.
He publishes his purpose: "Hearts, unite,
And brilliant honours will reward the night!
Behold, the enemy, engag'd severe,
Hath left this passage to our progress clear,
Which cautious trac'd, will lead to his reserve,
Where ye can prove the iron of your nerve.
Th' engagement on the left absorbs his mind—
He little dreams of dangers from behind.
While Scott exalts his character, and Brown,
Shall we not strive to match them in renown?"
His warriors felt their pride—hot streamlets flow
Rapid through every breast to strike the blow.
They feel their way with muffled footsteps round,
Veil'd in the deepness of the night profound.
At length they stand in column on the rear,
And Jessup's voice again demands their ear:
"Success thus far hath our endeavours crown'd—
Soon shall their warm blood curdle on the ground.
Ketchum, with stillness to the left incline,
While I direct proceed against their line.

Should you discover guards, detachments out,
You 'll then—but why direct you in the scout?
See the hard flint be loos'd from every lock—
With steel alone their solid ranks we 'll shock,
That not our aim, a blurring flash shall mock.
"To him who yields, a kind protection give—
The captive soldier, generous let him live.
More rich, more verdant to the victor band,
The laurel blooms when twin'd with Mercy's hand!
"Be firm—be resolute—with footstep slow,
Still as Ohio's wave deep plunge the blow!"
Like spirits walking o'er their graves they move,
While a damp silence settles from above.
No breathing organ stirs—bent on the strife,
It seems the pausing of the wheels of life.
They gain their distance cover'd by the wood,
And with slant bayonets, make their plunging good!
The foe-confounded, not a weapon wields,
And one detachment on another yields.
But those who obstinate, resistance show,
Receive their deaths at one decisive blow.
Although the captives far his strength exceed,
The conquering Jessup suffers none to bleed;
The laws of battle would have crush'd their life
In the wild moment of the midnight strife;
But mercy tempers the Columbian's heart
To spare the vanquish'd from the lifted dart.

* * * * * *

But, Jessup! where, O where is Raisin's shore?
The fall of Pike?—Miami's stream of gore?

* * * * *

I will not wake thy memory severe—
I mark thine eye to glisten with a tear.
Yea, far more verdant to the victor band,
The laurel blooms when twin'd with Mercy's hand!

While Jessup thus—Ketchum with down-soft tread,
Feels his dark way to do some signal deed.
He stands—he listens to a swift horse tramp—
'Tis Loring dashing to the Rial camp.
"Halt in your place! Hark, that echoing sound!
Lo, it may lead where Rial may be found!
Listen! lie close—he comes upon this course—
I mark his shadow—see! hath rein'd his horse!
He bears important message I presume
From yonder army fighting in the gloom.
"Be up! arise—in breathless silence stand—
Who e'er they be, behold them at our hand!
Feel on my rear, and soon their grade we 'll know—
Methinks the tokens of a general show."
Soft at the word his cautious troop proceed
With soundless footstep to perform the deed.
The spot where Rial stood unknown they reach,
As Loring thus commenc'd his hurrying speech:
"Rial, a host of Britons on the plain,
Pour out their blood—a thousand are the slain!
Drummond commands that you"———

"No! *I* command!"
Ketchum abrupt supported by his band.

"Dismount whatever be your grade—and know,
I speak not twice!—I am thy country's foe!"

* * * *

As when two stately bullocks chew their cud,
And sweet a second time enjoy their food—
With ears turn'd back they press the rich repast,
The fattening juices melting on their taste;
While thus secure in reckless thought they stand—
Behold, conceal'd in night, a shaggy band
Of hungry wolves approach with watery jaws,
Burning to stuff them in their empty maws;
The bullocks bellow distress—tossing high
Their horn-clad heads without the power to fly:
Not otherwise the heart of Loring shook,
And Rial's—when commanding Ketchum spoke.
But soon as utterance to the general came:
"Our swords are thine—and Rial is my name.
'Twas not by my desire that Swift was slain—
His murderous death my bosom touch'd with pain."

"And dost thou mention *Swift* to wound mine ear?
His bleeding exit starts a bitter tear!
Murder, thrice horrid! Guilt will haunt the mind,
And make it shudder at the passing wind—
Yea, e'en the music of the zephyr's breath,
Will start the soul with freezing sounds of death.
"Away thy cloudy fears, Fredonians brave,
Never a crime committed with the grave.
We treat our enemy with mercy bland—
No gout of murder stains a freeborn hand.

Vengeance we leave to Him who nations made—
To him who yields, protection is our blade.
"But, Rial! we respect thy valiant name—
Not with dark blood hast thou bedimm'd thy fame.
Though in the battle we had cause to fear
The bristling anger of thy lifted spear;
Yet, we regard the warrior in the strife—
He only has our hate who sports with life.
"Now to find Jessup will employ our care,
To add our strength and do the things we dare."
They move quick-passing at the given word,
To join their chief and exercise the sword.

The meantime Jessup conquers as he goes,
His rushing steel disanimates his foes.
Their general lost, makes worse confusion still,
The whole reserve fall broken down the hill!
Gardner conducts the captives from the fray
With rapid movement to the Chippeway.
This daring feat achiev'd, Jessup exclaims:
"Hard screw the flints—prepare to light the flames.
Behold destructive on the Queenstown path,
A sheet of fire consumes our Scott in wrath!
Well do I know him by his portly height,
And by his manner to inflame the fight.
With soundless feet we'll move upon their rear,
And strike the flint-fire to the heart severe."
His plan made manifest—he leads them on,
By the red glare that from the conflict shone,
Glancing like lightning in a dark deep night,
Guiding the traveller by the doubtful light.

And now in dark, and now in light they hie,
While the quick flashes burn upon their eye.
Slow, cautious, silent o'er the dead they feel,
To crouch behind a wall and there conceal.
Distant ten paces opposite the road,
The Harvey-line successive blaze and load.
Between the openings of the loose laid wall,
The patriots aim to consecrate each ball,—
Eyes bent deliberate—fatal to expire
At Jessup's word—he gives it :—" Touch the fire !"
  Chill from behind the Albions hear the sound,
(Save those convuls'd and weltering on the ground.)
They stand in their surprise, and scarcely know,
So great their dread,—from whence proceeds the blow:
  So when abrupt the northern winds arise
From out their magazines in polar skies,
Down the bleak mountain tops they sweep their way,
From thence they rush to madden up the sea.
This way and that the ocean foams awhile—
Waves dash on waves—they chafe—they roar, they boil.
At length the wild winds in their fury strong,
Drive the craz'd billows through the waste along:
  In like distress the British legions stood,
Till thought returning drove them to the wood.
  Brown distant saw the splendour of the deed,
And by the blaze impetuous urged his steed.
He comes—he lifts his potent voice : " What chief
Disbands the enemy ?"
The hero brief.

"Jessup am I,—the right of Scott's brigade;
And does he live?"

"He does.—Never shall fade
Thy memory from the earth. In vain to tell
The pride I feel—without a parallel!
A wonderful deliverance of Scott,
Never the brilliancy will be forgot!
"Now you 'll return and form on Ripley's right,
Whose arm like thine is terrible in fight."
In act to rein his steed, lo! Ketchum came,
Equal in honour with the best of fame;
Rial and Drummond's aid their side-arms held,
A grace the victor granted on the field.
Soon as they fix'd on Rial with their eyes,
The band of Jessup shouted to the skies:
"Live, Jessup, live!—thy country's pride and boast!
Live, Ketchum! live—and live thy daring host!
This night we triumph on the field or die!
When Brown commands, the Eagle sweeps the sky,
And with her arrows slays the enemy!"
Rial and Loring to the rear convey'd,
Jessup seeks Ripley—Brown's command obey'd.

While these events upon the rear transpir'd,
Opposing armies with ambition fir'd,
Wrestled with carnage. Drummond from the height,
With rage ungovernable press'd the fight.
Scott, Ripley, Porter, Hindman, Towson, Brown,
Withstood the conflict, bright'ning in renown.

Blood follow'd every peal;—but Drummond still,
Unceasing hurls red ruin from the hill;
A copious flame pours flooding o'er the land,
But like immortals, the Columbian band
Return the thunders with destruction fierce,
Whilst fiery whirlwinds wrap the universe.

Ripley at length conceiv'd a fearful plan,
And rode to Miller and abrupt began:
"We toil without effect. Th' opponents still,
Roll down a burning slaughter from the hill!
No hope is mine that we can long maintain
The strife by thus contending on the plain.
We 'll storm the height!—how do your pulses move?
Thy soul braves death,—do you the thought approve?"

"*I'll try, Sir,*" were the words that Miller said,
So well the hero scann'd the peril dread.

"I know a heart of steel thy bosom had—
And be it thine to charge their bulwarks mad;
With me MacFarland, Brook, will strike their flank
With whetted bayonets, and their strength disrank.
You at the pivot-moment rise the brow—
Be but resolv'd, their flags we 'll overthrow,
And do a feat in capitals to show!"
This said he glowing in his ardour went,
To nerve the warriors for the great event.
Mac Farland, Miller, Evans, Brook unite,
And wait in darkness to assail the Height.

Ripley in centre with elated soul,
Breathes patriot fire which kindles through the whole:
"Now prove that Freedom forms—new fashions men,
And show the world a never acted scene!
Behold the blazing cataract above,
There like the *three* God-worshippers, we move!
It seems remote a desperation dire
To storm the battlements o'erwhelm'd with fire—
But, lo! at our approach 't will brief subside—
We 'll quench it with their blood in copious tide!
The scenes of danger are made large by fear—
They fade, they vanish as we press them near!
Say that we fall!—man but exists to die—
How sweet is death to bleed for Liberty!
"Are not our days all number'd in the mind
Of Him unseen, who rides upon the wind?
Hence man should never pause where duty leads,
To rise and do imperishable deeds.
But why these words?—your secret souls I know—
Your hearts ask nothing but to strike the blow.
Star-brightning honours on the action wait—
In years to come, each actor will relate
The wonders of this night! when ye are grey,
And all your strength Herculean shrunk away,
Your children's children with a ravish'd ear
Will learn your history, dropping many a tear
Pure from the heart;—rejoicing in your worth,
Their tongues will bear your praises through the earth!
"Away!—too long have I detain'd you now—
Advance in solid form and die, or crush the foe!"

Like clouds of midnight at the word they move,
While showering flames pour streaming from above,
Yet like the spirits walking on the blast,
They rise unbroken to the conflict vast!

Soon by the nitrous glare, the wonderous men,
By Drummond on the parapet were seen,
Like spectre shades behind the darken'd moon,
While labouring in eclipse at midnight noon—
And now they vanish—now again in crowds,
Lurid they show themselves like folding clouds:
Thus Drummond doubtful through the fire and smoke,
Beheld the columns, and thus dubious spoke:
"What shapes are these, dim moving on the sight?
The wandering spirits round the hill of fight!
Not breathing forms are they—not *man* would dare
Against this blazing of the Height to bear.

* * * * *

"Behold they breathe! distinct do I perceive
Their gleaming arms by which I know they live!

* * * * * *

"Wave, wave your Eagles! let no fears be known!
Come and receive the greetings of the Throne!

* * * * * *

"They come at my invite! they come indeed!
They pour, they sweep along with burning speed!
Not mortal is their life!—they live in fire!
Let larger volumes on their ranks expire.
Break,—sunder the hill!—centre-strike their soul—
Outnoise the elements—conflagrate the whole!"

Thus Drummond, passionate commanding spoke,
A frenzied wildness staring from his look.
Weapons in solid depths augment their flame,
Against the columns of immortal name;
A tier of engines from their brazen jaws,
Tremble the heavens to stay the Freedom cause.

The standard Evans bore was pierc'd and rent,
But still it never from its honour bent;
He proudly wav'd it from the centre forth,
As if advancing to a scene of mirth!
On fiery wings a ball with deadly force,
Glanc'd at Mac Farland urging on his horse—
Pierc'd his arch temples as he turn'd his head,
His troops to animate———
Convulsive dead,
He sinks to dust!—As some tall pine renown'd,
Stands on its hill with verdant honours crown'd;
A wild tornado dashing on amain,
Uproots and hurls its glories on the plain.
It groans, it shivers as it strikes the ground—
The smitten earth repeats the dying sound:
The patriot thus with icy shivering dies—
Like the tree blasted on the field he lies.
His fire-smote column falter in their might,
Struck pale with horror at the flaming Height!
But Ripley bounding with a meteorous eye,
Locks them at once: "On bayonet-steel rely!
Stand in your place!—avenge your leader's fall!
Never regard this flickering of the ball—

I see no danger here !—Be not as men—
But strike like spirits, and let blood be seen !"
They bind in phalanx by the hero stay'd,
And rise the summit with unsparing blade.

The meantime, Miller and his warriors stern,
Proceed in front, where all their thunders burn !
With nerve unshaken to the storm they rise,
Something not mortal glancing from their eyes !
Lo, in ten footsteps, of the cannon dread,
He gives the order : "Plunge them with the dead !"
The desperate mandate pass'd,—the heroes bound,
Mad on their enemy !—blood foams around.
Steel mixes with steel, falchions falchions clash—
Man grasps with man, down on the earth they dash,
Each headlong mangled. Fine beneath their tread,
The rocks are dust,—life finds a weltering bed.
Niagara, so dire the battle far'd,
Is hush'd to silence like an infant scar'd.
Brains spatter the field—bosoms stream afresh,
While carnage piles the hill with mounds of quivering flesh.
The Albions reeling fall on every hand ;—
And some were honour'd with a high command—
Some with exalted sentiments endow'd,
While others wailing, curs'd the soil aloud.

These with deep wounds are mark'd with Freedom's stamp :
Thomas and Burbank, Fisk and Jones, and Camp.

Fair Bigelow a youth of eager mind,
While leaping forward to the work design'd,
Is swept to earth—a war-globe smote his side,
And tore his entrails in large volumes wide.
His liver, stomach, lungs—all—all are gone—
Naked, save fibres, is the spinal bone.
Insensible of pain he rolls his eyes—
His soul impatient travels to the skies:
An opening poppy thus on summer's day,
Puts forth its bloom exquisitively gay;
Red, purple, azure—virgin white and gold,
Trembling with beauty as its leaves unfold.
While thus it spreads its bosom to the sun,
An east wind blights it, and its charms are done:
So snatch'd from life was Bigelow the brave—
His body left unsightly for the grave.

Th' impetuous Cilley rushing in advance,
Breaks on the enemy with whetted lance;
Single he charges on a pointed gun,
And five, smites headlong ere they 've time to shun
His blade of pestilence; but Holbrook nigh,
Exchang'd with Cilley a provoking eye—
And stooping to the hand that held the match,
Unlocks the dying grasp with hasty snatch—
Just in the act t' explode the brass with fire,
Cilley forth rushing meets him in his ire!
Deep through his throat he plunges in the blade—
In crimson shroud the royal chief is laid;

Hard on his breast the patriot crowds his heel—
Loose from the wound he tugs the reeking steel.
  The Britons give—no longer can they stand
The tiger onset of the storming band.
With cold reluctance from their guns they tread,
Crushing in slippery gore the mangled dead.
  "Behold the enemy are backward driven!"
Miller triumphant with his soul in heaven.
"Full on their rear the conquer'd trophies turn,
And let the quick-fire with destruction burn.
Niagara is ours!—sweep, strike them down—
Bow to the dust the head that bears a crown!
  The born of Liberty his voice obey,
And, on the foe the brazen engines play;
Yet still he lingers on the crimson brow,
And dark on Miller, gashes blow for blow—
But Ripley comes resistless from the right,
And at a thrust he desolates the height.
Their wings, their centre, every file gives way—
By death o'erwhelm'd, they break in disarray.
Mad fire and thunder-bolts pursue them still—
Like dust in whirlwinds they forsake the hill.

CANTO XXX.

BATTLE OF NIAGARA, CONTINUED.

ARGUMENT.

The English make several attempts to recover the Heights, but are as often driven back with great slaughter.

The scene—Heights of the Niagara. The time is about two hours.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXX.

"Ages to come your deeds will be renown'd!"
Ripley transported to his warriors round.
"Fain would my tongue pronounce your speechless
praise!
Your names, your characters in future days,
Will shine resplendent as the polar light,
Shaming the stars that ornament the night!

* * * * *

"The faint and weltering to the rear convey,
Prepar'd to stand offensive in the fray;
For soon may we expect this Drummond on,
To wipe away the spot that stains the Crown."
The wounded were remov'd—as Brown the chief
Arose the hill, and Jessup with relief.
To Miller, Ripley—Brown his bosom gave:
"This night you 've bid defiance to the grave!
Soon may your bodies moulder on the heath,
But, lo! your names will live exempt from death!
"Approving I behold your enterprise,
To plant your strength against a hostile rise,

Should they attempt the storm. The centre, take,
And with your souls like jealousy awake,
Defend the triumph. Jessup, on the right,
Display your veterans crown'd with starry light;
From Ripley's flank a vacance leave between,
Hindman to occupy with thunder-men.
Porter will stand upon the left extreme,
Whose volunteers have pass'd the trying flame.
"Our line to thus establish, I 'll descend,
And urge them forth the summit to defend."
This said. He wheel'd and dash'd upon the plain,
While Ripley clear'd the cumber'd field of slain;
This done, the shatter'd breast-mound he repairs,
And with the soldier every labour shares.

Brown first to Porter, never yet controll'd
In battle by a foe—his purpose told:
"Advance your volunteers, whose throbbing will
Is ever ripe the enemy to kill.
For you, the left of Ripley I 've assign'd,
T' attest your rich inheritance of mind.
It cannot be, but Drummond will arise
With vengeance heated to regain the prize."
Porter receiv'd the order—wheel'd his band,
To form on Ripley and like stars to stand.

Brown visits Hindman: "Valiant man, proceed,
And reach the climax of a warrior's meed.
Lead forth with Towson, Biddle and Ritchie,
Born to inherit Freedom's legacy.

Ascend and glorify the Heights above—
Reveal the sinews of your hearts steel-wove;
There plant your enginery, and those made ours
By Miller's charge, and Ripley's deathless powers.
There 's ample vacancy reserv'd between
Ripley and Jessup, wreath'd with laurels green."
Scarce had the chief the circumstance proclaim'd,
When Hindman, Towson with their hearts inflam'd,
Advanc'd to do what ne'er before was done
Beneath the shining stars or burning sun.

And now Brown check'd his courser at the spot,
Where stood the cohorts of the fighting Scott.
"Is Scott upon the field?" Brown cried aloud—
"He is."—the hero answer'd from the crowd.
"Anxious I 've waited to receive thy will—
Shall I move forward to defend the hill?"
While Scott replied he hasten'd at the call—
"For ever foremost where the showering ball
Sings through the element!" Brown full rejoins.
"In proud reserve retain thy bleeding lines.
All fashion of applause thy deeds surpass—
Never scarce equall'd since creation was."
His orders publish'd, Brown regains the Height,
And takes his station to observe the fight.

The mean time Drummond with his eyes inflam'd,
These dark emotions of his soul proclaim'd:
"Let thunder strike the whole! heaven mix with hell!
With *this*, there 's nothing that can parallel!

What! past endurance, have I been compell'd
To fly from those who never strife beheld?
And can it be, that England have we lost—
We who made Europe curdle like a frost?
Never to us this darkness shall be given—
Where stand we now?—back from our bulwarks driven!
" The wheels of earth are block'd! Britannia's power,
Her fame—her laurels wither'd in an hour!
Broke, smitten, conquer'd by a grovelling race!
And must her brow be mark'd with the disgrace?
Not ages hence can she the stain efface!
Ocean, *freeze to rock*—earth, dissolve to sea—
Stars, turn to darkness—let the heavens decay—
" And Rial—where was he? had he but come
With the reserve, this night had been their doom!
Seiz'd—captur'd by surprise!—empty in skull—
Born in the world's eclipse—a name of ridicule.
" This never will I brook—no"———
Harvy here,
Rode up and breath'd this language to his ear:
" Most noble Drummond! every breast as one,
Regrets that we by Freedom were outdone.
Not we must think that *forms* of men we fight—
At plains of Chippeway we felt their might.
Yes, we must waken and exert our power,
Then will the Eagle to the Lion cower.
When lions, tigers, meet in crossing mood,
If they their strength put forth they have their blood;
But if they treat the tiger-race with scorn,
By their unequals are they cast forlorn.

"Come, put away these thoughts;—thy legions now,
Stand and demand due vengeance for the blow.
They wait your orders to assail the crest,
And blot the deed by striking at their breast!
Firm on the dexter wing thy brother stands—
Sheffie death's agent, on the left commands.
"Their lines I 've compass'd with observance still—
No doubt is mine but we 'll regain the hill.
We far outflank them on their both extremes,
So much superior are our royal names.
Each feels his heart determin'd to ascend,
And to the Cross the Eagle-standard bend."
As when a band of wolves by hunters bold,
With fire assaulted in their rocky hold,
Break in a panic from the flames of death,
Scarce waiting in their flight to taste of breath—
Their leader feeling more than all their pain,
A frenzied passion fastens on his brain.
A blaze electric shoots from every hair—
His boisterous yell sends torment through the air;
He stalks disorder'd in a raving mood,
His eyeballs floating in a tide of blood.
His tongue hangs feverish o'er his foaming jaws—
He digs the flinty earth with bleeding claws,
And in delirium, snaps them with his teeth—
A stream of fire commingled with his breath;
While thus enrag'd, a milder wolf draws nigh,
And speaks the promise of a victory—
The reckless fury boiling in his breast,
By slow degrees is slumber'd into rest:

So Harvy's language Drummond's rage subdu'd—
And him he answer'd in deliberate mood:
" Most true the centre of my heart was ire,
But thou hast chang'd it to a new desire.
I 'll go with triumph sounding on my tongue,
And give them power to rise with madness strong."
This said—he bounded on his charger proud—
His tiger voice vociferates aloud:
" And why for thunder did you quit the hill?
Rise from this infamy—the dark, dispel,
Or never more your birth of England tell!
In line hard-wedg'd, move forward to the shock—
Stand—should the Height a reeling cradle rock!
At twice ten footsteps distant from the mark,
Loosen the fire-springs,—strike the fatal spark.
The volley thrice repeated, steel in hand,
Rush—and let blood be seen upon the land.
" Now to the music give a furious beat,
And tread vitality beneath your feet!"
Like folds of darkness in their strength they move,
Loud as rough storms which bellow through the grove.

While thus the Britons;—Ripley view'd his line,
And as he pass'd he open'd his design:
" Stand with a plated heart the storm to face—
'Twill soon be here—they 'll never brook disgrace,
That we inferior should their crest assail,
And drive them broken—whirlwind'd down the hill.
" Now bend your ears and hearken to obey:
Throw not a ball with heedless aim away.

Your arms keep ready till they flash the fire,
Then by their blaze with cool, but strong desire,
Sparkle the flint! But should the foe not stand
To burn the balls, but come with blade in hand,
Be solid rocks, till you their points shall feel,
Then plunging search their bosoms with the steel.

* * * * *

"Listen! they come!—attend the rising sound!
This night with garlands shall your brows be crown'd!"
Scarce had he finish'd, when th' imperials nigh,
Footsteps twice ten, stream'd fire along the sky—
The bullets spent their rage upon the air;
Not thus in vain the patriot vollies bear—
Cool at the blazing through the dark they aim
So true, each flash dissolves a regal name.
The English ranks recoil,—but soon they stand
Cemented, lock'd—excited by command.
And now th' engagement burning in its ire,
Appears in likeness to Vesuvian fire.
At length such numbers of th' assailants bleed,
They with death's palsy from the hill recede.

Ripley is heard: "Hard iron is your nerve,
Never to bend! Your discipline, preserve!
Not with this struggle will the Drummonds yield,
Accustom'd ever to a conquering field.
Keep every organ muffled till they come
And give us light to guide them to the tomb!"
Each warrior planted felt himself a rock
To meet the conflict in its wildest shock..

Drummond ascending overtakes his force,
And rage supplies him with a mad discourse:
"And whither are ye bent?—A wretch that flies,
Without the respite of a moment dies!
Fronts, change from left to right. In person now,
I lead the charge—their final overthrow!
The dastard that recedes from courage true,
The next upon his rear, transfix him through!"
They stand—they form,—their heavy fronts they change,
And fix'd in purpose up the hill they range.
They gain their distance—Drummond swells his voice:
"Unkey the arch of heaven with thunder noise!"
The mandate given, they kindle as before,
And break the concave with a deafening roar.
But the cool levelling of the Freedom line,
To graves of blood their proudest names consign.
They choke,—they stifle with the furnace fire—
They falter—reel,—a second time retire!

* * * * *

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Lo, now by striving with superior strength,
Th' exhausted patriots fail in nerve at length:
Thus when Connecticut is swell'd with snow
Melting with rains from off the mountains' brow—
Though swift the flood, yet nothing it appals
The hardy watermen of Entic falls.
The freighted boat they loosen from the shore,
And bend their might upon the pole and oar;
The proud waves tossing dash against its prow,
Which makes it tremble, urging it below;

Yet the strong river-men with shoulders bent,
And hands hard grappled with a firm intent,
Propel the barge, slow creeping through its length,
Their every sinew swollen with its strength.
The sweat streams reeking from their bosoms bare,
Herculean efforts straightening every hair.
At times upon the foaming flood they gain—
At times they stand bent pressing at a strain.
The boat now gives an inch, a foot, a yard—
By panting struggles of the labourers hard.
They catch new footing vigorous as at first,
And walk it upward nor their powers distrust.
At length by energy severe applied,
Above the falls in waters smooth they ride!
But now, behold, their vast exertions o'er,
A fainting languor seizes every pore;
Their powers exhausted to an infant meek,
They feel like slumber with their breathings weak:
So while Fredonians with the strife were fir'd,
They felt no fibre of their nature tir'd;
But when the Britons second time withdrew,
They wilted down like flowers depriv'd of dew.
Their throats were parch'd and *water* was the cry—
Their vessels drain'd—and no deliverance nigh!

The pressing call struck Brown's attentive ear—
He comes with sweeping motion from the rear,
A fountain on his tongue! "Immortal band!
The strength, the pride, the bulwark of the land!

The more we suffer in our persons each,
The farther into time our names will reach!
" Your general, neither hath he eat or drank—
He suffers equal with the lowest rank;
What words are these?—*them* instant I recall—
This night each soldier is a general!
We 'll outbrave nature nor a word repine,
And be like something that is half divine!
" Remember that our dearest all 's at stake—
With joy we 'll suffer for our country's sake.
And will we render up the glorious spoil,
This night acquir'd through sweat, through blood and toil?
We never will! die, die by piecemeal first—
Loosen the heart-strings and return to dust!
Cast off this weakness! stand—resist the charge,
And let th' immortal of your life be large!"
His voice reviv'd them like a summer shower—
Their every fibre gain'd increase of power.
Soft like a charm their every pain was gone—
A noble triumph o'er their sufferings won!
Brown to his place withdrew, which late he held,
T' observe the various movements of the field,
For, lo! the moon was seated on her car
In loveliness—pouring her silver light afar—
A soothing contrast to the harrowing war.
Brown when he bent his eye upon the moon,
Felt holy placidness—a moment soon,
The battle's deafenings jarring on his ear,
The blood-streams hurried through his veins severe;

His hand hard grip'd his sword—deep lower'd his eye,
As though he car'd not or to live or die,
So that his soul had vengeance;—but full brief,
His passion's turbulence would find relief,
Should he perchance to cast his eye aloft,
And mark the beauty of the moonbeams soft:
  Like him a shepherd on the ocean's side,
When hurricanes on foaming billows ride,
Beholds the tumult with excited soul,
And scarce has power his feelings to control;
He turns his eye—observes his tender flocks
Resting beneath the shadows of the rocks—
Others along the flowery vale are seen
Grazing,---while from two gentle hills between,
Descends a brook of crystal brightness clear,
In which the pictures of his herds appear;
He scarce the balm'd emotion can express---
He feels his bosom steep'd in loveliness;
But, lo! an instant,---should he mark the deep,
Tumultuous,---toss'd in liquid mountains steep,---
His former passions tighten every nerve,
Like a bow tortur'd to its utmost curve:
  So Brown's emotions vacillating chang'd,
As rapt his sight, from moon to battle rang'd.

  The second time the Albions fled the scene,
Vincent from George came forward with his men.
They stood in columns with a haughty port,
All fresh and vigorous for a bold effort.

Drummond took heart when he beheld him nigh
With ample means to raise their feelings high;
Largely to each he dealt th' inspiring cheer,
Bracing their nerves, dispelling every fear.
Forgotten their defeats—severe they form,
Vincent in front to lead the final storm.
Impenetrably lock'd their shoulders join—
Their ranks of infantry in double line.
Drummond elated in his hope began:
"Their life is now but as a narrow span!
This the *third* charge, and conquerors are we;
O'erwhelm'd, they bend subjective, to the knee!
The hill is ours! It never shall be said,
That thrice the Lion from the Eagle fled.
Faint must they be and sinking with their toil—
Yes, with their blood we'll wash away the soil!
Waken the fire—then press the iron charge
With: *Down to Freedom—Victory to George!*"
Boasting he spoke. His squadrons beat the ground
With heavy footsteps, sending forth a sound
Like falling waters, distant roaring loud,
Or thunders muttering from a brewing cloud.

The patriots listening catch the hostile tread,
Gathering deep turbulence with rising dread.
Ripley reminds them of their former fame:
"Let them the darkness dissipate with flame!
Keep the eye jealous on the object bent,
And at the flash, set fire the element!"
By this the enemy had rose the Height,
And, at the measur'd distance struck the light

With sound that shook the earth. Miller and Brook,
Open and blind them with the fire and smoke;
Wilcox and Dobbin, Gardner and Mac Ree,
Ketchum and Biddle, Randolph and Ritchie.
Porter invincible with volunteers,
Renews the war like blazing up the spheres.
Jessup wings lightning from Columbia's right;
Wood, Towson, Hindman, split the ears of night:
The line of Ripley is a wall of fire,
Arching above the whole a circle higher.
  Th' imperials bleed by ranks: yet Vincent's band
Close up the files of these that press the land;
But those who 'd seen the hill in flames before,
Break in disorder, trailing back the gore.
  "Shadows of men!—a liver-hearted crew!"
Drummond impassion'd with his features blue.
"Why shrink ye back?—think not of death's abode—
Seize, seize the cannon in delirious mode,
Should every breast receive a fatal load!"
  While this was said, he toss'd, he foam'd with rage—
His legions rally and with power engage.
Fires flash, steels ring, blood gushes, thunders burst—
Man gasps his soul away—his body sinks to dust!

  While thus the adverse arms unsparing kill,
Scott with impatience bounded up the hill;
He stood a moment and the slaughter ey'd—
Then swift descended and abruptly cried:
  "Are these my veterans ready for the sword?"
He never paus'd to wait the answering word,

But thus continued on: "In column, form
With left in front, and *onward* to the storm!"
Scarce he this utter'd when his will was done—
Against the Albion left he leads them on.
"Forward! sunder their flank!" rising he said.
They rush with bayonets and augment the dead.
But, lo! the double lines resist the charge
In stern defiance of what Scott can urge.
He sees the onset vain: "The left in rear!
"The column charge,—the right in front appear!"
The line revers'd;—he leads it to the right
With rapid movement guided by the light
That glimmers o'er the field: "We 'll strike once more,
And break the lock or weaken it of power.
The bayonet, port and charge!" The brief command
Is swift obey'd—they press with steel in hand.
The wing reels back like drunk'ness—but at length,
In closer wedge it stands with iron strength.
The aids that bore his mandates, Smith and Worth,
Urging a pass, fell wounded to the earth,
Yet throbb'd their hearts though gladden'd in their mirth!
Hence, Scott conveys his orders far and near—
Shows when to wheel and where to drive the spear.
Young Hull his daring prov'd—the son of him,
Who made the lustre of the Stars grow dim—
Who from our standard took away its gem,
Its honour—far more precious than the gold,
For which his diamond flag he treacherous sold.
His son inherited his valour high,
The time he banner'd with Montgomery.

His father's weakness cut his heart in twain—
He sought the field to wipe away the stain.
The deaths were many that his steel had made,
But in the act to parry off a blade,
Drawn fiercely back with full intention bent
Through Scott's unguarded bosom to be sent—
He miss'd his aim, and took himself the steel!
It pierc'd his vitals—chok'd with blood he fell.
His timeless death his country will revere,
Howe'er so dark his father's character.
The traveller pointing to his tomb will say:
There lies a youth who fell in dubious fray,
Whose father's treachery the world condemns!
Yes, he will sparkle with th' illustrious gems,
Whose splendid beams illuminate the earth,
Such the abiding excellence of worth—
For crime is not inherited from birth.

* * * * * *

While Scott was soul-engaged, a bullet came,
Urg'd in its speed with violence of flame,
And through the muscles of his shoulder sped—
But mad in fight he never turn'd his head;
Scarce from the sunder'd vessels gush'd the tide,
When, lo! another pierc'd him in his side!
Yet still his sword he brandish'd on the foe,
And in the dust was laid full many a brow;
Mackenzie, Orwell, found resistance vain—
They fell before him with their skulls in twain.
At length he feels the trickling of the gore,
And burning pains that lanc'd his bosom's gore,
Which soul-engag'd, he'd not perceiv'd before.

He thus to Leavensworth: "The column, join
To Jessup's right and there defend the line.
My heart is fainting—sad must I retire—
Soldiers! be firm—your general's last desire—
'Twill soothe my dying scene should I with wounds expire!"
It damp'd their eyes with tears.—They file away,
Resolv'd in purpose to maintain their fray.
They on the right of Jessup planted stand,
And drive a flame which desolates the land.
Jones to the Chippeway the general bears,
Whose name will live a round of endless years!

Meanwhile the turbulence of battle grew;
Rising in passion—each the other slew,
Wrestling with death. Lo, now beyond the mound,
In deep-wedg'd ranks the Britons press the ground.
The feet make crimson tracks! so vast the slain,
Bath'd is the hill:—As when large showers of rain,
After long drought, excite the streams to move,
And cause the dried-up rivers to improve;
The loomy roads are soften'd—and with pain,
The foundering horses drag the cumberous wain;
The traveller sinking labours on his way,
His every footstep printed in the clay:
So by the copiousness of blood, the soil
Is deep and slippery, where the warriors toil.
Now this, now that gives back,—now these, now those—
Man crowds on man—blows deep resound on blows.

A thousand living fires elance the lead,
While solid thunders shake the hill with dread.
The sharp blue flashes on the eyeballs glare—
Unsated havoc ravens like despair.
  Unshaken stood the *free*, though round them blaz'd
A flame tempestuous ;—like the pillars rais'd
By giant hands on Erie's granite shore,
Precipitous, where oft her sons deplore
A founder'd bark—this angle yields to that,
The blocks indented while the edges flat,
Adhere impervious to the ocean's rage,
Unmov'd—impressionless from age to age :
  So stood the patriot columns solid—bound
Shoulder to shoulder, planted on the ground,
While the fierce battle blazing in its height,
Beat vainly on them like the ocean's might
Against the pillars, striving to displace
Their fastenings bolted to the earth's deep base.

  With numerous chiefs belonging to the crown,
Sheffie falls wounded from his charger down,
Cursing his fate !—With knee and thigh broke short,
In vain he struggles for his life's support—
A press of soldiers crowding o'er the plain,
Stifles his voice—he mingles with the slain.

  Columbians sleep in fame : Mac Kinney, Poe,
Turner and Goodrich—facing of the foe ;
Burghordt and Hunter—over death to live—
Generous their lives they to their country give ;

And Hooper ever will be hail'd as one
Worthy of record while the streams shall run.
  Jessup severely bleeds. Among the rest,
Was fair Ritchie, offspring, Virginia's best.
From scenes of affluence—a parent's arms,
He 'd rush'd his bosom into war's alarms.
His country's love was to his heart more dear
Than sister's friendship or a mother's tear.
  Across his gun his sword had slain its four,
The stoutest combatants of England's power.
Th' impetuous Harvy as he slew the last,
His falchion levell'd with a sweeping cast—
Its point just split his skull, saving the brain,
As he stood leaning o'er the recent slain;
But cleft the ribs between the shoulders strong—
Down sunk the hero on the earth along.
  Hindman forth rushing smote the Briton's head—
Wide flew the brains—he fell on Ritchie dead.
  Riddle, though bleeding, still his post maintain'd,
And a bright passport to high honour gain'd.

  Brown mark'd th' unequal pressure of the war:
"Spencer, to Ripley, like a shooting star,
Rein thy fleet charger—bid him to condense
His column on the right, to give defence
To Hindman"———
                Prompt while he the order said,
Spencer in line curb'd round his horse's head
In readiness, the moment he was done,
Onward to spur him in a fiery run.

Scarce *Hindman* echo'd from the chieftain's tongue,
When Spencer's rowel keen his haunches stung;
As his front hoofs he lifted from the ground,
Reaching them forward for a desperate bound,
Behold, through Spencer's bosom pass'd a lead!
A giddy motion seiz'd upon his head—
His hands relax'd—he sunk upon the field;
His lips with heaven a sweet communion held!
But soon the blood retiring, left them pale—
He looks a lily perish'd in the vale,
When in its early bloom it finds its death,
Scath'd and uprooted by the tempest's breath.
O come, ye maidens! gather round his bier—
His marble bosom, sprinkle with a tear.
See the red stain like that on ivory white,
Where the hot bullet vengeful wing'd its flight.
Strew flowers the choicest that the vallies dress,
For he was beauty in its loveliness.

So hard two engines now th' assailants crowd—
"Steel spike the vents!" Hindman proclaim'd aloud.
'Tis done. Before the press the brave slow give,
While Drummond's thousands with exultings live:
"They yield—they break—surrender—England towers—
Behold, the trophies of the Height are ours!"
Brief was their shouting—lo! the jealous Brown
Heard—and majestic from the rear came down.
Fredonia breathes her spirit in his soul—
His rising presence re-inspires the whole!

Like Sodom hail the balls around him fly,
And one to stay his progress breaks his thigh—
Another rends his side, glancing his melt—
But not death's arrow would the champion felt;
His eye wink'd not—on, in his might he strode
O'er hills of slaughter—ghastly scenes of blood.
The scream of ghosts is heard at every sweep—
The Height no longer can the proud ones keep—
Dishearten'd—broken—all their strength is down—
They shrink—they shiver from the wrath of Brown:
Thus while a timid flock are sleeping still,
Beneath the jutting summit of a hill,
A panther comes unsparing in his might—
Some wake no more, while others wing their flight.
With bleatings of distress they load the air—
Frenzied they break and scatter here and there;
At times they apprehend they feel his teeth,
And, without struggle, render up to death:
Thus fled th' imperial ranks, nor look'd behind—
So dire the war, it wither'd up their mind—
They flew like up-toss'd gossamer in wind.

END OF VOL. III.